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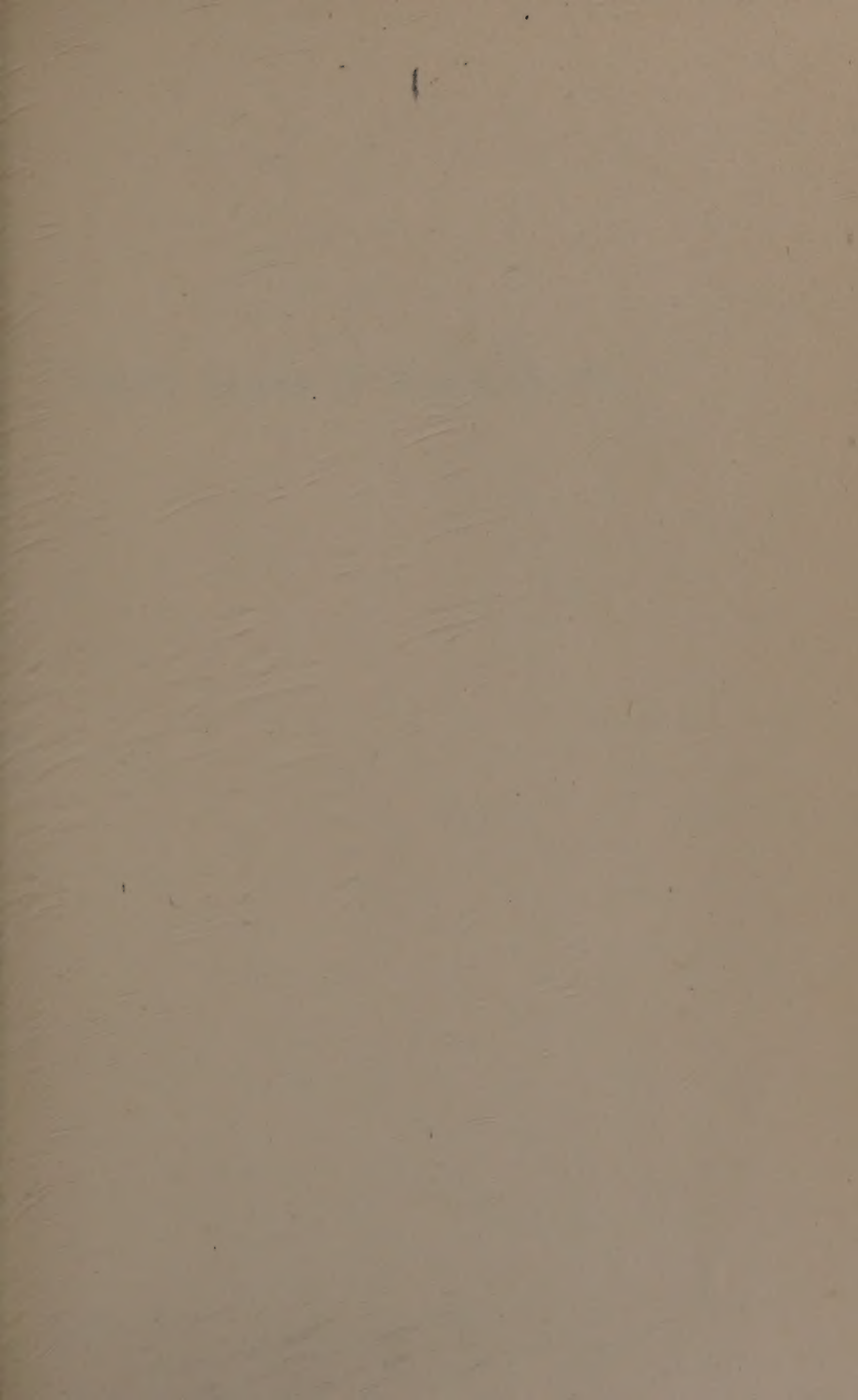
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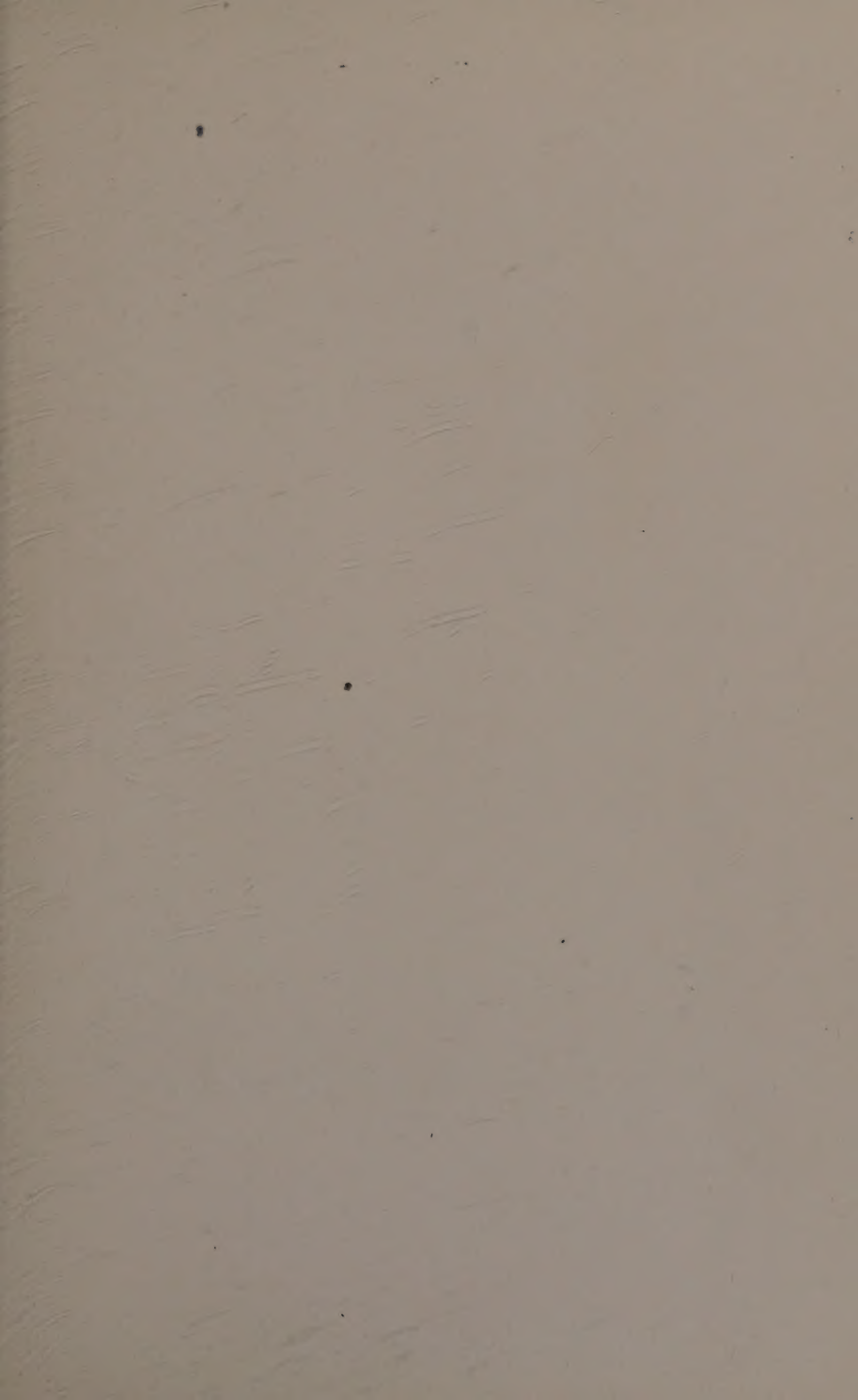
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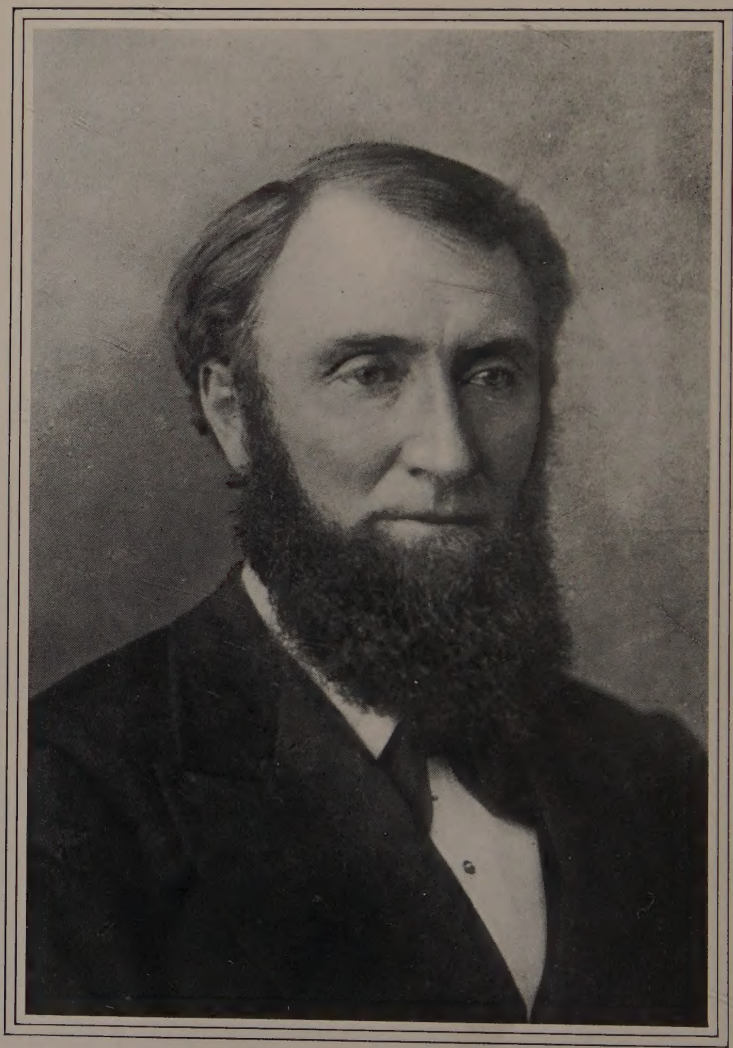
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FORTY YEARS IN WASHINGTON





JOSEPH G. CANNON

FORTY YEARS IN WASHINGTON

BY

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NEW YORK SUN AND PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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DEDICATION

To my dear family, who have lived in an atmosphere of rustling newspapers, tinkling telephones, clicking typewriters, and sleepy messenger boys, wondering the while what it was all about, this book is dedicated in the hope that it will help them to understand and forgive.

INTRODUCTION

IN the Michigan Legislature of fifty years ago, the pages, called messenger boys, nearly all sought to be promoted to the broader field of Washington where they might see the great men whom they knew only through the newspapers and magazines, and by their autographs, of which the boys were persistent collectors and purveyors.

The whirligig of politics, caused largely by the ingratitude of constituencies — the citizenry — brought the coveted honor to one of these boys, the author, when in 1875 Zachariah Chandler was defeated for reëlection to the Senate from Michigan by Isaac P. Christiancy. When the Judge arrived in Washington in March, 1875, an effort was being made to oust the Sergeant at Arms of the Senate, who appoints the pages. The incumbent won in a close caucus vote, one of his supporters being the new Senator from Michigan. So Colonel French could not gracefully refuse, and did not, when Mr. Chandler's successor asked him to appoint his protégé from Monroe who had opportunely written promptly after the election for the Senator's recommendation. Pages then, as now, were required to come within the age limits of from twelve to sixteen. The Michigan lad went to Washington and there he has remained almost constantly ever since, observing the persons and things of which he

writes. It mattered not that the new page, appointed in place of the one removed "on account of over age", happened to be three months older than the boy he replaced. One was tall, the other short, thus exemplifying again the adage that it is never well to trust to appearances.

Four years of service in the Senate, the intervals between the sessions being devoted partly to a study of shorthand writing, a six-months' clerkship in the Treasury — chiefly occupied in the writing of interest checks on registered bonds — and attendance at Washington night schools furnished the preparation for the beginning of a career as a newspaper man, which commenced, in 1879, as the Washington correspondent of the *Detroit Post and Tribune*, the Republican organ of that day, and ended just forty years later, in 1919, as the Washington representative of the *Providence Journal*. That period covered service as shorthand amanuensis to various public men of all political parties, including Nelson W. Aldrich, when he first came to the United States Senate after having served in the House of Representatives, Senators William A. Wallace of Pennsylvania and Omar D. Conger of Michigan, Representatives William R. Morrison of Illinois and Perry Belmont of New York, General Francis A. Walker of Massachusetts, then Director of the United States Census Bureau; William B. Thompson of Michigan, General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, and later Second Assistant Postmaster-General, and, perhaps, others. That period also covered service in the Washington office of the *Chicago Times* of

which Theron C. Crawford, a brilliant news gatherer and writer, was the head; as Washington representative of the *Detroit Evening News* and the *Detroit Evening Journal* for many years; work for the *St. Louis Chronicle*, *Cleveland Press*, *Cincinnati Post*, and other newspapers, intermittently, and, from November, 1889 to June, 1904, in the position of correspondent of the *New York Sun*, in charge of the Washington bureau, following two years' apprenticeship therein under one of the big men of newspaper row, Ambrose W. Lyman. Resignation from the *Sun* was induced by the opportunity to become editor-in-chief of the *Providence Journal* and, temporarily, to break the long and close association with Washington and the Middle West by a few years of residence in New England and the privilege of becoming better posted as to its history and traditions. The pendulum swung back to the Capital in 1906, and until elected Sergeant at Arms of the United States Senate in 1919 the *Providence Journal* alone was the master's voice.

A hand was taken at politics, also, in 1908, as assistant to Richard V. Oulahan, Director of Publicity for the Republican National Committee, and in 1912 and 1916 as the Director.

As a Senate page the author of this volume witnessed the exciting scenes attendant upon the sessions of the Electoral Commission; as correspondent of the *Sun* he labored through the hot days and nights of the summer of 1898 when the Spanish-American War was on, to be followed by the making of peace, the insurrection in the Philippines in 1899,

and the war in Africa in 1900; all testing to the limit the ability of the Washington corps of correspondents to handle big news events. As correspondent of the *Providence Journal* he covered the Washington end of the great World War, an exacting, although interesting, task in view of the recognized lead that his paper took in gathering and disseminating the news of that sanguine and epochal conflict. As an official of the election campaign committees he had an inside view of the great game of politics.

This long experience necessarily carried with it unique opportunities for witnessing important events and for observing at close range the public men, big and little, who were actors in them. A page boy at sixteen can see as clearly what is before his eyes as a retired newspaper man of sixty, although he may not be able to comprehend what it all means, or to understand the significance of the cross currents that affect the proceedings. The man of sixty, on the other hand, often remembers more precisely what he saw and heard when sixteen than what he saw and heard a week or month or year ago.

Many scenes of national and world-wide importance were enacted in Washington in the period from 1875 to 1919; many persons, great and small, passed before the footlights of the Capital, in the spot light often, and the purpose of this book is to record first-hand impressions of these events and these men and women — impressions that cannot be effaced from memory — in the hope that they will be of interest and benefit to the present generation and to posterity, as well. Much that might be

amusing, even instructive, cannot be set down if for no other reason than lack of space, but the reader can at least be assured of this; nothing is recorded that is not a fact, and as regards references to alleged statements made in the halls of Congress that cannot be found in the pages of the *Congressional Record* — the all-sufficient explanation is that speeches of Senators and Representatives are subject to revision by their authors before being embalmed in the soon-forgotten pages of the permanent volumes.

In many respects the daily *Congressional Record* is a most valuable publication and one that furnishes each morning, when Congress is in session, a wealth of information on virtually every subject under the sun that will amuse and instruct. But with all that can be said in its favor the claim cannot truthfully be made that it faithfully records what is actually said on the floor of Senate or House, or that it does not occasionally set forth what was not said.

The author of this book, as a narrator of events, does not take the *Congressional Record* as his guide, nor yet the publicly expressed and revised words of the statesmen. He tells only of what he personally knows to be true, of what he saw and heard in the nearly half-century while he was nosing about for news. He can only hope that his readers will have as good a time in going through the pages as he has had in collecting and writing the material of which they are composed.

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FORTY YEARS IN WASHINGTON

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CHAPTER I

ELECTORAL COMMISSION CHOOSES HAYES

WHEN former Speaker Joseph Gurney Cannon of Illinois, "Uncle Joe", retired to private life on the fourth of March, 1923, he had served in the House of Representatives for just fifty years, with the exception of one term in 1891 when he nodded for a minute in the pre-convention days, and a wide-awake and ambitious party rival slipped into his seat for the Fifty-Second Congress.

Mr. Cannon was almost eighty-seven years of age when he heard the gavel fall for the last time. It may cause him regret to think that he will never hear the sound again, but back in Danville he will have ample time to recall the good times he had in Washington in his half-century of service, and he may pride himself on having taken active part in the chain of momentous events that came to pass in his day. In his first term as a legislator "Uncle Joe" was not especially prominent, and it was not

until 1876, the year of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, that the new Illinois member caught the public fancy.

General Grant was President then, and the whole government, so to speak, went over to the city of Brotherly Love to start the show aright. They were housed — President, Cabinet members, Senators, Representatives, Army and Navy officers, diplomats, and high executive officials alike — in a big barn-like hotel built for the occasion, and there it was, on the opening night of the Centennial, that Mr. Cannon first danced himself into the limelight. He was then forty years old, a slender, rosy-cheeked, blond-haired and flaxen-bearded man with the laughing blue eyes, the genial smile, and the inimitable left-handed gestures so well-known to the public. He was a veritable village cut-up that night, and in the years intervening he has been cutting pigeonwings to the delight of all classes of Washington society, and at all sorts of Capital parties, public and private.

What an amazing and historically significant period that half-century has been! In 1876 the Senate was asked to impeach President Grant's Secretary of War, William W. Belknap, on the general charge of having sold post traderships in the Army. The Secretary's wife was a beautiful and popular woman, one of the most attractive in Washington society, and although he was accused of having hidden behind her skirts in the attempt to clear his own, he might still have been legally condemned, had not the Senate, sitting for six weeks

behind closed doors in the dog days, decided that the secretary already having resigned it had no jurisdiction in the case. Belknap escaped, and having resigned from the Cabinet remained in Washington, where he gradually went to seed. His wife reigned for some time thereafter.

It was in this same hot summer that the gallant cavalry leader, Custer, having been summoned to Washington to testify in the preliminaries of the Belknap case, had a misunderstanding with Grant, and, going back to the plains before his leave had expired, resentful and possibly disgruntled, led his brave men into that ambush on the Little Big Horn River, where on the 25th of June, with their backs to the edge of a closed ring, the entire command was annihilated by the Indians.

Then, in 1877, came the contest between Hayes and Tilden over the presidential election. This led to the creation of the Electoral Commission amid scenes of wild excitement in the Senate and House of Representatives, unprecedented since the days of the Civil War. In 1881 President Garfield was assassinated, and in 1885 came to an end the long period of Republican rule, which had continued from the days of James Buchanan to the election of Grover Cleveland.

It has long been contended by students of parliamentary proceedings and political history that in the years from 1879 to 1885 there were more able men in Congress, more men of power, ability, and character, and of more picturesque and engaging personalities than in any other period since the gov-

ernment was founded. Whether the Senators and Representatives to-day measure up to those of forty, fifty, or sixty years ago is a matter of opinion, upon which most men and women disagree. The disputants should at least remember that the Senate and House of Representatives have grown in numbers in the succeeding years. Individual men may not loom up so big now in the general mass as they did in the old days of smaller legislative bodies.

In 1893 came the struggle over the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the so-called Sherman Act. It aroused the country from Maine to California. President Cleveland caused a sensation by calling a session of Congress to convene on the seventh of August that year, and until October the fight went on, with the free silver men declaring that they would never permit the repeal even if it should be necessary to drag from the chair the presiding officer who should put the question to a vote. Many of those who had been the most clamorous for a cloture rule in the Senate were strongly opposed to it now, and the exciting debates went on as if they would never end, but, as has always been the case, the majority of the people of the country finally had their way. A vote was taken and the "sound money" men won.

There was comparative tranquillity in Washington for the following five years. Then came the cry of "Cuba libre", and the Spanish-American War that broadened William McKinley into a statesman of world-size. It also caused him to be stricken down by an assassin as were Lincoln and Garfield. The results of that war forced the United States to

abandon its policy of isolation as advised by Washington, and to assume the character of the balance wheel of nations, which belongs to it to-day.

The Philippines insurrection and the war in Africa next held the center of the stage until that fateful day in 1901 when McKinley, the third martyred President, gave up his life in Buffalo, and into his tracks stepped Theodore Roosevelt who until his death was the great central dominating figure of American public life.

In 1914 was ushered in the great World War; in 1919 Roosevelt died, and in 1922 there was brought into being, through the inspiration and initiative of President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes, the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament, and the inauguration of a program to be participated in by all the nations of the globe, calling for an era of peace on earth and good will toward men. Then followed the sudden death of Harding and the accession of Calvin Coolidge.

Of all the great events referred to as happening in the span of the public life of Mr. Cannon, the creation of the Electoral Commission and its final decision that Rutherford B. Hayes and not Samuel J. Tilden was elected President of the United States stands out preëminent. The Commission was brought into being to bridge over a chasm in the life of the government that otherwise might have led to a civil war more desperate than the one that had closed but twelve years before. It would not have been a war of sections because the people of

all the States of the United States were concerned in the issue, but it would have been a partisan war testing to the limit the soundness of the American system of federal government, and would have resulted, most public men think, in the destruction of our political institutions.

The result of the election depended upon a few votes in certain southern States where the negroes were denied their right of suffrage to a large extent, and where the returning boards had, under the advice of partisan counsel, certified to the election of Republican electors. There was open talk of bloodshed, and so brilliant and broad-minded a man as the late Henry Watterson of Kentucky raised a clarion cry for one hundred thousand unarmed Kentuckians to rush to Washington to prevent the Goddess of Liberty from tottering on her throne.

Another fighting Kentuckian, the late Senator "Joe" Blackburn, in a midnight speech in the House of Representatives, of which he was then a member, on the passage of the bill to organize the Commission that was to pass upon the great question, after scourging the members of his own party for having consented to the creation of such a "damning" instrument boldly shouted, "I turn with hope, not without faith, to the people that stand behind us, believing, or, if not believing, yet hoping and praying, in the utterance of as patriotic a sentiment as it is possible for mortal man to cherish, that they, smarting under the disaster that has overtaken them, realizing the shame, dishonor, wrong, and outrage that has been put upon them, will rise in

their majesty and might, not only to rebuke and spurn, but to punish, aye, if need be in blood, the perpetration of all the villainy and scoundrelism of this proceeding.”

The country, from one end to the other, was torn by the controversy that continued from election day, in 1876, until that crowded hour on the night of March 1, 1877, when the vote of the last State was counted in the chamber of the House of Representatives, and the leaders of both parties in the Senate and House of Representatives were desperate in their efforts to find some means of escape from the threatened disaster.

It was a test of our republican form of government more severe than any to which it had been or has since been subjected, and it is a tribute to its basic qualities that it stood that test. The strain upon the country at that time caused it to bend, but it did not break. The Democrats patriotically swallowed the pill, bitter as it was. Mr. Tilden accepted the result with at least outward equanimity, Mr. Hayes stepped into the presidency and the government rolled on.

I was a page in the United States Senate when the struggle among the people of the United States over the results of that election of 1876 took place, and in the years that followed, from 1879 until the close of the World War, I was an occupant of the press galleries of Congress. As a witness of virtually every public event that has taken place under the dome of the Capitol and in the city of Washington, from the election of Mr. Hayes as Grant's successor

until the present day, I may truthfully say that no scenes made a deeper impression upon me than those which preceded and followed the bringing into being of the Electoral Commission, whose decision served to recall to the popular mind the graphic assertion of James A. Garfield that "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

The records of Congress fail to indicate clearly the author of the Electoral Commission Bill, although it may have been Senator Thurman, called "the noblest Roman of them all", whose great career ended in his defeat as a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Grover Cleveland in 1888. However that may be, after days and nights of toil and trouble, commencing in December following the election, the bill was passed and a commission of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Justices of the Supreme Court was formed to sit and hear the evidence as to the election results in the disputed States, the essential provision of the bill being that its decision should be final. At the time the bill was passed the Republicans had a majority in the Senate and the Democrats in the House of Representatives. The Supreme Court Justices, two being Republicans, and two being Democrats, selected the fifth member in the person of Justice Joseph P. Bradley of New Jersey, and that is where the Democratic party lost the fight. As blood is thicker than water, so are politics more binding than anything else, when a vital issue is at stake. It thus happened that the Republican Senators, Representatives, and Justices took the oppo-

site side from that of the Democratic Senators, Representatives, and Justices. They split, seven-seven, and Justice Bradley, known thereafter until his death as "Aliunde Joe", voted with the Republicans, thus making the Commission stand eight to seven, and the trick was done. The flippant nickname was given to this distinguished jurist because of the fact that he repeatedly sided with the Republicans in his decisions that a certain class of testimony favorable to the Republicans was aliunde, that is, outside of anything included in the returns and, therefore, not subject to review. Justice Bradley and his friends insisted always that these decisions were strictly in accordance with law and equity.

All of the members of that distinguished body who held the fate of the Republic in their keeping were lawyers, and it may have been this fact that led Senator William W. Eaton of Connecticut to vote against the passage of the Electoral Commission Bill, the only Democratic Senator who did so. "Yes, and I thank God I did vote against it", was the reply that Mr. Eaton used to make to those who sought to criticize him for his vote. He must have had a premonition that his Democratic colleagues were riding for a fall, when almost unanimously they voted for the passage of the Democratic bill, and thus stepped into a trap from which there was no escape.

The members of the special committee who framed the bill out of which the Electoral Commission grew were: Senators Edmunds of Vermont (chairman), Morton of Indiana, Frelinghuysen of New Jersey,

Conkling of New York (Republicans), Thurman of Ohio, Bayard of Delaware, and Ransom of North Carolina (Democrats), Representatives Payne of Ohio, Hunton of Virginia, Hewitt of New York, Springer of Illinois (Democrats), McCrary of Iowa, Hoar of Massachusetts, and Willard of Michigan (Republicans). The Committee was thus evenly divided politically.

The members of the Commission itself were: Senators Thurman, Bayard, Frelinghuysen, Morton, and Edmunds, Representatives Payne, Hunton, Abbott (Massachusetts), Garfield, afterwards President (Ohio), and Hoar of Massachusetts, and Supreme Court Justices William Strong of Pennsylvania, Samuel F. Miller of Iowa (Republicans), Nathan Clifford of Maine, Stephen J. Field of California (Democrats), and Justice Bradley. Senator Kernan sat on the Commission as a substitute for Senator Thurman, who retired because of his wife's illness.

The two Houses of Congress were in continual session from the date of the passage of the Electoral Commission Bill until February 1, when the first meeting of the Commission was held in the Supreme Court Chamber. The program followed was for the Senate and House, sitting in joint session in the Chamber of the House of Representatives, to take up the returns from each State in alphabetical order and proceed with counting and registering the vote as returned, until a dispute as to the accuracy of the return should arise. The point would then be referred to the Commission, the joint ses-

sion would take a recess, the Senate would return to its Chamber, and both Houses continue their orderly business until called together again to receive the decision of the Commission. It required one month to decide all the cases submitted.

During all those days and nights the Capitol building was a center of extreme excitement and confusion, and the city of Washington was startled out of itself as it had never been since Civil War days, and as it has never been since until the fateful day when the United States declared war against Germany. The Spanish-American War created something of a stir, of course, but that was in many respects an opera bouffe war, and did not actually agitate the waters much below the surface.

On every case submitted to the Commission the result was the same — for the Republican claim, eight votes, for the Democratic, seven; thus it went on to the end, which came on the first of March. The last State on the alphabetical list had been reached, and the Commission was ready to submit its final decision involving the eligibility of a chosen Republican elector in Wisconsin. Again the Senate marched to the hall of the House of Representatives and the last joint session was called to order. It was a stormy night both inside and out of the great white marble building. The lights in the massive dome blazed out and revealed the Stars and Stripes floating as they had floated without cessation for thirty days. The House had not adjourned in all that time, being always ready at

a moment's notice to receive the honorable Senate for consultation. Thousands of excited citizens fought with the police for admission to the building already over-crowded, and the galleries were fairly bursting with the throngs that besieged the doors. The visitors were looking for a thrill, and they experienced one.

Between dinner and breakfast time on that night of March 1, 1877, scenes were enacted under the great dome that have never been repeated. Early in the evening it was known that the last contested State had been reached, and that in all probability before sunrise it would be officially announced to the world that Hayes and Wheeler had been declared elected President and Vice-President. Anticipating this action Governor Hayes had left Columbus that afternoon and arrived in Washington only a few hours after the Commission rendered its final verdict. It was well into the night when Senator Thomas W. Ferry of Michigan, president *pro tempore* of the Senate and acting Vice-President, owing to the vacancy caused by the death of Henry Wilson, with old Captain Isaac Bassett, the veteran white-haired doorkeeper, who had made himself famous for many years by turning back the hands of the clock at noon on the fourth of March in odd years, headed the procession. The Captain held in both hands the brass-bound mahogany boxes in which the disputed returns were carried. These he had just taken from the safe in the room of the Vice-President, where they had been kept continually under lock and key since their receipt from the

various States soon after the election. A cordon of Capitol police marched ahead, in the rear, and on both sides of the Senators, who walked in pairs, escorted by the elective officers of the body. All the way across to the hall of the House of Representatives, which is at the extreme opposite end of the Capitol building, seven hundred and fifty-two feet in length, the Senate passed through a lane of American citizens. When the vast rotunda beneath the dome was reached, the gaslights overhead cast shadows everywhere, and the tramp, tramp, tramp of the senatorial feet was echoed from the iron beams above.

The House was in session when the Senate arrived, but routine business was at once suspended, and the members rose to receive their colleagues from the other body, who were seated in extra chairs temporarily provided. Captain Bassett, with the boxes, went to the clerk's desk with the Senate and House officials, and Vice-President Ferry mounted to the Speaker's rostrum, where he sat beside Speaker Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania. Tellers representing each party were appointed, and the decision of the Electoral Commission in the case of the Wisconsin elector whose eligibility was attacked was submitted. Then it was that the venom and bitterness engendered by the long partisan contest spurted up, and the vituperative eloquence popped out. "Joe" Blackburn's speech aroused the Democrats, those on the floor as well as those in the gallery, almost to a frenzy, and when he made the plea for bloodshed, it was feared that the spark had

been fired that would start a conflagration ending in another civil war. But the spasm passed.

Something of an anticlimax was caused at the very height of the dramatic decision of the issues involved in the creation of the Commission, by the speech of a Republican Congressman from Wisconsin, Charles G. Williams, a fiery spellbinder, whose particular grievance concerned the eligibility of a disputed elector from his State. This eligibility appeared to rest upon the Tenure of Office Act, which protected an office holder for a term of four years, so long as he behaved himself properly and performed his duties. When Blackburn sat down Williams arose, and delivered himself of the following bit of choice congressional invective rhetoric which relieved the situation and Mr. Williams himself at the same time:

“Mr. Speaker, I do not desire to retort in the spirit indulged in by the gentleman who has just taken his seat (Blackburn). But if I did, I might remind him and this House that this is not only Friday but hangman’s day; and that there could be no more fitting time than just past the hour of midnight

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out
Contagion to this world,

that this bogus, pretentious, bastard brat of political reform, which for the last twelve months has affronted the eyes of gods and men, should be strangled to death, gibbeted higher than Haman.”

According to the faithful *Congressional Record*

there was great applause on the floor and in the galleries at this burst of oratory at the expense of the Civil Service Law, but neither the Blackburn nor the Williams speech served to halt the mission of the Electoral Commission, which went ahead to its final conclusion.

On the night of March 1 at a joint session of the Senate and House of Representatives when there was under discussion a point as to the alleged irregularity of the returns from the State of Vermont, a somewhat exciting episode occurred, although as it developed the facts involved had no direct bearing upon the subject at issue.

Representative Abram S. Hewitt endeavored to present to the House a package purporting to contain electoral votes from the State of Vermont which he had received in the mail and which he had vainly endeavored to turn over to the presiding officer of the Senate who, however, declined to receive it. Representative Kasson of Iowa objected and said that the House could not legally receive the document. Mr. Hewitt thereupon dramatically said that a messenger had just approached him and delivered a package into his possession declining to make any statement as to its origin or its former custodian.

The debate as to whether the package should be received continued all night and was participated in by many of the big men on both sides of the House, including James A. Garfield, James H. Blount, Samuel J. Randall, William D. Kelly, Nathaniel P. Banks, and others. The messenger

who handed the package to Mr. Hewitt was held in the meantime in the custody of the House. Mr. Garfield, in the course of his remarks, read a letter from the secretary of the Senate, George C. Gorham, explaining why he could not officially receive the package, and along toward morning the whole subject was dropped as suddenly as it arose, the package was not received by anybody, was not opened, and the electoral vote of Vermont was counted for Rutherford B. Hayes and William A. Wheeler. The Electoral Commission never knew nor did the Senate or the House or the country what the foundling package contained, where it came from, who sent it to Mr. Hewitt, who carried it to him, or what became of the elusive package afterwards. The facts, however, are these:

When the secretary of the Senate found he could not receive the package without constructively making the president of the Senate the custodian of it — and the latter was averse to receiving it because it had come in an irregular manner and after the date on which returns could be legally forwarded — he laid it on his desk, as he said in his letter to Mr. Garfield, and then forgot it once for all. But others did not. One of his subordinates took the package to the head page of the Senate, George McNeir, with instructions to place it in the hands of Representative Abram S. Hewitt, who was known to have received another electoral return by express from Vermont, and then to disappear, leaving no trace of who he was or where he came from. McNeir did as he was told so far as to deliver

the package, but before he could lose himself Mr. Hewitt grabbed him and on his refusal to state who gave him the package turned him over to the custody of the Sergeant at Arms. He remained "in durance vile" all night while the leaders discussed the advisability of bringing him formally before the bar of the House to be punished for contempt. The young man's prison was the reception room adjoining the Speaker's lobby and there he proudly and with proper dignity passed the hours of his incarceration, served with supper from the Senate restaurant and visited by the other pages who bowed themselves before him as he condescended to discuss the exciting episode of the night's session.

Senators and Representatives, too, came to chat with him and he was at the zenith of his sudden fame when the order came to set him free. Regretfully he stepped from his pedestal and, escorted by his young and admiring companions, went home to bed.

Not a word about the arrest and imprisonment of the Senate messenger appears in the official record of the day's proceedings. All that occurred after Mr. Hewitt's announcement that the messenger stood before him refusing to answer questions was expunged when it was decided not to bring the young man before the bar of the House, just as important incidents in Congress are constantly being expunged to serve somebody's purpose. When McNeir was constructively placed under arrest, however, he held on to the package and rightfully enough, as he seemed to be the only person in

Washington willing to have it in his possession. He took it home with him when the lights went down on the little comedy that might have been turned into a tragedy and he has it to this day in his home in New York. On the jacket of the package is a memorandum of its interesting history, here related by one of the pages who worshipped at the shrine of his incarcerated companion on that historic night.

For many years there has hung upon the wall of a Senate corridor an oil painting which has attracted wide attention from visitors to the Capitol, depicting as it does the scene in the Chamber of the Supreme Court of the United States, formerly the old Senate Chamber in the old days before the marble wings were added to the Capitol, during the sessions of the "eight to seven" Commission. There are the faces of two hundred and fifty-eight men and women in the picture, all so turned as to face the observer, and at this writing only two of the total number are alive, and one is Mr. Cannon.

This beautiful half-domed chamber is unchanged to-day except for a few innovations in the way of modern lighting and heating facilities. The members of the Commission sat on the raised platform behind the desk, just as the members of the Court sit to-day, and the central figure of the great picture is that of William M. Evarts of New York, addressing the Court on the legality of the election of a Republican elector of the State of Florida.

The artist, Mrs. Cornelia Adele Fassett, attempted to bring into the picture the face of

virtually every man and woman of special importance and distinction then in Washington, and she did fairly well. Possibly the work has little artistic merit, but it grows more interesting to the average Capitol visitor day after day.

A great array of legal talent was employed. There were Charles O'Connor, then admitted to be the greatest lawyer in the United States, Senator Stanley Matthews of Ohio, afterwards a justice of the Supreme Court, Senator Matt. H. Carpenter, whose legal authorities admit came nearer being a lawyer by nature than any man the United States has produced, Judge Jere. S. Black of Pennsylvania, who was one of the counsel in the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and other lawyers of that caliber.

There were Senator Roscoe Conkling of New York, then in his imperial prime, George Bancroft, the historian, Hannibal Hamlin and James G. Blaine, the Senators from Maine, Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas, reputed author of "Opportunity", Speaker "Sam" Randall, Secretary of State Hamilton Fish, Senator John Sherman of Ohio, Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite of Ohio, Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, the colored Senator Bruce of Mississippi, William W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, General Burnside of Rhode Island, then a Senator, Representative and former Speaker General Nathaniel Banks of Massachusetts, and the famous obituary editor, George W. Childs of Philadelphia.

Then there were the late "Marse" Henry Watter-son of Kentucky, "Uncle Joe" who had not then

been elected Speaker, William B. Allison of Iowa, then "the father of the Senate", the brilliant Confederate General John B. Gordon of Georgia, then a Senator, and the late William E. Chandler of New Hampshire, afterwards a Senator and Secretary of the Navy under President Arthur, who was one of the Republican "emissaries" sent to the Southern States to prepare the Republican election case.

Of all the women in the picture four at least left their mark upon the social and political life of the Capital. One was the wife of James A. Garfield, whose husband as a result of an assassin's bullet died six months after his inauguration; another, Mrs. James G. Blaine, who reigned for many years in Washington; and two others noted chiefly for their personal beauty, Mrs. "Steve" Dorsey and Mrs. "Ben" Willis. Dorsey was a carpetbag Senator from Arkansas, having taken his seat when barely the constitutional age (thirty) and was afterwards the chief defendant in the criminal suits brought by the government against the "Star Route" ring of mail contractors. Willis was a Republican Congressman from New York City.

Sixty-two of the two hundred and fifty-eight portraits in the Electoral Commission painting are those of men and women and photographers who occupied the little gallery above the heads of the Commission and sent broadcast to the world the pen and camera pictures of the daily sessions of the momentous body. That gallery had not been occupied from the time the Senate moved to its

new chamber until the Electoral Commission came into being, and it has not been used since, inasmuch as it is high and narrow and inaccessible, and because, forsooth, the Supreme Court of the United States does its own reporting.

The fourth of March happened to fall on Sunday, in 1877, and at noon on that day Chief Justice Waite at the White House administered the oath to Mr. Hayes. Ulysses S. Grant laid down the burden and went for a few days to visit his friend, the Secretary of State Mr. Fish, at his residence on the corner of 15th and I streets. There was an attempt at an inaugural parade and other ceremonies on the following day, March 5, but the one hundred thousand unarmed Kentuckians did not participate. There was no bloodshed, and the threatened civil war was averted.

CHAPTER II

PERSONALITIES OF THE HAYES PERIOD

WITH the advent of the Hayes administration, which was as peaceful throughout its uneventful four years as its incoming had been dramatic and stormy, there passed off the stage many of the figures that had been so prominent throughout the two administrations of General Grant; indeed since the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, because preparations for the Civil War were well under way before Mr. Lincoln assumed the reins of government.

Grant himself said good-by to Washington and left the city as quietly and unostentatiously as he had entered it fifteen years before at the call of Abraham Lincoln, and started on the tour of the world which exceeded in plaudits and splendor that of any American before or since his day. When he returned a few years later, Conkling and Cameron and Logan, and the other "stalwarts" who had been the big men of his administration, attempted to utilize his military fame at home and abroad to force his nomination for a third time. The slogan of the Grant third term campaign was that used by Conkling in the opening of his nominating speech at Chicago in 1880:

"When asked whence comes our candidate,
Our sole reply shall be,
He comes from Appomattox and her famous apple tree."

But the American people were less militaristic in those days than they have been since, and in spite of the loyalty and dogged persistency of the "306", Grant was beaten. Garfield was nominated on the thirty-sixth ballot with three hundred and ninety-nine votes. Although no longer in public office Grant continued to reign in the hearts of the people a hero, and to justify the opinion of the world that he was one of its great men as well as its greatest living general.

As for the Hayes administration, whatever else may be said of it, dignity and conservative statesmanship marked its proceedings, in spite of the belief of a portion of the American people that Hayes was a usurper in the high office — a charge so bitterly maintained that Charles A. Dana, in the *Sun*, printed his picture on the editorial page with the word "fraud" blotched across his forehead. Mrs. Hayes endured ridicule because of an organization under her direction, The Lucy Webb Hayes Temperance Society, which carried its reform to such an extent that wine was banished from the White House table. In later years, when William Jennings Bryan, as Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Woodrow Wilson, served grape juice to his guests at a dinner in honor of the diplomatic corps, his action was the subject of good-natured criticism and satire, but when in the Hayes administration the ban was put upon intoxicating beverages the country was more serious in its opposition.

Rutherford B. Hayes was typically a gentleman of the old school. He wore a silk hat, frock coat,

plaited linen shirt, black shoes, and varied his costume only in hot weather, and then only to the extent of replacing his black tile for a white one and having his clothing made of thinner material. His private secretary, Judge Rogers, was a gentleman of the old school too, and he looked and acted just like his chief. There were no telephones and typewriters in use in the White House, at least, not to any great extent. Judge Rogers would receive all the President's callers on his own responsibility and invite such as he chose into the inner sanctum for further conference. Things are done quite differently now, as any caller at the White House, the Capitol, and government departments may know.

Mrs. Hayes wore black velvet with white lace trimmings, and brushed her beautiful hair simply down from the sides of her shapely head from a broad part in the middle. Her portrait, hanging in the corridor of the White House, shows her just as she looked every day of the week and on all occasions. In addition to placing the White House on a temperance diet, Mrs. Hayes attempted also to do away with much of the publicity attaching to every feature of life in the Mansion. She even went so far as to exclude newspaper reporters, as such, from White House receptions, but this innovation caused such commotion that the old custom was soon resumed. What Mr. and Mrs. Hayes would think if they were alive to-day can only be conjectured. The newspaper reporters are many times as numerous as then, and their work is supplemented by the activities of batteries of cameras and moving-



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

picture operators located at all times of the day and night on the steps leading into the White House and executive offices, and the various sections of the grounds in and about them. Every appearance of the President, his wife, or any person of public importance or of human interest is pictured in the public prints within a few hours.

The striking feature of the Hayes administration was the recognition of the Southern Republicans, and that element of the Southern people interested in bringing all classes of the inhabitants of the Southern States together, and thus attempting to obliterate the animosities of the war. In a general way President Hayes succeeded fairly well in this, and no act of the administration was more popular than his appointment of a "Rebel Brigadier" to membership in his Cabinet. The man he selected for this unprecedented honor was David McKendree Key of Tennessee, who was made Postmaster-General. He had risen from the ranks as an enlisted man in the Confederate army to the rank of lieutenant colonel; had been a member of the State constitutional convention, chancellor of the third chancery division, defeated as a Democratic candidate to the Forty-third Congress, and served in the Senate for two years by appointment of the governor as the successor of Andrew Johnson. Judge Key served as Postmaster-General for more than three years and resigned upon his appointment by President Hayes as United States judge for the eastern and middle district of Tennessee. He retired in 1894 and died in Chattanooga in 1900.

When the commentators and critics of men, women, and events in Washington, including the "cliff dwellers" of the social world — those relics of the glorious days that have passed — speak of the Hayes administration and sneer at its temperance societies and habits of early dinners they are apt to sigh and say, "Well at least there was dignity and respectability in the public and social life in Washington in those days even if it were all deadly dull."

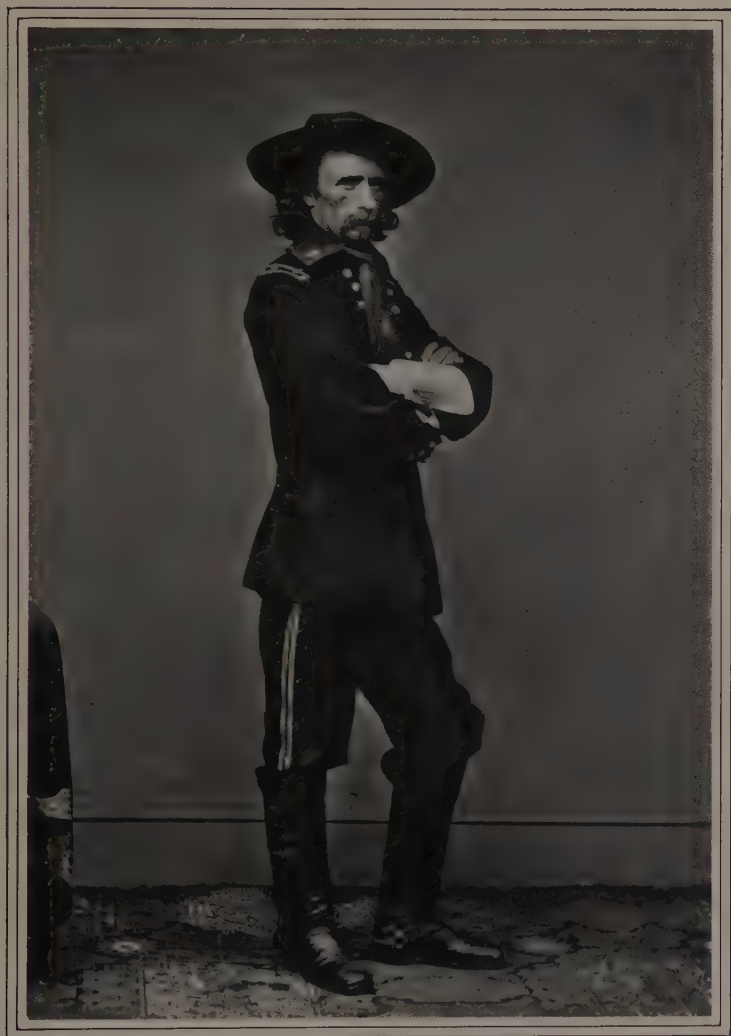
The last days of the Grant administration, preparing for the ushering in of the Hayes régime, were marked by the ululations of the campaign carried on for several years to bring about the nomination of James Gillespie Blaine for the presidency. In spite of all the popular enthusiasm which the candidacy of the "Plumed Knight" aroused, the ending was disaster and defeat culminating in his death in 1893, a despondent man, and judged from a certain viewpoint, a shattered idol. Mr. Blaine was nominated at the convention at Cincinnati, in 1876, by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, possibly the most eloquent man who ever spoke from a public platform in this country. It was he who named Blaine "the Plumed Knight of Navarre" in a speech which literally froze the delegates in their seats, overcome by emotion, and it has since been the belief of Blaine and his immediate followers and friends that if the convention had not been forced to adjourn at dark on the evening of the balloting, because of the failure of the lights in the building, he would have been nominated. It is

also the belief of those of the Blaine followers who are still interested in politics that the failure of those lights at the critical moment was due to the pernicious activity of some of the Republican leaders opposed then and afterwards to Blaine's nomination.

On June 25, 1876, occurred that military disaster known as the battle of the Little Big Horn, where the gallant Custer and his intrepid band were annihilated by the Sioux Indians, having been attacked a few hours before the long-planned junction of General Reno and his command with Custer could be effected. Custer, his brother, "Captain Tom" Custer of the regular Army, his younger brother, Boston Custer, George Armstrong Custer Reed, the General's nephew and namesake (the two latter attached to the expedition in a civilian capacity), Lieutenant Calhoun, who had a year previous married the General's only sister, and all of his most personal friends among the members of his staff, officers of the 7th Cavalry, were included in the massacre from which no white man escaped.

It is a tradition that Rain-In-The-Face cut out the heart of Tom Custer as the body lay on the battlefield. In the little city of Monroe, Michigan, "the Floral City" on Lake Erie near the Ohio line, an equestrian statue of General George A. Custer stands in the public square, where it was erected by his admiring friends and neighbors. Although Custer was appointed to the Military Academy from Ohio he afterwards moved with his parents to Michigan where, after he had become

famous as a cavalry leader, he married the brilliant and beautiful daughter of Judge Daniel S. Bacon. Mrs. Custer is still alive, mentally and physically alert and attractive, devoted to the memory of her soldier-husband and continuing her writings of the events of his great career. But for the tragic campaign against the Indians that ended in the massacre on the banks of the river in the mountains of Montana, Custer would undoubtedly have been a picturesque figure of the Spanish-American War. He was only thirty-seven when he met his death, having been a major general in the Civil War at twenty-five. Custer had won great fame as an Indian fighter and was perhaps the most noted military figure in the campaigns against the Indians in the years intervening between the Civil War and the day of his tragic death. He was the friend and companion of Sheridan, another great figure of the Civil War, served on the staff of McClellan and was beloved by his soldiers. He was something of an idol of the people too, and was especially conspicuous as a popular hero because of his habit of wearing his hair in long golden curls down his back; when in field uniform, he wore always a flowing red bandanna cravat which came to be the sign manual of the Custer regiment. In the great review of the troops in Washington at the close of the Civil War Custer astride a prancing steed caught on his sword point a bouquet thrown by a fair admirer from the President's stand in front of the White House and waved it aloft in recognition of the burst of cheering that followed.



GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER

In the days, about 1870, when Custer, coming East on a vacation from the plains, after a long, protracted campaign against the Indians, would visit his friends in Monroe, the schoolboys would follow him about the streets and cheer as he saluted them. In those days he was indeed a striking and interesting personality. He was something of a dandy when off duty and in civilian dress, with a shiny silk hat perched upon his yellow locks, the long-skirted, velvet-collared coat buttoned tight at the waist, the red cravat of smaller proportions than those of his field uniform, skin tight trousers strapped underneath the sole of the foot, *à la mode*, top-boots, and with the rolling, rollicking gait of the plainsman, it is not to be wondered at that he aroused the enthusiasm of the boys, or that his nephew, "Autie" Reed, and his young brother, "Boss", persisted until he could no longer refuse to let them accompany him on the fatal campaign from which none of them returned.

When Custer was in Washington in the spring of the year in which the Custer massacre occurred he was a changed man to the extent that his golden curls had been sacrificed to convention and his red cravat discarded. While undergoing his unwelcome experiences at the War Department and receiving from President Grant his instructions before leaving for his last campaign, he was the guest of Senator Christiancy. Christiancy had been for many years a justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan when Cooley and Graves were his associates on that bench, then rated as the greatest in the country

with the exception only of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was elected to the Senate in 1875 on the wave of anti-stalwartism that swept into private life Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, whom Christiancy succeeded, General Logan of Illinois, Matt. Carpenter of Wisconsin, and others of the big men of public life. This was the forerunner of the political feud resulting eventually in the split between President Garfield and the "old guard" members of his party when he made Blaine the premier of his ill-fated administration.

The retirement of Zachariah Chandler was not permanent. He was an able man, a remarkable man in many respects, and a power in the legislative and executive branches of the government for years prior to the date of his original election to the Senate, in 1859, until his dramatic death twenty years later. He was born in New Hampshire, in 1813. He received only a common-school education, and when he was twenty years old moved to Detroit, Michigan and engaged in business. He entered politics when he was still a young man, his first office being mayor of Detroit. The next year he was defeated as the Whig candidate for governor, and was prominent in the organization of the Republican party which all citizens of the State of Michigan insist took place at the famous meeting "under the oaks", in Jackson in the year 1854. Other sections of the country do not always admit this claim of the Michiganders, but generally political historians say there is merit in it. Chandler, when he came to the United States

Senate in 1857 to succeed Lewis Cass, at once took front rank as a man of intellect, force, and character. He was naturally an intense partisan and belonged to that group of Republicans who stood by Mr. Lincoln in the years before and after his election to the presidency in upholding the cause of the Union. Mr. Chandler served on the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and went with Lincoln to visit the soldiers in the field on more than one occasion. He continued to be reëlected to the Senate until 1875 when he retired on the wave of what was in a way the beginning of "Mugwumpery." In the fall of the year of his retirement from the Senate, Mr. Chandler was appointed Secretary of the Interior by President Grant, and served until the inauguration of Hayes in 1877. In 1879 Judge Christiancy, who had succeeded Mr. Chandler in the Senate, resigned to become Minister to Peru, and Mr. Chandler was reëlected. He took his old seat on February 18, 1879, and in the campaign of that year just after finishing a great speech to an immense audience in McCormick Hall in Chicago, he retired to his room at the hotel where he died.

Chandler was a many-sided man and a fighter always. He made many friends and many enemies, but even the latter never questioned his rugged honesty and high motives. He was at all times devoted to the interests of his State, and patriotic to the last degree. Mr. Chandler although not a finished orator, was a popular public speaker, especially effective in political campaigns, and was not an easy man to tackle in debate. One speech

that he delivered during his long term in the Senate has come to be a Congressional classic. It is given herein as a striking example of the senatorial oratory of the period. Although made on the spur of the moment, this speech also illustrates the kind of vigorous patriotism that animated the breasts of Chandler and Ben Wade, and that type of Republican statesman of the Civil War period.

On March 1, 1879, the Senate having under consideration a bill making appropriation for the payment of the arrears of pensions granted by act of Congress, approved January 25, 1879, and for other purposes, an amendment was offered by Senator Shields of Missouri, as follows:

Provided further, That the law granting pensions to the soldiers and their widows of the war of 1812, approved March 9, 1878, is hereby made applicable in all its provisions to the soldiers and sailors who served in the war with Mexico of 1846.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts offered an amendment which read as follows:

Provided further, That no pension shall ever be paid under this act to Jefferson Davis, the late president of the so-called confederacy.

A heated debate ensued. The drama of the Civil War was enacted over and over again, and the Southern Senators aroused the echoes of the Chamber with eulogies of the former president of the confederacy. Seated in the gallery among the spectators, who were not numerous because the session had lasted well into the wee small hours of the morning, were William E. Chandler of New

Hampshire and Uriah H. Painter, a well-known newspaper correspondent. They drew up a note which they dropped over the gallery railing to the floor below, expressing regret that no adequate reply had been made to the Democratic Senators who had eulogized Davis. They said they hoped that one would be found who would rise to the occasion. Picking up the note the Michigan Senator read it and, making a sign to his friends in the gallery that they were understood, he seated himself at his desk for a few moments and then arose and, pounding the desk at the end of each sentence in characteristic style, delivered off-hand the following speech that fairly took away the breath of the Senate.

Mr. President, twenty-two years ago to-morrow, in the old Hall of the Senate, now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States, I, in company with Mr. Jefferson Davis, stood up and swore before Almighty God that I would support the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Jefferson Davis came from the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce into the Senate of the United States and took the oath with me to be faithful to this Government. During four years I sat in this body with Mr. Jefferson Davis and saw the preparations going on from day to day for the overthrow of this Government. With treason in his heart and perjury upon his lips he took the oath to sustain the Government that he meant to overthrow.

Sir, there was method in that madness. He, in coöperation with other men from his section and in the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, made careful preparation for the event that was to follow. Your armies were scattered all over this broad land where

they could not be used in an emergency; your fleets were scattered wherever the winds blew and water was found to float them, where they could not be used to put down rebellion; your Treasury was depleted until your bonds bearing six per cent., principal and interest payable in coin, were sold for eighty-eight cents on the dollar for current expenses and no buyers. Preparations were carefully made. Your arms were sold under an apparently innocent clause in an Army bill providing that the Secretary of War might, at his discretion, sell such arms as he deemed it for the interest of the Government to sell.

Sir, eighteen years ago last month I sat in these Halls and listened to Jefferson Davis delivering his farewell address, informing us what our constitutional duties to this Government were, and then he left and entered into the rebellion to overthrow the Government that he had sworn to support! I remained here, sir, during the whole of that terrible rebellion. I saw our brave soldiers by thousands and hundreds of thousands, ay, I might say millions, pass through to the theater of war, and I saw their shattered ranks return; I saw steamboat after steamboat and railroad train after railroad train arrive with the maimed and the wounded; I was with my friend from Rhode Island (Mr. Burnside) when he commanded the Army of the Potomac, and saw piles of legs and arms that made humanity shudder; I saw the widow and the orphan in their homes, and heard the weeping and wailing of those who had lost their dearest and their best. Mr. President, I little thought at that time that I should live to hear in the Senate of the United States eulogies upon Jefferson Davis, living — a living rebel eulogized on the floor of the Senate of the United States! Sir, I am amazed to hear it; and I can tell the gentlemen on the other side that they little

know the spirit of the North when they come here at this day and with bravado on their lips utter eulogies upon a man whom every man, woman, and child in the North believes to have been a double-dyed traitor to his Government.

I cast my first vote for Garfield and Arthur and in the campaign of 1880 when they were elected had the temerity to make a few political speeches in Michigan country towns. Once or twice I repeated that Chandler speech and judging by the applause it received the Senator was justified in his estimate of the sentiment of the people of the North on the subject of Jefferson Davis.

Senator Chandler was as vigorous in his personal habits as in his speech-making. One of his "black beasts" was any newspaper man who misrepresented the doings of public men for the sake of writing sensational articles, and he did not hesitate to attack him in return. He would even follow him to his lair on occasion, as he did once when Don Piatt, the editor of a particularly lively and interesting weekly publication, printed an article that aroused Mr. Chandler's ire. The Senator armed himself and went along newspaper row one night vainly looking for that d—d Don Pot, as he called him. What would have happened to Mr. Piatt had the Senator found him may be left to the imagination.

Senator Chandler's only daughter became the wife of Eugene Hale of Maine, then Mr. Blaine's lieutenant in the House of Representatives, who afterwards, in the House and as a Senator of long

service, became a power in legislation. His son, Frederick Hale, was recently reëlected a Senator from Maine. Mrs. Eugene Hale has been a constant visitor to the galleries of the Senate since the questions rising out of the World War have aroused new interest in the doings of Congress. She can boast, as can Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, of having been the daughter, the wife, and the mother of a United States Senator. It is an interesting coincidence that while the daughter of Senator Chandler of Michigan married Senator Hale of Maine, the daughter of Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire married William E. Chandler, who afterwards became a Senator from that State. Although Zachariah and William E. Chandler were friends and political associates they were not related.

There were some big and some little men in the Cabinet of President Hayes, as there are to-day big and little men in all departments of public life. Some who do not loom great intellectually, but draw the attention of the world as executives of high caliber, were interesting because of special qualifications and engaging personalities. Such a man as this was Richard W. Thompson of Indiana, who came all the way from the banks of the Wabash to conduct the affairs of the naval establishment. Mr. Thompson was a delightful man, popular, of good average ability, and of high standing as a Republican citizen of the Hoosier State. He did not, perhaps, take high rank as a naval authority, possibly because of a story that was told of him and of men before him at the beginning of his career as

secretary. A party of Congressmen and others were inspecting a navy yard and went on board one of the ships therein. Secretary Thompson, according to tradition, on looking down through the hatchway exclaimed excitedly, "Why, the durned thing's hollow."

William M. Evarts, who had been the leading counsel for the Republican party before the Electoral Commission which declared Mr. Hayes elected, was his Secretary of State. Evarts was then at the head of the American bar, and had been Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Johnson, chief counsel in Mr. Johnson's impeachment in 1868, and counsel for the United States before the Geneva Tribunal that settled the Alabama claims growing out of the Civil War. Mr. Evarts at once took high rank along with all the great Secretaries of State since the foundation of the American government, and added luster to the record of the Hayes administration. He was afterwards United States Senator from 1885 to 1891, and died in New York City in 1901, while still actively in the harness as a practising lawyer. Mr. Evarts was one of the thinnest men who ever lived, but his health, as a rule, was good, and he was wont to attribute this to the fact that he never took any exercise. He was so thin that his colleagues in the Senate used to call attention to his characteristic attitude when listening to debate of curling up in his chair and winding one leg two or three times around the other as he peered over his high, unstarched collar, always worn with the old-fashioned

stock, his piercing eyes fixing themselves upon his opponent, and his arched nose giving him the appearance of an eagle about to pounce upon his prey. He was noted as an orator and habitually used the longest sentences known to literature.

Mr. Evarts was a great humorist and his wit was proverbial. He is the reputed author of the statement made to members of a party of distinguished foreigners when visiting Mount Vernon, who expressed surprise at the assurance of a local guide that Washington when a young man possessed such strength and skill that he could hurl a silver dollar across the Potomac, which at that point is something more than half a mile wide. "You know," said Mr. Evarts, "a dollar would go a great deal farther in those days than it does now."

John Sherman of Ohio was President Hayes' Secretary of the Treasury, and it was at this time that Mr. Sherman carried through the policy resulting in the resumption of specie payments which ultimately placed the United States firmly upon a gold standard basis. Mr. Sherman was a man of great concrete ability, a deep student of fiscal and political affairs, and with wide experience in public life. He came to Congress in 1855. In all the years following his appearance at the Whig National Convention, in 1848, he had been prominent and powerful in the councils of the Republican party, and more than once a candidate for the nomination as President. He was an authority on financial questions and resigned from the Senate to become Secretary of the Treasury. He came to the Senate

in 1861 as the successor of Salmon P. Chase, and returned to that body after the Hayes administration had passed into history, serving the second time from 1880 to 1897, only to resign again to become Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President McKinley. Mr. Sherman was an eminently practical man and utterly devoid of a sense of humor. It was understood when he went into the Cabinet of President Hayes that it was the object of his life to bring about the resumption of specie payments that had so long been the dream of financiers interested in the fiscal welfare of the United States. He boldly announced that "The way to resume specie payments is to resume", and although the students of the greenback and free coinage of silver schools predicted that the pillars of the temple would fall if he did so, Mr. Sherman went ahead and accomplished without flourish of trumpets the result that was generally thought to be practically impossible.

Mr. Sherman, as has been said, was more than once a candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency, and, in 1888, he came fairly near securing the prize. That was the year in which the late General Russell A. Alger of Michigan was a candidate with very strong backing made up chiefly of colored delegates from the Southern States. Mr. Sherman also had relied largely upon these delegates, and had expected many of them to support him. He and his friends were greatly chagrined and disappointed when the colored brethren broke to Alger and remained steadfast in his support in

spite of all the political maneuvering that the friends of Sherman, mostly old-time politicians and wise owls, could devise. Mr. Sherman at the time, and afterwards in his memoirs, did not hesitate to say that money had been used to break down his support in the South; and that had it not been for General Alger's entrance into the fight, backed by his wealth, he would have been nominated.

Senator Sherman was a powerful debater in the Senate, always posted as to his subject, always serious, and always concentrating his mind fully upon what he was saying. He was so earnest that simple incidents in and about the Senate Chamber made no impression upon him. One of these that happened during his last days in the Senate is illustrative of his peculiarity in this respect. He was discussing affairs of the State Department in regard to our participation in a joint control over the Island of Samoa. He repeatedly pronounced the word "Sammy-O." After a while Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, the shortest man in the Senate as Mr. Sherman was the tallest, sidled up to the Ohio Senator and drawing his head down whispered in his ear. "Samoa", he said, not "Sammy-O." Mr. Sherman nodded acquiescence but went right on calling it "Sammy-O." The amused laughter of his colleagues made no impression upon him whatever.

The unique character in Mr. Hayes' Cabinet was his Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz of Missouri. He was one of the German patriots of 1848 who fled to the United States as an asylum where they would be free from persecution because of their political

views. He settled in Philadelphia and afterwards went to Wisconsin, where he studied law, was admitted to the bar and engaged in the practice of law in Milwaukee. By reputation he was one of the most eloquent men who have appeared in public life in America, and the romance surrounding his career in Germany made him the idol of a large class of the American population, particularly all of the German-American people.

Mr. Schurz was a member of the Republican National Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln, and soon after was appointed Minister to Spain, but resigned to accept a commission of brigadier general of volunteers in the Union army. He served brilliantly in the war, and became a newspaper writer in St. Louis, from which State he was elected to the United States Senate in 1869, and served until 1875. The stalwartism of Mr. Schurz was seriously affected by political events following the nomination of Horace Greeley for the presidency in 1872, and after the end of the Hayes administration little more was heard of this interesting product of American institutions except as a lecturer and writer. He was as powerful with his pen as with his voice, and as president of the National Civil Service Reform league he attracted much attention. Mr. Schurz died in 1906 and since that time no foreign-born citizen of his type has appeared in Congress.

CHAPTER III

SOME OUTSTANDING FIGURES OF THE PAST

FORTY years ago one of the conspicuous and interesting figures on the Democratic side of the Senate Chamber — and there were many conspicuous and interesting figures there — was Joseph E. Brown, a Senator from the State of Georgia. “Old Joe Brown” was his popular title and sometimes he was known as “The Mormon Elder”, both titles being given to him endearingly rather than in a derogatory way. He was not a very old man, being under sixty when he came to the Senate and seventy when he left it. He was old enough, perhaps, to be a Mormon elder but whether he looked like one is not so certain because it is a matter of personal opinion just what a Mormon elder looks like. Senator Brown was a tall, lank man, with a long white beard and scant white hair; he wore gold-rimmed eyeglasses, talked in a low precise manner, and had a habit of incessantly rubbing his hands together. When he addressed the presiding officer he always said, “Mr. Pres-i-dent.” He carried a sanctimonious air, it is true, but the dignitaries of the Mormon Church of to-day, whatever they may have been in the past, are not old or sanctimonious — at least so far as they are known in Washington. There are two of them in the United States Senate now and they are both wide-awake, alert, and up-to-date men

with no peculiarity of manner, address or speech. One, Mr. Smoot, is a business man and the other, Mr. King, a lawyer.

However, Senator Brown was variously known as "Old Joe Brown" and "The Mormon Elder", and it was his habit of rubbing his hands together that brought forth the contemptuous reflection of the caustic Senator Ingalls of Kansas that he was constantly washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water. The debate that brought forth this famous assault took place in the Senate chamber on the 17th of June, 1884. A few days previously the Senate had under consideration a bill relating to a claim of the State of Georgia against the United States and a controversy took place between Senator Brown and Senator Ingalls. Later Mr. Ingalls, rising to a question of personal privilege, charged that Senator Brown, in preparing his remarks for the *Congressional Record*, had interpolated words that he had not used in the debate, and words, moreover, that Ingalls took to be a personal reflection upon himself.

So he came back at the Senator from Georgia and accused him of conduct that was unsenatorial, cowardly, and dishonest, and Senator Brown, after considering the matter all night, replied to Senator Ingalls in a prepared speech that was very bitter, although couched in parliamentary language and delivered in the measured words and unimpassioned voice of the distinguished Georgian. The point of his reflections upon the Senator from Kansas was that his attack was cowardly and would not have

been made but for the immunity that protects a Senator and relieves him of the responsibility for words spoken in debate.

“Mr. President,” purred Mr. Brown, holding his manuscript before his nose and looking over his gold-rimmed glasses directly at the Senator from Kansas, “there is no place so safe as this Senate chamber for a man of discreet valor to bluster and parade his vituperative rhetoric. The immunity is nowhere on earth so entire for such a person as here. There is no other Senator on this floor in like circumstances who would have used such language as the Senator has employed under the protection of the Senate. And he would not have used that language, and will not use it, except under that protection. I am reminded of a fable I once read: A wolf rambling along a highway heard the voice of a lamb which was standing on the roof of a high house. The lamb addressed to him the most violent abuse and threats. Looking up and seeing him beyond his reach, the wolf remarked, ‘It is the roof, not the lamb, which insults me.’

“Sir, there is very little of the wolf in my nature, and I do not know that the Senator is very lamblike in his disposition, but the resemblance in that case and this is striking in one respect — I mean the violence of the insult and the safety of the shelter.”

The controversy then went on for some time, hinging on the point whether the Senator from Georgia exceeded his privileges in changing the wording of his speech as taken down by the official reporters, an abuse that has since grown to such

proportions that whatever liberties he may have taken were slight in comparison with the practice of the present day. And then, after Senator Brown had defended himself against the charge of cowardice, he declared in his most oily and irritating manner:

"I venture to say there is nothing in the character of the Senator from Kansas, nor in any of the antecedents of his history, nor in his person, that can make him an object of apprehension or excite the fears of any man."

Senator Ingalls, in his effort to demonstrate the enormity of the dishonesty of the matter to the *Congressional Record* and against the Senate itself, committed by the Senator from Georgia in taking liberties with the reporters' notes, delivered in dramatic style the following sarcastic philippic which created a sensation at the time and which is recorded as a classic in Congressional literature:

"Suppose, as an illustration, that at some subsequent session of this body, when Alaska shall have been admitted into the Union, and the Senator from that far-off State shall have appeared here to participate in our debates, he in the course of controversy should insert observations that were contumelious and offensive in the printed proceedings, and suppose that I, in my opportunity and facility for response, should deliberately, after the matter had gone to the printer, write into the notes of the proceedings of the day that the Senator from Alaska was a canting and sanctimonious hypocrite, who was forever washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible

water, and that they were not very clean morally. After such a performance, would that be any breach of decorum? Would that be in accordance with the proprieties of debate? Suppose that I were to characterize him coldly, in writing, after the debate had closed, as the Uriah Heep of the Senate. Suppose I were to say that he was the Joseph Surface of American politics; that he was a sniveling political Pecksniff, who had been upon all sides of every political question, who had belonged to every political party in his lifetime, and belonged to none that he did not betray. Would that be within the privileges of debate? Would it be in accordance with the proprieties of legislative proceedings?

"I use these observations as an illustration," continued Mr. Ingalls, smiling in his most deprecating manner and with his triple-glassed flashing eyes turned directly upon the Senator from Georgia who sat across the aisle. "They have no personal application. I merely employ them for the purpose of showing to the Senator from Georgia that if this liberty of amendment, of incorporation of offensive remarks in the official notes after the debate has closed, is to be allowed, serious consequences may follow.

"So far as the imputations of the Senator from Georgia upon my personal courage and my personal appearance are concerned, I beg to say to him that I here distinctly avow all that I have said hitherto in any sense that he sees fit to attribute to it, and that I do not shield myself behind the privileges of this Chamber."

After the amiable and genial Wade Hampton of South Carolina had in his usual gracious manner and mellifluous voice thrown a little oil upon the troubled waters, the subject was dropped and did not result in a personal altercation between the Senator from Georgia and the Senator from Kansas inside or outside of the Senate chamber. Threats of shooting, and fighting, and personal assaults on the floor of Congress rarely result, nowadays, in personal encounter.

There is one particular story of Ingalls related by those who served with him that will show the character of his wit and the readiness of his caustic tongue. John Sherman, who was a shrewd business man and made what was a fortune in his day dealing in Washington real estate, on one occasion killed in the Senate a bill of Ingalls' somewhat demagogic in its nature, designed to give every man who served on the Union side in the Civil War a pension. Ingalls was very angry and determined to get even. His opportunity came some time later, when Senator Sherman appeared before the District of Columbia Committee, of which Ingalls was chairman, to advocate the opening of a street in the neighborhood of the Sherman suburban property, making the point that Washington should be like ancient Rome, the most beautiful capital of the world. After Sherman had made his argument, Ingalls contemptuously and effectively knocked the proposition in the head, remarking that he had never heard of Roman Senators appearing before the Tribune to advocate the improvement of the Appian Way at

government expense for the benefit of private property owners.

In view of the long record of verbal conflicts that have taken place on the floor of the Senate and the House of Representatives since the beginning of the American government, it is singular that there is no record on the books or in the minds of the oldest habitu   of the Capitol of actual gun fighting within the Chamber of either House. There have been fisticuffs galore, face slappings, head punchings, horsewhippings, cane thrashings, bottle throwings, and vituperative threats of shootings in the building, but so far as can be ascertained the closest to an actual shooting occurred half a century ago. Senator Willard Saulsbury, from the State of Delaware, tradition says, and only tradition, drew a pistol on Captain Bassett, the Senate official who served on the floor from the time he was appointed page by Daniel Webster until he died fifteen or twenty years ago. Although acting under the misleading title of Assistant Doorkeeper there were many grades of service between that and page and Bassett at one time or another filled them all. He received his military title through his connection with the home guard, formed to protect the Capitol during the Civil War, and his most conspicuous civil service was the turning back of the Senate clock with a broom handle on the last day of the short sessions when a little more time was needed to conclude the legislative program. Bassett, anything but a military figure, was a gentle, mild-mannered boy and man, and it is related that it was with much trepidation that, under orders, he

approached the distinguished Senator from Delaware at a night session to say that he must not violate the rules of the Senate by persisting in interrupting debate when he did not have the floor. Doggedly persisting, the Senator was said to be threatened with arrest for contempt and when Bassett, under instructions, told him so he pulled the gun, but quickly yielding to the persuasion of his colleagues and of Bassett himself, he restored the weapon to his pocket and apologized for his hot-headedness.

That was in the good old days when the Saulsburies and the Bayards ruled the Blue Hen State and maintained through their antecedents, their ability, and their loyal devotion the seats in the United States Senate from that historic little Commonwealth. There is one of the line in Congress now and in the whirligig of politics more of them may be there soon. There are good men yet in the Saulsbury and Bayard line in Delaware and some of whom are bound to aspire to follow in the footsteps of their great ancestors.

The last Saulsbury in the Senate was also a Willard. This Willard Saulsbury retired only a few years ago, after serving most successfully as president *pro tempore* of the Senate, where he was exceedingly popular. He now lives and practices law in the city of Washington, having been defeated for reelection in 1919 by the present Republican Senator, Mr. Ball. The Senator Saulsbury who is reported, perhaps erroneously, to have drawn the gun, was born in Mispillion Hundred, Kent County, Delaware. He was a lawyer of attainment and occupied the most

distinguished office known at that time or since in the State of Delaware — that of chancellor. He died in Dover, in 1892.

The Willard Saulsbury of to-day married a Du-Pont and in late years, since the Saulsbury-Bayard Democratic reign, there has generally been a Du-Pont in the Senate. The last Senator Du Pont was a Republican, whose predecessor, Josiah O. Wolcott, resigned to accept the office of chancellor which had been held by his father, and J. Coleman Du Pont was appointed to the vacancy. In 1922 he was defeated by Thomas Francis Bayard. The original Willard Saulsbury served in the Senate from 1859 to 1871, and was succeeded by Eli, a lawyer, born in Mispillion Hundred, who went down through the same list of distinguished office-holding positions and also died in Dover a year after the death of Willard Saulsbury. Eli Saulsbury served in the Senate from 1871 to 1889 and then the line of Saulsburys in the Senate broke.

The Senator Bayard of to-day is the son and namesake of the distinguished Thomas Francis Bayard who took his seat in 1869 and who resigned sixteen years later to become Secretary of State under President Cleveland. He was later Ambassador to Great Britain and died at the home of his daughter in Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1898. This Thomas Francis Bayard succeeded his father, James Asheton Bayard, Jr., in the Senate; he was a member of the Electoral Commission that decided the Hayes-Tilden presidential contest in 1877, was president *pro tempore* of the Senate and in all the

years of his service was distinguished for his ability, his personal popularity, his high character, and his devotion to the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Bayard was a great success as Ambassador to England, but like many of his predecessors — and some of his successors — he got into hot water through indiscretion of speech. On one occasion he spoke informally words to the effect that Americans are a strong-willed people, and when the usual storm of protest arose he sought to escape responsibility for his offense by the justifiable excuse that whatever he might have said he said privately and in an off-hand manner on a non-official occasion and not as ambassador at the Court of St. James. But he could not escape criticism and censure and he died feeling the sting of the un-American rebuke from his fellow countrymen.

George Franklin Edmunds was a Senator from the State of Vermont from 1866 to 1891, and it is the popular opinion that no abler man, no man of more concrete knowledge, legal learning, and experience in politics has occupied a seat in the Senate. He died only a few years ago at an advanced age and would have died a Senator probably but for the fact that he was led to resign in order to live in Philadelphia that an invalid daughter might have the care of eminent medical specialists.

For many years Mr. Edmunds' seat was on the front row of the Republican side and he was the all around undisputed leader of his party. He was sometimes jocularly known as "Moses", partly, it is said, because on many occasions he had led his

party out of the wilderness of defeat and partly because with his shiny bald head, wavy gray beard, long nose and look of solemn wisdom he resembled the more or less authentic portraits of the Biblical patriarch of Egypt.

Senator Edmunds was the man selected by the anti-Blaine Republicans to receive the Republican nomination of President in 1884. A large element of the Republican party doubted the wisdom of the nomination of Mr. Blaine, chiefly because of the scandals attaching to his name as a result of the Congressional investigations incident to the Maine statesman's attempt to be nominated in 1876, and a coterie of delegates to the Chicago convention made a determined fight for Edmunds but were borne down by the ever-increasing wave of Blaineism over-running the country. The most prominent members of this coterie were Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt, and George William Curtis, then editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and at the pinnacle of his strength and popularity as an editor and public orator. Lodge had not then entered Congress but was busy with historical writing, having just completed his life of Daniel Webster. He was unknown to national politics. Roosevelt had just made his mark as a member of the New York Legislature, chiefly through his attacks upon the "Black Horse Cavalry", and had shown himself to be a man of brains, originality, honest conviction, courage, and great personal force. It was in this convention and in connection with the attempt to nominate Judge Edmunds that George William Curtis made his

famous speech wherein he referred to the country as being "confronted by the Democratic party, hungry and thirsty." The triumvirate made a gallant fight but were beaten down and Blaine was nominated, only to be defeated by Grover Cleveland.

Across the aisle from the Vermont Senator, at the second desk therefrom in the middle row just back of the seat of the present Democratic leader of the Senate, Mr. Underwood of Alabama, sat Allen Granbery Thurman of Ohio, "The Old Roman", whose notable career in the Senate was brought to a close when he was defeated for reëlection by John Sherman, who for many years thereafter was the outstanding figure of the Ohio Republicans. Sherman was one of the conspicuous statesmen of the day who died with his ambition to be President of the United States unfulfilled.

The days of Edmunds and Thurman were the days of the reputed glory of the United States Senate, so far as concerned the attainments and character of its individual members. No finer types of men ever sat in the Senate than this noted Yankee and his rugged, virile colleague from the Middle West. They were intimate personal friends notwithstanding their political rivalry and in spite of the caustic debates in which they took part on the floor of the Senate. Each was an intense partisan, each was a brilliant lawyer, and each was a strong man mentally, physically, and otherwise. They were also members of the same committees and especially on the Committee on Judiciary they often clashed in the framing of legislation, work to

which they brought to bear their special knowledge and brilliant talents.

In the days of Edmunds and Thurman Senators did not call each other by their first names as they universally do to-day, but it was always "Judge Edmunds" or "Edmunds" when Thurman approached the Senator from Vermont, or "Judge Thurman" or "Thurman" when the Vermonter addressed his Ohio friend and colleague. Although always on their dignity the peculiarly cordial personal relations between these two Senators is a tradition of the Senate. This tradition records that it was customary always after a hot cross-fire debate between Judge Edmunds and Judge Thurman — and they occurred repeatedly — for the Vermont Senator to curl up in his chair, place his index finger alongside of his long, high-bridged nose and wink his left eye in the direction of the Ohio Senator's desk and then, unwinding himself, for he was very tall, cross the Chamber and disappear in the lobby. Tradition has it also that a moment later Judge Thurman would rise, take from the tail pocket of the long-skirted coat, of a sort of "pepper and salt" material that he always wore, the large red bandanna handkerchief that he habitually carried, blow a sharp blast on his nasal appendage and then disappear, also into the lobby. There, tradition further says, the friends and rivals would meet and arm-in-arm pass down the bronze private stairway to the room of the Committee on Judiciary, where in the absence of a Volstead Act they would reenact the performance of the famous governors of North and South Carolina.

There is another interesting story concerning this famous bandanna of Thurman's. For several years there sat in the Senate on the Democratic side a few desks removed from that of Mr. Thurman, Henry Gassaway Davis, a Senator from West Virginia, who was the father-in-law of Stephen B. Elkins, formerly of New Mexico, later a Senator from West Virginia, whose son, Davis, is now a member of the Senate from that State. Henry G. Davis was a self-made man in the true sense of the word. A poor and almost uneducated boy he rose to a place of power in the financial and business world. He was a Senator for twelve years and a candidate of the Democratic party for Vice-President in 1904. When he ran that year on the ticket with Alton B. Parker, Mr. Davis was eighty-one years of age and still in working harness. While still in the Senate he once sold a piece of railroad property and received a check for eight millions of dollars which he showed to some of his friends with pardonable pride.

The story of Senator Davis' relations to Senator Thurman's famous red bandanna is that during a protracted debate in the Senate chamber one warm afternoon Senator Davis fell asleep in his chair. About this time Senator Thurman found it convenient to blow a blast on his nasal organ, possibly as a signal to Edmunds or perhaps merely because he had just taken his daily customary pinch of snuff. At any rate, he blew an unusually sharp and loud blast, and as the sound echoed and reëchoed through the Chamber, Senator Davis, who in his early life was a brakeman on the Baltimore and

Ohio Railroad, recognizing the signal for down brakes, jumped to his feet, grasped the top of his mahogany desk and nearly twisted it off before he awoke to a realization of the situation.

Way back in the early eighties this West Virginia Senator served as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations and was at the head of the historically famous special committee that scanned the books of the Treasury, a few years before the Democratic party came into power in 1885 for the first time since the Civil War. It was the slogan of the Democratic party in more than one campaign that if they could once get at the books giving the record of the long period of Republican rule they would show corruption that would astonish the American people. The Democrats generally believed that their charges were justified, and many Republicans, as well as American citizens of no political parties, were inclined to think that there must be something rotten after all the years of uninterrupted Republican political control. So the authorization of Senator Davis' special investigating committee was hailed by a chorus of popular approval. Experts were appointed and they combed the Treasury Department with a fine-toothed comb. Months and months were spent in going through the books, and then the committee was compelled to report that they found a discrepancy of two cents. This was forty years ago. What a similar investigation would reveal now might be equally interesting.

There are no colored men in Congress to-day.

Neither in the Senate nor in the House is there a representative of the race that has furnished loyal and substantial support to the Republican party and whose disfranchisement in certain Southern States makes possible continued Democratic domination therein. There are women in the House of Representatives and there has been a woman United States Senator. The indications are that in a few years women as members of both branches of the National Legislature will not be novel enough to mention, but a scanning of the present political horizon does not reveal the shadow of a colored man or woman coming to either branch. There have been two colored men in the United States Senate and half a dozen or more in the House of Representatives. Nearly all of them were not only worthy representatives of their race, but nearly if not quite all of them had been slaves freed by the emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, and all have been men of character, standing, and reputation in the communities whence they came.

The last colored man to be a member of the United States Senate was Blanche K. Bruce of Mississippi, a man of such a high moral, mental, and physical standard that his colleague, Senator Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, was led to eulogize him on the floor of the Senate while Bruce was a Senator, as one who reflected credit upon his race, his State, and the American government. Lamar had been a "Confederate Brigadier" and was a type of the old-line of blue-blooded aristocrats of the South in ante-bellum days and for him to say what he did

was a credit to himself as well as to Bruce and one that indicated clearly the real character of the black man who drew that tribute from him.

Mr. Bruce was a handsome man, well-built, with a finely shaped head covered by curly black hair, wavy but parted and brushed like a white man's. He had a natty little black mustache like those generally seen in the pictures of French dancing masters or Creole Beau Brummels. He wore habitually clothes of the best texture and most fashionable cut, and while not at all effusive or demonstrative in manner, his courtesy and politeness were innate. His somewhat guarded speech was that of an educated man, although as a matter of fact he had little or no education. A son of this creditable specimen of the race of freedmen is a resident of Washington. He was named for Roscoe Conkling, the New York Senator for whom his colored colleague had great admiration, and a few years ago was assistant superintendent of colored schools for the District of Columbia. At that time he came into local public notoriety because of his attitude on some question having to do with the management of the district schools, which led to their picketing by vociferous enthusiasts who carried banners upon which the chief legend read "Down with Bruce", "Bruce must go", and the like.

Senator Bruce would say sometimes to his friends, in his quite modest way, that the proudest moment of his life was when his former mistress came to Washington to seek at the hands of a member of the Cabinet redress for some injury committed upon

her property in the South, and he, her former slave, took her in his own carriage to the Cabinet officer and recommended her petition, which was granted.

The first negro to sit in the United States Senate as a duly qualified member, one or two having claimed seats therein during reconstruction days on credentials that did not hold water, was Hiram R. Revels, also from Mississippi. He was quite a different type from Mr. Bruce, an educated man but with little or none of the latter's attractive personality. Mr. Revels was a minister, ordained in the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a lecturer too, with a natural gift for public speaking like so many preachers and laymen of the colored race. At the outbreak of the Civil War he assisted in the organization of the first two colored regiments in Maryland and was Chaplain of one. He taught school in St. Louis and afterwards lived at Vicksburg and Natchez, where he held various local offices. He was president of an agricultural university in Mississippi and afterwards moved to Indiana and became pastor of an African Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Revels served in the United States Senate from January 20, 1870 to March 3, 1871, and died at Aberdeen, Mississippi, in 1901.

A noted public man in Washington, standing above his fellows, in the period beginning with the second Grant administration and running down to the close of that of Hayes, and occupying a niche similar to those assigned in later years to Blaine, Reed, Senator Wolcott, and brilliant, attractive personalities of that class was Matthew Hale Carpenter,

elected a Senator from Wisconsin in 1869 and defeated six years later in the popular uprising against the stalwartism of "the Grant crowd."

Carpenter was known to his generation and to his contemporaries in public life as a brilliant lawyer, an eloquent orator, an able Senator and a man of most attractive personality. What the general public did not know was that he was one of the great lawyers, ranking with Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. Testimony on this point submitted in the course of eulogies delivered upon him after his death by such lawyers as Augustus H. Garland of Arkansas, Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware, George F. Edmunds of Vermont, and David Davis of Illinois demonstrate this claim beyond dispute, but the facts of Carpenter's early boyhood and young manhood brought out by his colleague in the Senate, Mr. Cameron, and in the addresses of those who paid tribute to him in the Supreme Court of the United States, furnish the evidence that he was indeed a natural lawyer, and this can be said of very few Americans, alive or dead.

Mr. Carpenter was not a native of Wisconsin but a New Englander, having been born in Vermont in 1834. Neither was he christened Matthew Hale; the name that was given to him in baptism was Decatur Merritt Hammond Carpenter. He was called "Merritt" until after his removal to Wisconsin. When he was a young man of twenty-seven he made an argument in court in which he displayed for the first time the supreme learning and ability for which he was afterwards noted, and one of his

associates at the bar in his enthusiasm declared that the young man should have been named "Matthew Hale." This aroused the enthusiasm of his friends to such an extent that he was known ever after as Matthew Hale Carpenter of Wisconsin, and Decatur Merritt Hammond Carpenter of Vermont disappeared from the stage. It was Paul Dillingham, father of the late United States Senator from Vermont, William P. Dillingham, who really gave Carpenter to the world as a lawyer. When Paul Dillingham was governor of Vermont, nearly a hundred years ago, he became interested in "Merritt" as a small lad and said to his mother, "Send your son to me when he is fourteen years of age and I will make a lawyer of him." The incident had been forgotten in 1838 when the boy announced to his parents he was going to Waterbury to enter Mr. Dillingham's office. The Governor was pleased when the boy called, took him into his law office and also into his family, and Carpenter in after years married the Governor's daughter.

By some trick of fate Carpenter's legal studies were interrupted by his appointment as a cadet at the West Point military academy. He remained there but a short time, however, before he resigned and in 1847, at the age of twenty-three, he started to Boston with a few dollars in his pocket to call on Rufus Choate, of whom he had read a good deal but whom he had never seen. He had no letter of introduction but after some difficulty he met the great man, who listened, and then in order to try him out, asked him to write an opinion in a law case, the

papers of which he handed to him. When Carpenter returned with the opinion Mr. Choate read it and without changing a line said, "I guess I can sign 'R. Choate' and ask my correspondent to send me a hundred dollars," which he did.

Carpenter in early life was a Democrat, but he was a war Democrat and gave support to the Union cause from the day that Fort Sumter was fired on. For some years he kept out of politics but was forced into them again after he had made a speech at a banquet in Janesville, in 1866, in honor of General Sherman. He was responding to a toast which involved a Republican plan for reconstructing the States then in rebellion. His address was so strong, eloquent, witty, brilliant, and statesmanlike that it attracted universal attention. He took advanced and original ground on many of the political questions that had arisen out of the war and declared with emphasis that the newly acquired rights of the freed man could be preserved only by placing the ballot in his hands.

Carpenter was Judge Advocate General of Wisconsin in 1868, and by invitation of Secretary of War Stanton he represented the government in the celebrated McCardle case brought to try the validity of the reconstruction act of March 7, 1867, for the government of the States then recently in rebellion and won the case in the Supreme Court.

When Mr. Carpenter came to the Senate in 1869 he at once took front rank, participating in the debates on all the great questions that were then under consideration, and his personal popularity

was so great that he was elected president *pro tempore* four years after he had been sworn in as Senator. He was a friend and supporter of General Grant and in 1875 was defeated for reelection to the Senate, but returned in 1879 and served until his death nearly three years later. Mr. Carpenter opened a law office in Washington after he was defeated; he continued practicing law and resided in the Capital until he died. He was counsel in many important cases and up to the time when his fatal illness overtook him he was a man of the greatest industry. He was so handsome in face and figure, so attractive in manner, so brilliant in intellect and wit, so debonair, so fond of intellectual badinage and of repartee, so gallant and courteous in his attitude toward men and women that he was for years the central figure of any group of which he found himself a part. He was a tall, slender man with white hair tossed carelessly back over his lofty forehead in the style of those days, a flowing white mustache; his clothing was always of the most exquisite texture; his voice was musical, his laugh infectious and his *tout ensemble* that of a man in a class by himself. Mr. Carpenter's residence and even his office was the rendezvous of the men and women of the political and social world in Washington noted for their beauty, their wit, their general accomplishments, and was also the resort of the greatest legal minds, who continually sought his advice on questions of law. Like some other great men, Mr. Carpenter wrote a very illegible hand and in signing his name his habit was

to write Matthew H. rather clearly and then start a C with a dash after it which might read Carpenter, Cooper, Copenhaver, or anything else. One day he sent a check for a rather large amount to Riggs Bank and the head of it, Mr. Frank Riggs, a personal friend, returned it to him saying that while of course they, being familiar with it, would accept the signature as his, it was so unreadable that it might possibly lead to embarrassment elsewhere and asked the Senator if he would not sign over again and more legibly. Mr. Carpenter turned the check over and endorsed it on the back thus, "Dear Mr. Riggs: I have a d—n poor opinion of a banker who cannot read good writing." Then he signed his name even more illegibly than before.

The Senator went into a drug store near his office one day, made a small purchase and saying to the clerk "charge it" was going out when the young man asked his name. Mr. Carpenter merely replied that if the clerk did not know it was high time he was finding out. His wit did not desert him, even when he was dying, for when the doctor explained the nature of his illness, which involved a stricture of the colon, the Senator turned over in his bed with a smile and said, "Well then, Doctor, at least it is not a full stop," and a day or two later passed away.

CHAPTER IV

BLAINE, CONKLING, AND GARFIELD

It seems to be the popular belief, dating back to the election of 1884, that if James Gillespie Blaine had not on the twenty-ninth of October received a call from a delegation of clergymen, the spokesman of whom, Doctor Burchard, said to him, "We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion!" Blaine would have been President of the United States. This may be a correct assumption, but there is no way of proving it. Doctor Burchard did make that statement and Mr. Blaine, mentally less alert than usual that day, let the remark pass unheeded as though indorsing it. New York was a doubtful State that year and it was generally understood that its electoral vote would decide the election. The Republican managers were straining every nerve to offset the revolt of business men against Blaine, and at an organization dinner on the night of Doctor Burchard's alliterative break no reference was made to it. The opposition placarded the State with quotations that soon became famous and Cleveland won by 1047 votes.

Burchard was a heavy load for Blaine to carry in the few days remaining of the campaign, but the possible result of the unfortunate break was not

fully appreciated until afterwards. It came so suddenly that no one among the Republican managers was quick enough to see its significance, and when they all awoke to the situation it was too late.

Students of the political history of the United States, however, are inclined to the belief that although Blaine's failure to repudiate the unfortunate remark of Doctor Burchard did its part in piling up votes against him in the State of New York, Blaine would nevertheless have been President, if not in 1884, then in some other year, but for the fact that earlier in his public career Mr. Blaine was unfortunate enough to make a bitter and envious enemy of Roscoe Conkling, the man who for many years lorded it over his personal friends and party associates in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States, and whose habit it was to goad his political opponents into deep, resentful opposition. Roscoe Conkling was Blaine's Nemesis. Their feud began when they served together in the House of Representatives, and ended only when Mr. Conkling, in the great blizzard of 1888, fell a victim to confidence in his own physical strength. It was characteristic of Conkling to think himself mentally and physically invulnerable. He was a man of exceeding pulchritude, strong mentality, and dominating will. But twice at least in the course of his stormy career in Congress he was overridden by those who had been stung to the core by his contemptuous verbal attacks, just as he was overborne by the elements with which he battled in his futile attempt to reach

his hotel from his New York City office while the gale was beating down those possessed of even greater physical strength.

It was more than half a century ago, in 1866, that Conkling and Blaine, who were as jealous of each other as two women rivals in love, came to grips after a verbal encounter, and struck the blows which ended all further association between them, and left them to fight each other with venomous hate until the grave closed over the dispute. This is the weapon with which Blaine struck Conkling that day in the House of Representatives:

“As to the gentleman’s cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, super-eminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House, that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for all this. I know that within the last five weeks, as members of the House will recollect, an extra strut has characterized the gentleman’s bearing. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton, of the *New York Independent*, spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters published in that paper embraced, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon the member from New York. The gentleman

took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. It is striking. 'Hyperion to a satyr', Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dung-hill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of the jocose satire!"

Roscoe Conkling did have a turkey-gobbler strut, a Napoleonic curl, and that is why the blow struck home. He never walked as other men do — he always strutted — and daily he arranged the little blond curl down the center of his round, white, handsome forehead so that the strut and the curl were ever the ready subjects of the facile cartoonist's pencil. Conkling was fashionable and finicky to the utmost extreme in dress and manners, and in every habit and occasion of his daily life. He did not dress, or talk, or walk, or play, as other men did, and do. There was something in his manner, there was something in his style, different from that of other men. He knew it and gloried in the fact. He had his crisp blond beard trimmed always in the Van Dyke style, and his wavy hair puffed up on either side so as to bring into clear relief the forehead lock that shook itself disdainfully at Blaine. He wore habitually a cutaway coat of the kind known now as a morning coat, and rarely resorted to the Prince Albert then worn by the public men of the day. He affected turned-down collars with little bow cravats "butterfly" shaped, generally of red or blue. He used mauve ink in writing his personal letters, and his handwriting was like that

of an ultra-fashionable schoolgirl. When he summoned a page in the Senate Chamber he would clap his hands above his head as Roman emperors, according to ancient paintings, used to do, and would confide a message to the boy on a matter of the most ordinary routine character as if he were conferring knighthood upon him; but woe to the boy who made a mistake in the delivery of the message.

That is the kind of a man Roscoe Conkling was when James G. Blaine held him up to public scorn and ridicule, and the hatred was there engendered between the two men that continued through their lives. The subject under debate in the House of Representatives, which led to the altercation in which Conkling was unhorsed by Blaine, had to do with the appointment of Mr. Conkling as legal associate to the Provost Marshal of the United States just after the Civil War, and the charge had been made that he had drawn two salaries at the same time in violation of the law. The bitterness of Conkling toward Blaine after that encounter, and after his defeat, is illustrated by the remark he is said to have made when asked to make a speech in favor of Blaine when he was running for President in 1884, "I have given up criminal practice."

Again when he was a Senator, Mr. Conkling encountered a man with a tongue even more caustic than that of Blaine, and again he received a blow which he never could and never did return. It was Senator Lamar of Mississippi, who the second time

struck Mr. Conkling in the solar plexus, and although Conkling was a fearless debater, an athlete of some pretension, as well as a boxer of skill, he went to the ropes in the second round of his fight with the Mississippi Senator and did not revive.

In a discussion of the Army Appropriation Bill on the eighteenth of June, 1879, Senator Conkling was having a not too friendly bout with Senator Withers of Virginia in charge of the bill, in which the point at issue related to a clause prohibiting any expenditure of the appropriation for the payment of persons as police to keep the peace at the polls. Naturally the Southern Senators were on the alert and soon others beside Senators Withers and Lamar were in it, notably General Gordon of Georgia. Finally Mr. Conkling, in his most irritating tone — and that is saying much — charged the majority with gagging, throttling, and insulting the minority, and accusing them of acting absolutely in bad faith. This started up the solemn, pensive Mississippian who was always more fierce in a political debate, because of his apparent disinclination to enter it, and Mr. Lamar said, boldly and dramatically, and to the astonishment of Senators on both sides of the Chamber:

“It is not my habit to indulge in personalities; but I desire to say here to the Senator, that in intimating anything inconsistent, as he has done, with perfect good faith, I pronounce his statement a falsehood, which I repel with all the unmitigated contempt that I feel for the author of it.”

To call a man plainly and unequivocally a liar is

supposed to mean in the North a fist fight, in the South gun-play, but neither encounter followed. No more than when twenty years later Senator Voorhees of Indiana in open Senate called Senator Ingalls of Kansas "a great liar and a dirty dog." Conkling was supposed to be the one man on the Republican side of the Senate Chamber who would not bear an affront, who bore the proverbial chip always on his shoulder, and a fight was looked for, but the Mississippi Senator simply floored him, and he was unable adequately or effectively to meet the attack. After stumbling about for a technical decision from the chair as to just what was said, he managed to gather himself together and made this reply:

"I understood the Senator from Mississippi to state in plain and unparliamentary language that the statement of mine to which he referred was a falsehood, if I caught his word aright. Mr. President, this is not the place to measure with any man the capacity to violate decency, to violate the rules of the Senate, or to commit any of the improprieties of life. I have only to say that if the Senator — the member from Mississippi — did impute, or intended to impute to me a falsehood, nothing except the fact that this is the Senate would prevent my denouncing him as a blackguard and a coward. Let me be more specific, Mr. President. Should the member from Mississippi, except in the presence of the Senate, charge me by intimation or otherwise with falsehood, I would denounce him as a blackguard, as a coward, and a liar; and understanding what he

said as I have, the rules and the proprieties of the Senate are the only restraint upon me."

For those championing the New York Senator, the feeling of satisfaction was instantly dispelled by the vicious and cold-blooded reply of the Mississippian:

"I have only to say, that the Senator from New York understood me correctly. I did mean to say just precisely the words and all that they imported. I beg pardon of the Senate for the unparliamentary language. It was very harsh; it was very severe; it was such as no good man would deserve and no brave man would wear."

That was indeed the body-blow, and strange to relate Mr. Conkling did not come back but sat silent and the incident thus tamely closed. It was the beginning of his loss of prestige in the Senate and with the public. Conkling had many an unpleasant experience in public and private life after that, once being driven at the point of a shotgun from the country estate of a former Senator, who was jealous of Conkling's attentions to his wife. Two years after his encounter with Lamar he resigned from the Senate in a huff, having been turned down by Blaine in the matter of federal appointments under the Garfield administration, and soon passed out of public office.

But, before Conkling went into political retirement and before he had his fateful struggle with the elements, he enjoyed the sweet satisfaction of having contributed his share to the breaking down of James G. Blaine and in preventing him from

becoming President of the United States. Blaine was an actual candidate in the field for the first time in 1876, and Roscoe Conkling had his hand in the defeat of the Maine statesman then just as he had a hand in his future defeats in 1880 and 1884. It would not have been necessary for Conkling, had he been alive, to exert himself or to build up an opposition organization to defeat Blaine's nomination in 1888 when at the last minute he declined to be a candidate by telegraphing his decision to the convention from Scotland where he was on a coaching party, or in 1892, because Blaine was already defeated before the conventions met in those years.

Political conditions were such in 1888 that Blaine had no show whatever, and in 1892, when the brilliant and devoted Edward Oliver Wolcott, Senator from Colorado, put the "Plumed Knight" in nomination at Minneapolis, Blaine already had one foot in the grave. Wolcott was generally regarded as the most pleasing orator who had appeared in Congress in a generation. Indeed he was almost the last of the real orators because they are now virtually an extinct breed. The Colorado Senator had a voice that was a veritable silver trumpet. It was full, musical, and resonant, and his reading was so wide, his mentality so active, and his wit so ready, that eloquence dropped from his lips as it now does from Senator Borah's. Although in his boyhood and young manhood Wolcott had followed enthusiastically and loyally the Blaine standard, as did the bulk of the youth of America, his heart was not in the task of placing Blaine in nomination when

it was plain to the world that his candidate should be preparing for the hereafter. But Wolcott undertook the task at the request of Mrs. Blaine, who in a way assumed charge of her husband's political fortunes after his defeat by Grover Cleveland.

The real power behind the throne in the mission of keeping Mr. Blaine in the public eye was Mrs. Blaine's sister, Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), the brilliant literary woman who during all the years of the Blaines' residence in Washington was the publicity agent, social arbiter, and in a way political manager of the man from Maine. Mrs. Blaine and Miss Dodge and the Blaine boys wanted the former idol of the Republican party placed in nomination and so the generous Wolcott sacrificed himself in the cause. He made the best of his task and drew upon his inexhaustible fund of eloquent satire to ridicule the advocates of President Harrison's renomination as representing chiefly the army of federal officeholders. But all to no purpose, and when the fearless Wolcott stepped down from the nominating platform he knew that he had failed, for the first time perhaps in his career as a public speaker, to touch the popular chord.

Eight years later at Philadelphia, when Wolcott made the opening speech at the convention which renominated McKinley for President and nominated Roosevelt for Vice-President, in his capacity as temporary chairman, he recovered whatever laurels he may have lost as a platform idol at Minneapolis, in 1892, in a speech that is rated as a model of its kind and which aroused the convention to the

very highest pinnacle of enthusiasm and applause. Edward Oliver Wolcott was in many respects a remarkable man. One of the five sons of a Congregational minister in Massachusetts, he went out to Colorado after having served in the Union army as a private, graduated at Yale, and at the Harvard Law School, and opened up an office as a mining lawyer in the little mountain settlement of Georgetown in the days when silver production was in its infancy in that State. The young New Englander was a success from the start, and rapidly made fame and fortune. In a few years he moved to Denver, where he was its leading lawyer when elected to the United States Senate in 1889. He served until 1901. There were two Wolcotts, one the public servant, and the other the private citizen. The newspapers were constantly full of his performances in the Senate and his escapades in private life, and when he died, in 1906, at Monte Carlo, the world lost an interesting character. Wolcott was as high-minded a Senator as any who ever had a seat in that body. He never introduced a strike bill, or supported a dirty job. He had a lofty conception of the obligations of his office and careless as he was about personal matters, he would not even discuss executive session business with newspaper reporters and others, because the rules of the Senate forbade it. He stood by his friend, Matthew Stanley Quay, when an attempt was made to deprive Quay of his seat in the Senate, although his party friends begged him to sacrifice his personal feelings for the party good. Wolcott had moral courage of the highest character, and he

is the man who "belled the cat" when a few Republican votes were needed to kill the Force Bill that was so antagonistic to the people of the South. After a contest in the Senate lasting many months Senator Wolcott, although his friend Senator Lodge was chief sponsor for the bill, eventually made a motion to proceed to the consideration of another measure, and the handful of Republican votes added to those of the Democratic side carried the day, and the Force Bill was never heard of again. Mr. Wolcott said afterwards that he thought the time had come to let the South alone, and yet when a great principle was involved, he stuck to his party and went down to defeat rather than swallow his convictions. Soon after Wolcott came to the Senate he was asked what he thought of the Southern Senators as a class. "Well," he replied, "they seem to be a lazy, tobacco-chewing, casual lot of fellows, but they are so d—d rotten poor, I'm proud of 'em."

The *Congressional Record* is full of eloquent and interesting speeches made by the Colorado Senator in the course of his twelve years in the Senate, and the walls of the cloak room yet echo with the stories he told there and with the sound of his wit. He created many a scene in the Senate, and furnished much commendable entertainment, possibly because the most trivial acts of men's lives make the deepest impressions. The incident best remembered occurred on the day Wolcott refused to act as barber for Senator Carey of Wyoming. Carey was a giant of a man, stupid and slow, who had re-

sented in an ill-tempered way a reference by Wolcott to the fact that when Carey became tangled with his desire to remain in the Senate and the evident purpose of his State to go for free silver and Populism, Eastern Republicans were sent to Wyoming to extricate him. In his reply Carey had commented sneeringly on Wolcott's habit of wearing stylish clothes and intimated that when the Colorado Senator was to make a speech he dressed especially for the occasion. Wolcott only laughed at this schoolboy fling, but a few days later, learning that Carey was inclined to be ugly and unforgiving, he announced that on a certain date he would reply to his ill-natured attack. The day came and the galleries were crowded with an audience such as only Wolcott or Ingalls in those days and Borah in these could draw. All classes of people were in the crush and even the diplomatic gallery was filled. The Colorado Senator was at his best. He taunted Carey for playing the baby act by referring to his clothes, and suggested that good dress was naturally unpopular in a State where it was regarded as a crime to wear a clean shirt. After a few minutes of this Wolcott's mood changed and he bore down on the luckless Carey with such a torrent of rebuke as actually to frighten the big man. Then suddenly Wolcott stopped, threw up his hands and, with a whimsical expression characteristic of him, wound up with,

"But, Mr. President, what's the use? I am persuaded to go no further by a remembrance of the old Spanish proverb, 'It's a waste of lather to shave an ass.'"

Carey talked of "licking" Wolcott afterwards but he never did it.

James A. Garfield who drove a canal-boat mule in his boyhood days, just as President Harding rode into Marion, Ohio, for the first time on the back of one of these patient, obstinate, and kicking animals, as he once revealed to his friends and neighbors, was personally one of the most attractive men who ever appeared in public life in the Capital. He was handsome, a soldier, widely read, eloquent of speech, and charming of manner. He, too, had been touched a little with the mud stick in the course of his activities in the House of Representatives, but escaped always, and none of the mud stuck. He was a man who gained friends on both sides of the aisle, and was noted as having a great fondness for peering and jumping over the garden wall of politics to play with those on the other side. Garfield lived for several years in Washington before being nominated for the presidency, in the comfortable and rather large, for that day, brick house on the northeast corner of Thirteenth and I streets, which is still standing, although since converted into apartments like many other of the commodious, old-fashioned houses of the Capital. It was customary for him to go almost every day, between the adjournment of the House and dinner time, to the old Riggs House at Fifteenth and G streets to play billiards, a game of which he was especially fond. One of those with whom he often played was Charles H. ("Charley") Reed, a lawyer of Chicago, whose business before the departments

kept him in Washington a good part of the winter each year. It was a singular twist of fate that brought this Charley Reed into the public eye as the attorney for Charles J. Guiteau, the rattle-brained fellow who fired the fatal bullet into the abdomen of President Garfield, on July 2, 1881, and paid for his dastardly crime by swinging from the gallows in the yard of the Washington jail just about one year later. When the newspaper men went to Guiteau's cell he admitted that politics was really at the bottom of the crime, and spoke of himself as a "crank." That was the first time this word was used to describe the peculiar kind of mental freak and radical fanatic that Guiteau was, but it has since come to be generally accepted as highly expressive and has found its way into the standard dictionaries.

Mr. Garfield had been President just four months lacking two days when he was shot, but in that short space of time James G. Blaine, the Secretary of State, as premier of his Cabinet, had taken the steps necessary to get even with Roscoe Conkling and his followers who had persecuted him and prevented his various attempts to be nominated for the presidency; the fight was on between Conkling and the "Stalwarts" on the one side and Blaine and the "Half-breeds" on the other. Blaine was determined to cripple the turkey strut, and he accomplished his purpose when President Garfield was persuaded to send to the Senate the name of William H. Robertson, long the Blaine leader in the State of New York, to be collector of customs

at the biggest port in the United States. This appointment was a plain defiance to the Conkling crowd and they met it by deciding that the Senator and his colleague, Thomas C. Platt, should resign and let the State of New York decide the issue. On May 16, 1881, therefore, Conkling and Platt, having kept their secret well, sent to their personal friend and political colleague Chester A. Arthur, Vice-President of the United States and president of the Senate, their resignations, which Mr. Arthur handed to the Senate before the public had an inkling of what was taking place. Platt was called "Me Too" for sometime after that, but he was too clever and resourceful a politician, and really too able a man to deserve the appellation or long to wear it. When later he trampled upon his political foes and came back for a long career of power in the Senate and in the Councils of the Republican party the nick-name was soon forgotten. When Arthur was President, Conkling was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and was confirmed by the Senate. He declined the honor, and went to New York City, hung out his shingle as a lawyer and died there in the storm of April 18, 1888.

Chester Alan Arthur had long been a successful politician, wielding great power with the local machine in New York City, and had been Collector of the Port when nominated for the second place on the presidential ticket with Garfield. No one suspected that he would ever be called upon to serve as President. He did serve, however, for nearly four full years, and it is the universal verdict that



ROSCOE CONKLING

considering his antecedents and training he made a satisfactory and a safe, if not an ideal President. Arthur was a man of most attractive personal qualities, a veritable Beau Brummel in appearance, dress, and manner, patient and considerate with all with whom he came into contact, popular with men as with women, and at all times dignified and circumspect, so far at least as the public had reason to know. He was a widower and naturally gossip followed in his wake. He and Conkling at the crisis in their careers were keeping bachelor's hall in a rooming house at Fourteenth and G Streets, now the site of a bank, and sensational newspapers from time to time published carefully guarded articles hinting at romantic incidents in the life of both which culminated at length in a public scandal. But through it all Conkling and Arthur went their way, apparently unmoved.

Although minus the turkey strut, the swelling chest, and the Hyperion curl, Arthur was quite as striking in his personal appearance as Conkling. When Vice-President and later when President Mr. Arthur was known in the popular parlance of the day as a "nobby dresser." He was nearly if not quite six feet, portly, rosy of complexion with wavy gray hair and gray mustache and side whiskers worn in the Dundreary style. He affected light-colored cravats, generally blue, but the striking feature of his costume as he promenaded Pennsylvania and Connecticut avenues, as the dandies and public figures of those days were wont to do, and attended on Sunday morning the services at

old St. John's Church opposite the White House where his late wife (who had been Miss Herndon of Virginia) worshipped, was his high, bell-crowned, broad-brimmed, "plug" hat made of white beaver in the rough. No public man but one of Mr. Arthur's exquisite habits could wear a hat like that, and "get away with it", and no one ever did except Edward Oliver Wolcott of Colorado and Attorney-General Brewster, in Arthur's cabinet. Mr. Arthur when President followed the precedents of Lincoln and Grant and lived in the summer time in the presidential cottage in the grounds of Soldiers' Home on the outskirts of the city. When people called upon him there he was in the habit of opening the door for them as they came and went, and his chief pastime was sitting on the porch in the evening with a party of congenial friends, smoking and talking, and occasionally sipping at something that was more easily obtained then than in these unhappy days of national prohibition.

In the long period when the Conklings, the Blaines, the Garfields, and men of that stamp were in the public eye there were in Congress in the Democratic ranks many able and unique men. Some of those who were the most conspicuous then are utterly forgotten by the present generation, and yet they were giants in debate and in all the activities of public and private life. There were humorists, too, of the caliber of Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, and some of them have left in the annals of congressional debates masterpieces of wit and humor that will live. It is a political aphorism

that no man can be a humorist and succeed in public life. Many men of merit have fought to keep down their tendency to say witty things and make witty speeches. One of them, the late Samuel Sullivan Cox, long a Congressman from Ohio and later from New York, went to his grave believing that if he could have suppressed his natural tendency in this direction he might have gone a rung or two higher on the ladder of fame. There was also in Congress from the State of Kentucky for many years James Proctor Knott, a lawyer of fine ability. He entered Congress in 1867 and served almost continuously until 1883, when he became Governor of his State. He was a man of the most engaging personal qualities, handsome to look at, and mentally alert. He made one speech in the House of Representatives that is a classic. Nothing so rich in satire and philosophy and literary finish is to be found, possibly, in the records of the debates of Congress. The more it is read the more it is admired, and as a piece of polished literary satire it is as effective in arousing interest to-day as it was when delivered in the House of Representatives more than fifty years ago. This was the speech which gave to the city of Duluth in Minnesota the patronymic of "The Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas." On June 27, 1881, the House of Representatives had under consideration a joint resolution extending the time for the construction of a railroad from the St. Croix River or Lake to the west end of Lake Superior and to Bayfield. It was on this bill that Mr. Knott made the speech that is still

famous, and because of which he was never able to disassociate himself from the character of a humorist. The boosters of the city of Duluth are still circulating it as an illustration of how far afield prophecy may go, calling attention to the fact that in the course of a century their lampooned city has grown to be precisely what Mr. Knott and his applauding auditors were confident it would not be.

Where Mr. Knott made one funny speech in Congress, Mr. Cox made many; the latter could not restrain himself any more than he could help talking. Wit and humor fairly bubbled over in this versatile and erudite statesman. He was in Congress many years, serving as a Representative from Ohio — where he was born in Zanesville in 1824 — from 1857 to 1865, and from a Tammany district in New York City, whither he had removed after his term as an Ohio Congressman had ended, almost continuously from 1873 to the time of his death in 1889. He was speaker *pro tempore* of the House, in 1876, and might have been speaker, and perhaps President, had it not been for his fatal gift of humor. Quick to see the weak points in the oratory of his adversaries, Mr. Cox could not refrain from holding them up to good-natured ridicule. This trait in him, against which he fought with more or less determination, was well illustrated one day when Julius Caesar Burrows, long a member of the House of Representatives and Senator from Michigan, a man capable of making public audiences weep at his pathos and eloquence, was at the pinnacle of his fame as an orator. He

was holding the House of Representatives and the crowded galleries literally breathless one day with a characteristic peroration when Cox, who sat near him, was seen to get uneasy and shift about in his seat; finally he motioned for a page whom he dispatched on an errand. The boy soon returned, bringing to Mr. Cox a book from the Congressional Library which the distinguished Representative hastily ran through, as the walls rung with the plaudits following Mr. Burrows' speech. Then, with a triumphant twinkle in his eye, the little giant of Ohio jumped to his feet, as Mr. Burrows sat down, held aloft the book which he said was a copy of the "Columbian Reader", from which he as a little boy in the little red schoolhouse out in Ohio used to take masterpieces for the Friday afternoon recitations. Then he read to the House, word for word, the peroration of the eloquent Michigander's speech and from that time to the day of his death Julius Caesar Burrows was known as the Columbian Orator.

Mr. Cox was as diminutive in stature as he was big in intellect. This fact was always a source of some annoyance to him, but he often said he had lived down this physical defect, that Napoleon, Alexander the Great, and other men who had filled the world's eye were little too, and yet had succeeded in life; but to be a humorist he thought was fatal. He was an educated, intellectual, polished, widely read, and extensively traveled man with a *bonhomie* that made him popular in all classes of society. In Ohio he had been an editor, and it was because of an editorial of his which appeared in the

Ohio Statesman of 1853 that Mr. Cox was popularly known throughout his entire public career as "Sunset" Cox. The text of the editorial, which bore the caption "A Great Old Sunset", follows:

What a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the west, with a whole horizon full of golden impenetrating luster, which colored the foliage and brightened every object in its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer, until the golden luster was transformed into a storm-cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all around and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus march by. As the rain came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly, and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus. The south and east received the copious showers, and the west all at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky. Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. It reminds us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his *Excursion*:

The appearance instantaneously disclosed
Was of a mighty city, boldly say
A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth.
Far sinking into splendor without end.

But the city vanished only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a paradise in the distant and purified air. The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank behind the green plains of the west. The "great eye in heaven", however, went not down without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased; when the solemn church bells pealed; the laughter of children, out in the air and joyous after the storm, is heard with the carol of birds; while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illuminations around the Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows. Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel that it is good to have a home — good to be on the earth where such revelations of beauty and power may be made. And as we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have begun and ended our feeble etching of a sunset which comes so rarely, that its glory should be committed to immortal type.

That was Samuel S. Cox's masterpiece of writing but it is rarely called for by the present generation of readers as it rests upon the dusty shelves of public libraries among other gems of literature.

CHAPTER V

POLITICAL GIANTS OF THE EIGHTIES

"THERE were giants in those days," said a commentator on a recent observation of the Secretary of War that Congress in its personnel and in its enactments had now reached its lowest ebb. "Those days" were the years from 1880 to 1890, the period when the membership of the Senate and House of Representatives is popularly supposed to have reached high-water mark.

There are giants in Congress now, too, possibly relatively fewer in number in proportion to the whole body, or possibly because of the changed viewpoint of the present generation. Individuals may not appear to be so big as in the days gone by. One of the leaders of Congress, however, in days when intellectual giants were proverbially more numerous than now, was Benjamin Harrison, a Senator from Indiana who afterwards became President of the United States.

"Ben" Harrison, as he was universally known in the Hoosier State, was a man of all around ability, a lawyer of especial talents, a gallant soldier who was a general at thirty-two. He was locally known as "Little Ben", and yet he was not so very small. He was about five feet, seven inches, with sturdy legs, strong body, broad shoulders, and a big round head. General Harrison was one of

those men of great endurance, built like Napoleon Bonaparte, who when sitting appeared to be a big man and when standing a small one. That is because his legs were short and his body long. He sat up so straight that when driving about Washington in his high mail phaeton which was his daily custom when he was President, he looked as tall as any man seated by his side, even the late Speaker David B. Henderson, who was often his companion. General Harrison was known too as a cold-blooded man with no sense of humor. Whatever the temperature of his blood, however, it is not the fact that he was utterly devoid of humor because he used to exhibit a flash of it once in a while and when least expected.

One night at a Gridiron Club dinner, back in the days when it was a most usual occurrence for the President of the United States to speak at one of these functions, a story had been told on his Attorney-General, W. H. H. Miller, the President's former law partner at Indianapolis. This story was to the effect that when Miller was making a speech at his home town some one in the crowd asked "What is Miller doing now?" The reply was made that he was Attorney-General, a member of the Cabinet in Washington.

"And what did the crowd say to that?" was asked of the President.

"Oh, they just laughed," he said.

Finding that his joke registered, he warmed up a bit and told about what an embarrassing time he was having with the Senate just then because of

the increasing number of Senators from the new States advocating the free coinage of silver. "Indeed," said the President, "I wish this free coinage of Senators would stop." These instances of wit and humor were not frequent with President Harrison, but they at least serve to illustrate the claim made for him that he recognized a joke when he heard or made it.

The ablest speeches that Harrison made when he was in the Senate were on a subject, not yet decided and always a bone of contention — the division of power between the executive and legislative branches of the government. As a Senator, Harrison naturally stood for the constitutional rights of the Senate as a branch of the treaty-making power, and as having joint prerogatives with the executive in a matter of appointments to office under the authority of the Tenure of Office Act. As President, as naturally, he was inclined to argue that the power of the executive on these subjects should not be too greatly curtailed. Harrison assumed his seat in the Senate on March 4, 1881, when it was on the high tide of popularity, due to the general belief in the ability of its personnel. He succeeded an able and popular Democrat, Joseph E. McDonald, "Old Saddle Bags", and served for six years, retiring in 1887, only to be nominated for the presidency in the following year. He defeated Grover Cleveland who sought reelection and was in turn defeated by Cleveland for a second term, in 1893.

Daniel W. Voorhees of Indiana was a Democratic colleague of Benjamin Harrison in the Senate. He

had come to that body after long service in the House of Representatives as the successor of Oliver P. Morton, the "War Governor" of the State, reputed to be the ablest man the Hoosier State had produced. He was a Senator for ten years and died in Indianapolis, still a Senator, in 1877. Morton was a leading Republican in the Senate in the discussion of the great problems growing out of the Civil War, second only to George F. Edmunds of Vermont, and while he had no eloquence he was a debater of force and persistency — a man of unwearying industry. His logic was keen and he dealt largely in cold facts. "Harping on one string" is what his political opponents used to accuse him of, referring to the subject of conditions in the South. It was a powerful antagonist whom Morton did not wear down in the end. In the last years of his life, and during nearly all the period of his service in the Senate, Mr. Morton suffered from a serious hip disease and was paralyzed from his waist down. He sat on the front row seat next to the middle aisle on the Democratic side of the chamber, at the desk now occupied by Senator Underwood of Alabama, for several years until recently the Democratic leader of the Senate. Attached to the desk was a brass rail rising about four feet with a little platform or desk perched upon it, and on this Morton would lean during debate, for notwithstanding his infirmity, he seldom remained seated when speaking. He was a very heavy man, dark of skin, with coal-black hair, mustache, and chin whiskers, and of saturnine features and gloomy appearance. Occasionally he

shuffled about on crutches, but usually he was wheeled about in a chair. When he died he left an uncompleted report favoring Chinese immigration based on an official visit to the Pacific Coast.

Voorhees was the opposite of Morton in every respect. Known from boyhood as "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash", he was possessed of a certain kind of eloquence more suited to the political hustings and the criminal law courts — in both of which fields he had won unusual prominence and success — than to the United States Senate, once known as a dignified, deliberate body. Voorhees had great sway with election crowds and criminal juries. While he did not rank high as a financier yet, under the still-respected rule of seniority of service in the Senate, he became, by the workings of the law of death and resignation, chairman of the Committee on Finance just at the opening of the great fight which ended under the leadership of President Cleveland in the repeal of the Silver Purchase law.

There was also in the Senate at the time that Harrison and Voorhees were there John J. Ingalls of Kansas who came to that body in 1873, four years before Voorhees' arrival, and who left it six years earlier, in 1891. Ingalls was a most remarkable man in many respects. He had had a stormy career in the politics and literature of the Jayhawker State, whence he had emigrated from Massachusetts after graduating from Williams College, and from the day he arrived in Sumner, in 1858, until defeated for reëlection to the Senate thirty years afterwards, he was a storm center in the dramatic struggles of

that State and towered among the clouds of controversy like a lightning rod.

Ingalls' forte was writing caustic articles on current events and making vitriolic speeches that stung like the attack of a hornet. He was unique as a rhetorician. His vocabulary was inexhaustible, and as a word-painter he was unsurpassed in public life. The personal appearance of the Kansas Senator was, moreover, dramatic in the extreme and added to the keen interest of his audiences and to the public appreciation of his constant participation in the Senate debates. He was a tall, extremely thin man, with a backbone like the proverbial ramrod, straight and unbending. He had thick curly hair, parted in the middle, and a long, skinny neck, a mustache and goatee. His eyesight was affected and he wore glasses thicker than any ever worn before or since by any member of the Senate. Ingalls was an actor always and he dressed and looked the part. Usually he wore a long-skirted coat of the Prince Albert type, a high silk hat, a collar that looked like a cuff; and he was much addicted to bright scarlet or sky-blue cravats. For several years he wore in cold weather a long ulster overcoat of the checkerboard variety and this made him more conspicuous.

There were few men in Kansas or Washington who dared to cross swords with Ingalls in debate, but some were forced to and the *Record* contains many accounts of discussions in which he participated and in which his brilliant qualities as an orator were fully illustrated. In the course of time

Ingalls clashed with Voorhees, and while it is an open question which came off the victor there is no doubt that the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" put a brand on the "Jayhawker from Kansas" that remained. Singularly enough it is recorded in the permanent annals of Congress, although as a rule language such as Voorhees used that day has been by common consent omitted from the *Record*.

It happened back in 1888, in those days when the Fitz-John Porter case was dragging its weary way along through the Senate debates, Porter's loyalty being challenged especially by Senator "Black Jack" Logan of Illinois. Ingalls, who took a hand in every fight that was going on, made serious reflections upon the patriotism and loyalty of Generals George B. McClellan and Winfield S. Hancock, who had been the Democratic candidates for the presidency in 1880. Intermittently, day after day, week after week, and month after month, the verbal battle went on and Ingalls, whose caustic tongue was unbridled, found himself the target of attack from some of the best fighters on the Democratic side of the chamber, including "Joe" Blackburn of Kentucky and George G. Vest of Missouri, a man whose command of the English language was almost, if not quite, as great as that of Ingalls himself, and, finally, he was called upon to do battle with Voorhees. They charged and countercharged with a fury at times out of all keeping with the rules and etiquette of the Senate. Ingalls' war record was attacked, he having been a major and judge-advocate of Kansas volunteers, and many times it was

necessary for the presiding officer to caution the occupants of the galleries that if they did not cease to show favoritism to one or the other Senator in debate, they would be ejected from the Chamber.

The bitterness of the debates marking the discussion of reconstruction policies broke out afresh, and Ingalls put into the *Record* what he called documentary evidence of the disloyalty, or, at least, the lukewarm patriotism of Hancock, McClellan, and others. Eventually he became more personal and started in to rake over all the old charges against Voorhees in the Civil War days in Indiana, when he was accused of being a "copperhead", a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle. It was rumored that he had called Union soldiers "hirelings", and said that each of them should have a collar around his neck inscribed, "My dog. A. Lincoln." This Mr. Voorhees said, towering in his wrath and shaking his finger at the Kansas Senator, who sat unmoved across the aisle "with his glass-eyed stare" (as a colleague once described it) fixed upon him, was a campaign calumny and slander which has been spat on, kicked out, and trodden under foot. Mr. Ingalls, however, inflamed Voorhees by saying that his charge about vilification of the Union soldiers could be substantiated by credible witnesses. Losing all control of himself, the Indiana Senator then ran down the aisle and shouted, "It is false, and even if the Senator said it, it would be utterly false — just as false coming from the Senator as from the greatest liar ever in the country."

This was unparliamentary in the last degree, but the Kansas Senator merely replied, throwing up his hands in a contemptuous manner, "If this were a police court, the Senator from Indiana would be sent to the rock pile for being drunk and disorderly." He then submitted an affidavit signed by eighteen citizens of Indiana, giving their home addresses, who swore that they had heard Voorhees make the speech calling the Union soldiers dogs, — and the fight went on. It continued throughout the day in growing bitterness, Voorhees defending himself from the specific charge of having been unpatriotic and disloyal during the war, and occasionally drawing applause from the galleries for his effective replies to some of the charges of the Kansas Senator. Finally Ingalls laid on the last straw when he asked this question:

"Will the Senator from Indiana allow me to ask him whether the soldiers of Indiana did not threaten to hang him with a bell-rope on a train between New Castle and Terre Haute after he made that 'Lincoln dog' speech?"

At this Voorhees shouted, "Mr. President, the Senator is a great liar when he intimates such a thing, a great liar and a dirty dog. Such a thing never occurred in the world. That is all the answer I have to make."

Seated beside Mr. Ingalls and prompting him was Representative Johnson of Indiana and waving his hand at him Senator Voorhees said, "I pass it back to the scoundrel behind him who is instigating these lies." Senator Ingalls then referred to Mr. Johnson

as a very estimable gentleman who had informed him that the signers of the certificate were entirely reputable inhabitants, male and female, of Sullivan County in Indiana, and that Johnson, moreover, knew fifty more people who were ready to swear to its accuracy. Mr. Voorhees again shouted, "I say he is an infamous liar and scoundrel who says I did. I say so."

The Senate, of course, was in much confusion during this remarkable colloquy, but order was finally restored and Senator Eustis of Louisiana began a speech on the subject of the conditions in the South after the war, and nothing more was said about the fight between Ingalls and Voorhees.

Senator Ingalls, who had been president *pro tempore* of the body, was defeated for reelection in 1891, and this experience seemed to embitter and discourage him. He was never afterwards the same man. He was restless, and apparently unable to settle down to literary work. He changed his occupation and moved about from one place to another, and wound up his brilliant career as a writer for sensational newspapers. He was employed at a large compensation and after wide advertising to describe a great prize fight, and although he had long wielded the most facile pen of any man in public life, he was an abject failure as a prize-fight reporter and admitted it himself. He died in New Mexico, in 1900, after a brief struggle to regain his long-failing health.

Although of a most austere habit Senator Ingalls was really a kind man at heart and had a grim humor that found expression in many unexpected ways.

Behind his half-inch thick glasses his eyes always seemed to flash fire, and many who did not know the real man were actually fearful of approaching him. But that he was not as fierce as he looked is illustrated by an incident that occurred when the employees of the Senate were canvassing in support of a proposition that used to be very popular in the good old days, but which no longer meets with success — to pay an extra month's salary to everybody on the payroll on the day of the final adjournment of the session. Mr. Ingalls was at that time chairman of the District of Columbia Committee and of special influence in the Senate. He was suspected of being in opposition to the proposition for the extra pay and so one of the oldest employees who had long been attached to the staff of the Kansas Senator as messenger to his committee, Charles S. Draper, was chosen to beard the Kansas lion in his den, and he did so. A few days previously Mr. Ingalls had made a speech in the Senate on some general question, and in voicing his opposition repeatedly brought his closed fist down on the desk before him, and said as a clinching argument, "Mr. President, there is no precedent for this; there is no precedent." Draper made his appeal for the extra month's pay to Mr. Ingalls, who turned upon him impatiently and said, "Draper, I don't like this; it is a bad practice. If you and the other employees are not satisfied with the salary you get, why don't you resign?" For a moment the messenger was dumfounded by the attack, then all unconsciously he had an inspiration. "Why, Mr.

Senator," he replied, "there is no precedent for this, there is no precedent." Mr. Ingalls turned away, probably to conceal his emotions, and when the vote was taken on the proposition for the extra month's pay he failed to put in an appearance.

Often the least important episode of a man's life, even of the man who has had a long and prominent public career, stands out in bold relief while the more serious and essential features of his activities on earth are forgotten. Thus it is in the case of Senator George G. Vest of Missouri, who was one of the ablest, most eloquent, and most attractive men who ever appeared in Congress. He was a lawyer of distinction, a confederate soldier and a man of great personal charm. He served as a member of the Missouri House of Representatives, was a member of the House of Representatives of the Confederate Congress for two years, member of the Confederate Senate for one year, and a member of the United States Senate for twenty-four years — 1879–1903 — and he was in all that time one of the leading lights of the Democratic party and an idol of the men of the South. He was born in Kentucky but lived nearly all his life in Missouri, and in his quarter of a century in the United States Senate he ranked with the greatest of the great. He took part in all the debates of those years, was the author and advocate of many pieces of legislation involving the policies of the government and of the Democratic party, and yet the public remembers Vest, who died in 1904, chiefly as the man who delivered the immortal eulogy on the Dog.

Contrary to popular opinion this tribute to man's dumb friend was not delivered in Congress, although it is found in its printed annals as worthy of preservation, but instead in a court room at Warrensburg, Missouri. The story of Judge John F. Philips, United States judge of the western district of Missouri and a former law partner of Senator Vest, of the circumstances in which the speech was delivered is this:

In the early seventies a Kentuckian residing in Johnson County, Missouri, owned a noted hound named "Old Drum", imported from Kentucky. He was always reliable; when he made outcry on the hunt, it was an assurance that the trail of the fox or deer was scented hot, and he led the pack in the chase. The owner had for the faithful dog a devotion akin to affection. One morning "Old Drum" was found shot to death near a neighbor's house. Circumstances of small evidential import pointed to that neighbor as the assassin of "Old Drum", which induced a suit in justice of the peace court to recover \$150 damages, the maximum sum recoverable in that jurisdiction. After one or more hung juries, there was a verdict for the defendant. The plaintiff appealed the case to the higher court. The costs had piled up enormously, and the hot blood of the litigants was up. Eminent counsel were employed on either side. Among those for the plaintiff was Colonel Wells H. Blodgett, for many years the general solicitor of the Wabash Railroad. When the case was up for the second trial Vest chanced to be in attendance upon the court. Blodgett persuaded his client to employ Vest, who was waiting to try some important case. His fondness for the good dog obtained his assent.

The trial had already begun; Vest merely sat by as if a spectator during the examination of the multitude of witnesses. The discussion before the jury by the other counsel had consumed the short winter day; and the court, insisting that the case should be given to the jury that evening, took a recess until after supper. "The dog case" had attracted the attention of all Warrensburg; and the fact that George Vest was to speak that night "in a dog case" filled the court room almost to suffocation with men, women, and boys.

One of the counsel for the defendant had derided such a lawsuit about a hound dog of little value if not a neighborhood nuisance. Vest paid little attention to the evidence or law of the case, but leveled the whole artillery of his genius to a vindication of the dog's invaluable traits. So vibrant with pathos was his voice that men and women wept, and the jury was swept from deliberation, and returned a verdict at once for the plaintiff for \$500, when the sum sued for was only \$150. The excess was remitted and "the dog case" was closed; but Vest's tribute to the dog is immortal.

This is Senator's Vest's tribute on the dog as it appears in the *Congressional Record*:

Gentlemen of the jury, the best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter whom he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us — those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name — may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their

knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world — the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous — is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow, and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

Senator Vest was one of the few big men of the South who served in the Senate and House of Representatives and in other high public offices in the decade preceding and following the Civil War, and whose biographical sketch fails to represent him as having been a soldier in the Confederate

army. Congressmen write these biographies themselves and while they are supposed to set forth in them nothing but the truth, it is, of course, an accepted fact that they do not always tell all the truth. And so it was with Mr. Vest. There was a good deal of criticism in the South because many of the members of the Confederate Congress did not go to the front, and possibly smarting under this rebuke, Mr. Vest enlisted and served as a private. According to his own story, however, he went for the fun of it more than anything else and never saw the kind of service that won the stripes and stars and political preferment that fell to the lot of many of those who served with him.

Contemporaneous with Harrison, Ingalls, Voorhees, and Vest, and the other big and little men of their day in Congress was Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland, a faithful type of the shrewd, self-made, influential, and successful politician — of the kind, possibly, of whom the late Thomas B. Reed once said, "A statesman is a politician who is dead" — a believer in the machine and an opponent of Civil Service Reform and an advocate of the time-honored political doctrine, "To the victor belongs the spoils." Born and bred in Maryland, Gorman began his life as a page in the National House of Representatives and was transferred to the Senate floor through the influence of Stephen A. Douglas. When he was too old to serve longer as a page he was made messenger, then assistant postmaster, and finally postmaster. When he lost that position, owing to the political change in the organization of

the Senate, he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue. From that political office he stepped into a directorship in the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, in 1869. Then began the great political career that ended only with his death in Washington in 1906.

Mr. Gorman was a member of the House of Delegates of Maryland and Speaker in 1872, and, in 1875, was elected to the State Senate and afterwards to the United States Senate as a Democrat, and twice reëlected, serving from 1881 to the day of his death. That was a political career, indeed, and one that well fitted Mr. Gorman to be a great successful party leader. He possessed a great knack of making friends and keeping them. He was a ball player when a young man, and a good one, and a baseball "fan" always. He was a good-looking, well-dressed man of engaging manners and peculiar courtesy, and although he had the face and demeanor of a priest he was a Presbyterian and throughout his whole life in Washington attended, with his family, the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church of which Abraham Lincoln was a member and constant worshipper. Ingalls once said of Senator William B. Allison that he was so pussy-footed he could walk from New York to San Francisco on the keys of a piano and never strike a note. Gorman could go from New York to San Francisco and back with the same silence. But with all his courtesy and gentleness he had a backbone constructed of the regulation steel. He did not drink liquor and did not smoke cigars. Like Roscoe Conkling and other prominent men, he only chewed cigars. Mr.

Gorman liked a chew of fine cut tobacco, and always had a quid in his mouth. But very few persons, even those long his friends, were aware of this habit.

When Theodore Roosevelt was Civil Service Commissioner, the first public office that brought him to Washington, just preceding his appointment as Police Commissioner of the City of New York, he and Senator Gorman had a long and embittered quarrel over the enforcement of the Civil Service Act, which became a law in 1885, under the authorship of the late Senator George H. Pendleton of Ohio. Gorman ridiculed in the Senate the advocates and defenders of the law and told of alleged examinations of applicants for government clerical jobs who were compelled to dance on one foot and perform irrelevant stunts of that kind. He also charged that the Civil Service Commissioners were guilty of nepotism and favoritism. Roosevelt answered him through the columns of the newspapers and in the more direct measures of his customary knockout style. A Washington newspaper edited by Frank Hatton, a Republican, who had been Postmaster-General in President Arthur's Cabinet, took up Gorman's side of the fight, which became a merry one. Although a Senator is theoretically and legally immune from punishment for remarks made in the course of debate, Roosevelt did not let Gorman escape on that ground, but pounded him as no other man had ever dared to do. Incidentally he attacked Hatton just as hard.

Senator Gorman, in the eyes of Democrats at least, rendered a great service to his party when he

led the long fight which ended in the defeat of the so-called Force Bill, championed by the Republican party and particularly by Senator Lodge, now the Republican leader in the Senate, a bill designed to protect voters in the Southern States by the use of federal troops at the polls, and the one thing that Mr. Gorman prized most in all the world outside his wife and children was the massive set of silver given to him by admiring Democrats throughout the country in recognition of his success in this fight.

Mr. Gorman belonged to the protection school of Democrats of which ex-Speaker Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania was a Congress leader in his day, and in the Senate he, with a group composed of Calvin S. Brice of Ohio, Henry G. Davis of West Virginia, Johnson N. Camden also of West Virginia, James Smith of New Jersey, and others, emasculated the free trade features of the Wilson Tariff Bill of 1894, framed by William L. Wilson of West Virginia, then Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. It was the plan of President Cleveland, Mr. Wilson, and the Democrats generally to pass this bill through the Senate as it came from the House of Representatives, "without the crossing of a 't' or the dotting of an 'i'," but under Gorman's leadership the Senate Group of protectionists amended the bill to suit their purposes and were denounced by Mr. Cleveland in a letter to the Senate as thus having been guilty of perfidy and dishonor. But the bill as Gorman and his friends wanted it became a law.

A magazine article, "The Treason of the Senate", that attracted much attention a score of years ago, stated, as explaining how Senator Aldrich, the then Republican leader of the Senate, and Gorman, the then Democratic leader, seesawed legislation and politics to their own purposes when a tariff or financial bill was to be passed, that when the Republicans were in control of the Senate Aldrich took the chairmanship of the Finance Committee and when the Democrats were in control Gorman took it. The fact is that Gorman was not at any time chairman of the committee.

Mr. Gorman had great decision of character and when necessary to display it he did not falter. This trait was graphically shown when he was chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the presidential election of 1884. The terrific scandal was raised relative to the bachelor life of Grover Cleveland in Buffalo prior to his election as Governor of New York, and preparations had been made by the Democratic committee to take notice of the charges by replying to them. This the Senator would not allow and declared that he would resign the chairmanship if his orders were ignored. He would not have, and did not have, a campaign of mud-slinging.

CHAPTER VI

LEADERSHIP, LAME DUCKS, AND LOBBYISTS

WHEN the late Thomas B. Reed was at the zenith of his power and popularity as Speaker of the national House of Representatives, thirty years or so ago, he wrote a magazine article chiefly reminiscent of the days when he first came to Congress, ten or fifteen years previously, describing conditions and men as he found them there.

In that article Mr. Reed spoke in a half-humorous way about the class of leadership in those days and somewhat whimsically referred to some of the men who were then most influential in framing and enacting legislation. The particular leader to whom Mr. Reed referred, Omar D. Conger of Michigan, was for several years the Republican party political manager on the floor of the House. He was the party "whip", so called. The whip then was a whip indeed. Nowadays both in the Senate and House the party whip finds himself, by changed conditions and force of circumstances, confined largely to the work of canvassing before a vote to make an estimate on the roll call. He thus prepares for results in advance but he has little or no power over them because there is little left of direct party discipline in either party in either House of Congress. But in the old days when a whip cracked the lash, those who heard it jumped. No man ever cracked it

louder than Mr. Conger did and the class of men who jumped at his command were of a type that would not jump to-day. In Conger's time, which continued from 1869 to 1881, the Republican party had its biggest men in one or the other house of Congress and in the lower branch, especially, the list was a noted one. It was made up, however, of men who believed in party organization and in party control; they had come to the front through that influence themselves and were advocates of the principle of party unity. They used it to get results, and keeping in mind always the adage, "In union there is strength", they accomplished more of a definite concrete character than parties now appear to accomplish, both for their country, their party, and for themselves.

A glance through the names of those who were members of the House of Representatives in the days when Conger was the Republican manager of the floor, the days when the leadership was described by Reed as "a queer kind of leadership but an effective one just the same", will indicate the kind of men there were on the opposition side with whom Conger and his followers had to cope and against whose brains and force and organization they had to match their own. In that Republican membership there were, for instance, Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois, of the distinguished Maine family, long a member of the House and Minister to France under Grant, a man who remained in Paris during the siege following the declaration of the Franco-Prussian War; General John A. Logan,

"Black Jack", the cavalry hero of the Civil War, afterwards a Senator, and defeated as a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Blaine; Ebon C. Ingersoll, brother of the greatest orator of his time, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. Ebon Ingersoll was a strong and popular man but somewhat overshadowed by the fame of his eloquent brother. When Ebon died "Bob" preached the funeral sermon at his grave, and no one who heard it will ever forget the peroration, "Being weary for a moment he lay down by the roadside with his burden for a pillow and sank into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still."

Then there were George W. McCrary, Secretary of War under Hayes; William B. Allison, who more than once was a factor in Republican national conventions as a possible candidate for President; Lot M. Morrill, James G. Blaine, Eugene Hale, and William P. Frye of Maine; General Benjamin F. Butler, Nathaniel P. Banks, once Speaker of the House of Representatives, and future Senators George Frisbie Hoar, Henry L. Dawes, and George S. Boutwell (Secretary of the Treasury under Grant), all of Massachusetts; William A. Wheeler of New York, Vice-President of the United States when Hayes was President; and James Abram Garfield — later President of the United States — of Ohio.

There were, also, Austin Blair, war Governor of Michigan; Charles Foster of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury in McKinley's Cabinet; Jeremiah M. Rusk of Wisconsin, Secretary of Agriculture under Harrison, who had previously made his name famous

when, as Governor of Wisconsin at the time of a serious railroad labor riot, he put his big foot down at the proper place and boldly announced, "I seen my duty and I done it"; General Joseph Hawley of Connecticut, a Senator and director general of the Centennial Exposition in 1876; Joseph G. Cannon; James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture under McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft, who held the office longer than any man has served as a member of the Cabinet; Rockwood Hoar of Massachusetts, Grant's Attorney-General and brother of the Senator; and William D. (Pigiron) Kelly of Pennsylvania, the high protectionist chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

From Michigan among leader Conger's colleagues were Julius Caesar Burrows, "the Columbian Orator", and Josiah W. Begole. Begole was afterwards elected Governor of Michigan on a greenback Democratic ticket, and he came into general notoriety soon after his inauguration on a reform platform through a letter written to the president of a Michigan railroad. At the end of this letter on an important topic the Governor wrote, "Please send me one of them little red books, and also one for Mrs. Begole," the books in question containing free passes that were much in use in the days before the enactment of the Interstate Commerce Law.

There were, too, on the Republican side of the House in those days John R. Lynch, colored, of Mississippi, a man of such distinction that he served with great credit as presiding officer at one of the great national conventions, and who was also

Register of the Treasury for many years and an all around citizen of the finest type; Thomas C. Platt of New York, who had not yet come into fame as one of the great political leaders of his time; Benjamin Butterworth of Ohio, a Quaker and a popular man personally. He was a forceful debater and when under the excitement of the moment was apt to say sharper things to those who interrupted him than "Ben" Butler said on the famous occasion when he waved his hand impatiently at one who sought to heckle him and said, "Shoo, fly, don't bother me."

Another Republican over whom Conger cracked his whip was Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, who in later years was the so-called boss of the Republican party in the United States Senate. The Democrats with whom Conger and his associates had to cope were such men as J. Proctor Knott; James B. Beck of Kentucky, afterwards Senator and chairman of the Committee on Appropriations; "Sunset" Cox; Samuel J. Randall; William R. Morrison; Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, reëlected to the Sixty-Eighth Congress after a long service and at eighty-seven years of age still going strong, a man who heard Abraham Lincoln deliver his inaugural address from the front steps of the Capitol; Roger Q. Mills of Texas, author of the Mills Tariff Bill; Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia; William M. Springer and Adlai E. Stevenson. Springer, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was the author of the "pop gun" tariff bills that were laughed at at the time, but which have since formed

the models for the construction of legislation dealing with the tariff and who was also the victim of one of "Tom" Reed's most famous verbal attacks. Springer was an honest-minded, enthusiastic man and in the excitement of a hot political debate one day shouted, "Mr. President, I would rather be right than be President of the United States." Reed, who was not presiding at the time, arose at the psychological moment and drawled, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman need not concern himself; he will never be either." Stevenson, as First Assistant Postmaster-General in the first administration of Grover Cleveland, was known as the "Axeman" of the administration, being designated to decapitate Republican postmasters, a job that he executed with such precision and despatch that he became Vice-President of the United States in Cleveland's second term.

In this time of drastic party leadership there were, too, "Joe" Blackburn and "Marse" Henry Watterson of Kentucky (for a brief time only); David Dudley Field and Abram S. Hewitt of New York; Henry B. Payne of Ohio, father-in-law of the late William C. Whitney and who was accused — but exonerated — of having bought his seat in the Senate, and James H. Blount of Georgia. He was dubbed "Paramount" Blount by Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun* when the Georgia Representative was sent by Secretary of State Gresham in the Cleveland administration to Hawaii to haul down the American flag that had been raised there by a previous American minister, John L. Stevens

of Maine, and clothed with paramount powers to deal with the government of Hawaii on the subject of the future relations between the island and the United States; John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Grover Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury; William S. Holman and Michael C. Kerr of Indiana, Speaker of the House for a few short months in the Forty-Fourth Congress just preceding his lamentable death; David B. Culberson of Texas, a profound lawyer, chairman for several years of the Committee on Judiciary and father of Charles A. Culberson who has been retired from the Senate under the force of the Ku-Klux Klan and the modern vagaries of the Democratic party in the South. The elder Culberson was prominent in the list of Democratic members of the House in those days, and among others who shared his prominence was John Randolph Tucker of Virginia, one of the most charming men who ever sat in Congress.

It was apropos of a tilt Conger had with Tucker in the House one day that Mr. Reed told in a published article a story so typical of Conger, so graphically descriptive of his personal appearance, so enlightening as to the character of his satire, his humor and his general manner of handling himself when under fire in the House that it attracted much attention at the time. One day when the House was acting in Committee of the Whole, the Chair was occupied by Honorable J. Randolph Tucker of Virginia. "Randy" personally was one of the most popular men who ever sat in Congress.

Genial, warm-hearted, and lovable, he was the friend of every man on both sides of the aisle and every man sitting there was his friend. Mr. Tucker was not, however, a plodder and did not take his congressional duties too seriously. He knew little of parliamentary law. As a presiding officer therefore he was about in the same class with Theodore Roosevelt, who in the few days that he presided over the Senate at the extra session, following his election as Vice-President of the United States, privately admitted that as a presiding officer and parliamentarian he probably had no inferior.

Mr. Conger stood in the main aisle on the Republican side, with a dozen Democrats heckling him, and his Republican army lined up in support of him, but silent, knowing that he was well able to take care of himself. Conger was a fighter and a resourceful one; he kept his head always and his audacity and courage, based on experience and knowledge of his subject, had no limit. The Democrats, well-posted as to his strategic ability, presented a solid front of opposition and sought by every device to break him down by resorting to the technicalities of parliamentary law. Doggedly Conger stood his ground and shook them off but they would come back. Finally a point of order was made designed to take the Republican party manager off the floor. It was one that ordinarily would have little or no support, being in direct conflict with all the precedents of the House and decisions of the Chair. It had no leg to stand on and was resorted to as an exigency of the moment, but the Chair was

called upon by his position to decide it, and as he gazed blandly and confusedly over his gold-rimmed spectacles at the House his good-natured countenance visibly perplexed, Conger stood like a rock in the aisle. He was a man of saturnine visage, thick, wavy black hair, black beard, and flashing eyes set far back in his head like those of an Indian. Sallow of skin and sour of face, Mr. Conger was yet a man of infinite jest and humor, fair and fearless in fighting, and had the respect of his adversaries as well as the admiration and support of his personal and party friends.

Hesitatingly and almost apologetically "Randy" Tucker decided the point in favor of the Democrats and against Conger, and the whole House looked at "the whip" to see how he in his wrath would accept the decision which was, in fact, a blow below the belt. For a moment the Republican manager stood still, gazing at the presiding officer, his eyes flashing, his lips curled with a contemptuous smile but otherwise immovable. Then, as the House held its breath in expectancy of what might happen, the muscles of Conger's face began to twitch, his eyes took on a twinkle and in his softest voice, and it could be soft on occasion, he calmly said, "If any person other than the distinguished gentleman and learned parliamentarian now occupying the Chair had made that decision, I would n't have believed it." Then he turned and dropped into his chair without another word, while the whole House laughed and breathed freely again at the escape from an impossible situation.

Another amusing incident occurred in the course of one of the many almost daily partisan encounters in the House when Conger was the party whip, which well illustrates the character of his fighting, and his resourcefulness in turning the tables on his adversaries when he was backed up against the wall. Representative Chalmers of Mississippi, a little red-faced man with a white chin beard, was particularly persistent in attacking Conger. The Michigan leader tried unsuccessfully several times to shake him off but Chalmers persisted, and as he jumped up and down and pounded the desk his face grew redder, his chin whisker bobbed up and down more rapidly and his thin voice grew to a higher and a thinner pitch until his antics attracted the attention of the entire House and the crowds in the gallery. Then Conger, deftly seizing the opportunity, suddenly turned and imitated the voice and gestures and manner of the fiery little man from Mississippi. With great effect he pictured him as a red-blanketed little monkey attached to the end of a long chain and chattering excitedly only to be stirred into action by his master, the Democratic leader of the House at the other end of the chain. Conger's imitation of Chalmers was perfect and threw the House and the gallery into good humor as the gentleman from Mississippi, discomfited, ceased to chatter and retired utterly subdued by the ridiculous character into which he had been so unexpectedly and, possibly, unjustifiably forced.

After eighteen years of continuous service in the House of Representatives, Mr. Conger was elected

to the Senate, and in 1881 took his seat there. But his fighting spirit found no vent in the "American House of Lords" under modern conditions. It flashed intermittently but not to the extent of arresting public attention. Even forty years ago a party leader in the Senate could not crack the whip and get the results then obtainable in the House of Representatives. Aside from his ability as a public legislator, based on his long experience in the House, Mr. Conger personally attracted attention in the Senate largely because he was the last senatorial survivor of the swallow-tail coat brigade. To the day of his death he wore on all occasions the style of coat fashionable in the Civil War days. There have been only three men in Congress besides Conger in the past fifty years who daily and nightly wore a swallow-tail coat. These were Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, first Representative, then Senator and later Vice-President of the United States when Abraham Lincoln was President, Representative Luke P. Poland of Vermont, and J. Warren Keifer of Ohio, Speaker of the House of Representatives nearly forty years ago. Conger clung to his swallow-tail to the day of his death, in 1898, and General Keifer, a commissioned officer in the Civil War, the Spanish-American, and the World War, sports about in his swallow-tail coat to-day. But in neither House of Congress is there now a devotee of the swallow-tail. The Prince Alberts, too, have disappeared, and Senators and Representatives, as a rule, wear sack coats and cutaways.

In the period following the Civil War and con-

tinuing down to about the time when Hayes became President or perhaps a few years beyond that, the lobbyists, so called, flourished as they had not flourished before and as they have not flourished since. The species is by no means extinct; human nature is ever much the same, and in politics as in business or in private life, when a man wants something he will use every method at his command to get it. Some men are naturally more scrupulous than others in the character and extent of the means thus employed.

Undoubtedly the lobbyist was as active, but he was not so influential, when George Washington was President as he became in later years and as he now exists. But lobbying is a misleading term and may mean one thing when considered from one point of view and something else from another. The English language changes like the manners and customs of men, and what was called lobbying fifty or one hundred years ago might now be termed "advising" or "assisting" in the framing or defeating of legislation. The public men of to-day seem to have forgotten the personalities of those who were known as lobbyists before the Civil War, and historians and contemporary writers have neglected and disposed of them in the most superficial and casual way.

So far as the public has been educated on the subject, the king of the lobbyists in the days when lobbying of the pernicious kind flourished was "Sam" Ward, and more has been written about him than about any member of his tribe or profession and the most childish ignorance displayed. Ward

was a lobbyist and a clever one, and he was, moreover, an educated, well-read man of charming personality and Chesterfieldian manners — a veritable glass of fashion and a mold of form. He came of a distinguished family in New York and associated all his life with men and women of education, refinement, culture, and wealth. Mr. Ward was a diplomat, a traveler, and a linguist, in addition to being a lobbyist. He was an associate and friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes and other distinguished literary men, and was, moreover, the original of Francis Marion Crawford's Mr. Bellingham in "Dr. Claudius." He was a *bon vivant* in the real sense of the word, a connoisseur in food and drink and music and was altogether a most attractive and companionable personality.

Mr. Ward's scene of operations for the many years that he reigned supreme in his chosen calling — that of influencing men and affairs in Washington — was a little two-story frame house on E Street between Fourteenth and Fifteenth, now given over to garages. He was essentially a dinner-giver, and in this little house he gathered about him the most influential and worth-while men in Washington before whom he set food cooked by experts, and wines of known vintage, such as would be largely thrown away upon the rushing, busy, motoring, golfing, not over-delicate public man of to-day.

"Sam" Ward believed religiously that the way to reach a man was through his stomach. He presided at the head of the table until about forty years

ago and now his name is but a pleasant memory to those who knew him and a boon to those who tell highly colored stories, and write imaginary descriptions of things which never occurred. There is, of course, no record left of what Ward accomplished, but certain it is that he numbered among his personal friends all the men of Washington of his time who were worth knowing and that they considered it a privilege to be asked to place their legs under his mahogany table — if it were mahogany — in the shabby little house on E Street that has now passed into the discard.

When Collis P. Huntington and his associates, including Leland Stanford, who afterwards came to the United States Senate from California, were building the Pacific railroads, lobbying flourished like a green bay tree, and Huntington was in charge of the company of "Hessians" who carried on the battle for him. He had for several years before and after the roads were constructed two chief assistants, one a silver-haired old gentleman who wore habitually the finest and whitest linens, the softest and best-textured broadcloth clothes, the most modest but most sparkling diamonds in his shirt front, and the glossiest of glossy silk hats — for in that period every one about the Capital who was anybody wore a silk hat. His gracious smile disclosing his pearly white teeth between his silver ear locks would have beguiled children. The other was an employee of the House of Representatives who was afterwards removed from office because found guilty of peeking through the keyholes of committee rooms in the

interest of Huntington and his smooth-tongued, silver-haired chief-of-staff.

Those were the days when the silver-haired old gentleman and his peeping man Friday carried in their pockets blank railroad pass books from which they would personally, on occasion, write passes for Senators and Representatives and their clerks and other employees who might be of use to them in one way or another. It was the day, too, when Senators and Representatives and other important people had in their waistcoats books of telegraph franks and Pullman car passes and express franks and various little knickknacks of that kind that helped materially to pass away their time agreeably — and cheaply. Huntington and the silver-haired old gentleman and his sharp-eyed aid are all gone and forgotten now and the railroad passes and franks are, thanks to the Interstate Commerce Law, things of the past. Lobbying, however, goes on apace, but on a different basis.

The "Sam" Ward and railroad lobbying period was followed, temporarily, by the real-estate pool period. Indeed they were contemporaneous. Alexander R. Shepherd, an enterprising young plumber of Washington, came to the front in this period and he turned Washington from a mud hole into a beautiful city. He was held up to public scorn as a rascal and almost driven into the penitentiary. He put the streets of this "city of magnificent distances" on grade, paved them first with wooden blocks and then with asphalt, opened up the slums, the dark corners, and byways, and was the pioneer

in outlining the comprehensive plan of general improvement for the city. It was only a beginning of what was done later on a broad, comprehensive scale, under the inspiration of the late Senator James McMillan of Michigan, Chairman of the District Committee, but Shepherd showed a vision even then. After escaping public contumely and taking himself and his broken fortunes into the remote Southwest where he began life anew as a silver producer, he was sought out by citizens of Washington and crowned as a public benefactor and a bronze statue of him, with laudatory tablet reciting his services to the District of Columbia, was placed in front of the new Municipal Building on Pennsylvania Avenue, where it stands to-day, a monument to Shepherd's foresight, his ability, his interest, and his courage. The real-estate pool formed under Shepherd and some of his friends was a prime factor in it, but if they were malefactors they managed to escape punishment. They were, however, pilloried before the bar of public opinion, first by Dana in the *New York Sun*, and later by an investigating committee of Congress; the nominal head of the pool, Hallett Kilbourne, a very popular man, was haled before the bar of the House of Representatives and commanded to open the books of the real-estate crowd that made up the pool. But he refused. He was then adjudged in contempt of the House and confined in the district jail where for a few weeks he lived in exile, visited daily and nightly by his friends, who brought him terrapin, champagne, fruits, and flowers and made his short life there a happy and a merry one. Then

Kilbourne and his friends took the case to the Supreme Court where a writ of habeas corpus was issued and his application of damages to the extent of twenty thousand dollars granted. He possibly never received the money but he did go free.

The most lucrative kind of lobbying done in Washington nowadays is that indulged in by former Senators and Representatives, who, becoming acquainted in the course of their congressional service with the details of proposed legislation dealing with reimbursement to Indian tribes for lands taken from them by the government, and claim bills of that kind affecting other classes of American citizens, seek out, when they become "lame ducks", the proposed beneficiaries of such legislation. The "lame ducks" accept retainers to prosecute the claims before the Senate and the House and the government departments under an agreement that if successful they will receive a percentage of the total amount appropriated. More than one man in Congress to-day has made a fortune through his connection with this kind of legislation, and there are many more outside the halls of Congress. Legislative investigating committees have scourged some of these "lame ducks" very severely in their reports, showing them to have used improper means of securing the passage of the desired legislation and to have retained the larger part of the moneys appropriated for the Indians and the other beneficiaries. But none of the excoriated has been punished, and the public so soon forgets little incidents of this kind that after the tempest raised by each discovery

passes over, the whole thing is overlooked and often the accused is elected as a Senator or a Member of the House of Representatives.

A new class of lobbyists has sprung up in Washington in late years. They call themselves, as a rule, manufacturers' agents. That is, they accept compensation for keeping manufacturers throughout the United States posted as to proposed and pending legislation, decisions, and orders of the executive departments, cases pending in the Interstate Commerce Commission, and many, many other independent and dependent bureaus of the government, and who, on request, look out for legislation pending at the Capitol. As a class these men are intelligent and industrious, and earn their fees in an honest and efficient manner. Big business men, are, however, easy, and as they pay their agents chiefly through a general fund into which each contributes a very small amount, they do not begrudge what it costs them to keep posted on the doings in Washington, although if they only looked carefully into the matter they would find that occasionally they get nothing in return for their expenditure. During the pendency of one tariff bill, for instance, an alert and enterprising young man made a small fortune from a group of manufacturers throughout the United States by keeping them posted each morning while the bill was pending with the "facts" as to what had been accomplished through the day. This young man had no way of knowing what was going on behind the closed doors of the committee room and so every night he would consult a friend who was

a correspondent of an important newspaper and thus ascertain what the newspaper man was sending to his paper that night. Then the young man would embody the points of it in a night telegraphic letter and each morning the manufacturers were able to get their high-priced news which they could have as readily obtained by purchasing the morning newspaper.

More acute men than manufacturers are supposed to have often spent something to get nothing. Forty years ago there was a famous investigation by Congress to bring out the facts as to influence used to pass a railroad bill. It was testified to, and not denied, that a prominent and influential newspaper man had received a sum of money, something like forty thousand dollars, to divide among certain of his professional associates for certain services rendered or expected. It was brought out that the thrifty receiver did not divide the amount but kept it all himself. The value of the services that he was able to render to the cause was shown by the testimony wherein it was set forth that when he was asked just what specific work he had done to earn the money paid to him he finally admitted that about all he really did do definitely was to go about the Capitol every day and approach every man he could who was directly or indirectly concerned in the attempt to enact the legislation, shake him by the hand and ask "How's she going?"

The subjects of publicity and lobbying have been confused in the public mind, and the word propagandist, moreover, has been accepted to mean

something like lobbying in its offensive form. The government itself recognizes the value of publicity and propaganda, and of late years it has been the custom of each department of the government to maintain a bureau that does nothing but hand out to the newspapers press information, just as one-sided as that disseminated by the propagandists who are not government officials. This practice grew so flagrant recently that an item was placed in one of the annual appropriations bills prohibiting the maintenance of government information bureaus of this kind. But a little matter like a law does not frighten those who know how to get around it, and the official publicity bureaus are still at work at government expense.

Acting possibly from a knowledge of the demand thus created in the minds of the public for information as to all branches of governmental activity, private bureaus of information have been organized which furnish to their clients, chiefly manufacturers and importers and great industrial concerns, facts dealing directly or indirectly with what the government is doing. Business concerns are thus kept posted and pay for the service just as they would pay for the service of a lawyer, a manufacturers' agent, a publicity man, a propagandist, or a lobbyist.

In the course of the debates on legislative questions, particularly tariff and financial bills in the course of the past decade, Senators and Representatives have pointed to the galleries and denounced those sitting there for taking notes on the proceedings for the purpose of using their influence on Senators

and Representatives to vote this, that, and the other way. "The lobbies of this chamber are infested with these lobbyists" shout again and again those who fear contamination from them. But as a rule the people they are denouncing are not lobbyists in the sense that men were lobbyists in the old days when they disbursed real money and railroad passes and favors of that kind for votes. They are merely of the new order of propagandists and officials of organizations built up for the very purpose of influencing legislation, as of course they have a proper right to do. Wayne B. Wheeler, organizer and president of the Anti-Saloon League, sitting in the gallery and directing the Senators and Representatives coerced by the power of his organized political machine how to vote, cannot fairly be called a lobbyist, and yet he has a powerful and direct influence over legislation. He touches men through their fear of reelection and not through their pocket-books. This is the fact, and it is the privilege of the public to decide for itself whether the old style or the new is the better and whether either should be permitted to exist.

In dealing with the question of lobbyists in Washington or elsewhere, the French adage, *cherchez la femme*, comes into play and whether the influence they exert over political matters, questions of legislation, appointments of the Army and Navy, decisions of executive officers of the government and the like is paid for in money or in social favors or in stock market tips or in any other way, there is no doubt whatever that feminine influence is as great

or greater in Washington than elsewhere. "Sam" Ward's bachelor dinners are gone and forgotten, but the dinners at which the charming women of the Capital are present go on forever and the influence which they exert over the minds and the acts of public men is as constant as it is subtle. There is no way of describing it because it is measured always by the strength or weakness, charm or character of the particular man or woman concerned and because it deals with a phase of human nature that always has been and that probably always will be much the same. Suffice it to say that it is the opinion of at least one of the most experienced and most astute men connected with governmental affairs that if he had a point to gain in Washington he would search out a handsome and popular woman, a member of "society" to assist him in attaining it.

CHAPTER VII

A TRIO OF CAPITOL CELEBRITIES

IN the period when Conger was the whip of the House of Representatives and the big men of the Republican party were acting practically under his orders, and when the personnel of the United States Senate included some of the ablest and most prominent men in the Republican and Democratic ranks, there came to the House of Representatives from the State of Maine Thomas Brackett Reed. Unknown outside of the borders of his State, Reed was destined to come into the center of the spot light at Washington and hold his place there unchallenged until the day, more than twenty years later, when he voluntarily retired to private life and became a citizen of the city of New York, where he practiced law until he died, in 1902.

"Tom" Reed was in many respects the most forceful personality who ever appeared in Congress. He was a big man, physically and mentally, "a giant with a baby face", as he was often described, and he left an indelible mark on the records of the House of Representatives. In the lobby of the vast chamber where the lower House of Congress sits there is a line of portraits representing former Speakers of the House, Republicans, Democrats, and what not, done in oil, in crayon, by photography, and by other processes, and in the center of them all is an

oil painting by Sargent of Reed when Speaker. The painting was the cause of much controversy when placed in the line. Some thought it good, some bad, and others indifferent. I took Mr. Reed out to look at it and to get his opinion. The big man stood for some time in front of the painting, his hands clasped behind his back and his head a little on one side in characteristic pose, and after a long inspection, shaking his head in a doubtful manner, he walked away without a word. I bluntly asked him, "What do you think of it?" "Well," drawled the Speaker, "as Sargent painted it, it must be so," and that is the only opinion so far as is known that he ever passed on the painting.

Mr. Reed was at the height of his career when he was Speaker in the Fifty-First Congress which ran from March, 1889, to March 3, 1891, and in the Fifty-Fourth and Fifty-Fifth Congresses, from 1895 to 1899. It was in his first term as Speaker, in 1890, that he became known as the Czar because of the dominating methods he used in presiding over the House of Representatives. It was then for the first time that he went to the extent of counting the members' hats hanging on the racks in the cloak room, as he saw them through the open door, in order to make up a quorum to out-vote the Democrats combined against him. The session that year ran all through the summer. It was election year, when the opposition were trying to make capital on which to break down the Republican majority in the House, and Reed as Speaker was the center of a storm that raged fiercely through

the dog days. That summer was the one when it was the rule of fashion for men to wear soft flannel shirts and in place of vests and suspenders sashes of silk, leather, wool, and other materials wound loosely about the waistband and hanging down the side. A sight of Speaker Reed in those days, a blue silk sash around his great bulk, his low flannel collar saturated with perspiration as, gavel in hand, he repelled in his sharp, nasal, emphatic voice the attacks of the Democrats aroused admiration or amusement.

In Reed's early life, in Portland, it was often remarked by his friends that some day he would be a great man if he were not so lazy. Constitutionally he was inclined to rest rather than work, but when he had to work nobody could be more determined or persistent. When he was Speaker the office carried power as well as privilege and in filling it he was at times a Czar indeed. He compelled the House, against the wish of the combined organized membership, to change its rules so that business could be transacted in a business-like way. In doing this he aroused the Democrats to the point of threatening to drag him from the chair, and a large part of the American people were ready, apparently, to back up the threat, but the Czar was unmoved. He forced the House to do his bidding, and added to the satisfaction of this accomplishment came his reward a few years later in seeing the Democrats themselves adopt the very rules which they had originally denounced and repudiated, admitting them to be the only basis upon which the House could properly do its work.

It was a political maxim of Mr. Reed that it is unwise to cater too greatly to dissatisfied regulars and third party men, and that it is well to endeavor to please the rank and file of the party to which one belongs. This is the reply which he made in one of his most hotly contested campaigns, when a committee waited upon him to point out the dangers of defeat unless something was done to counteract a third party movement. Reed's words at that time were: "We are now all close together and make snug bedfellows; if we undertake to stretch the blanket so as to cover these outsiders, we shall be apt to pull it off and expose ourselves."

The Czar's "hair-rubbing" quality was always one of his marked characteristics. His mind was so acute that he detected weak spots in his adversary's armor and he could not resist yielding to his overmastering inclination to rub people the wrong way rather than to cajole them. The two strongest men at the Portland bar when Reed was in practice there were W. L. Putnam and A. A. Strout. The latter was an artful man. His chief strength lay in his knack of putting himself in pleasant relations with the jury. Before beginning the trial of a suit, it was his habit to bid a pleasant good morning to each of the jurors and say a word to them that would impress them with the idea that he was deeply interested in their personal welfare. Reed being the exact opposite of Strout in his habits and thoughts, it was perhaps but natural that they should be continuously employed on opposite sides of the case, and that rivalry should spring up between

them, although they were personally very good friends. It was very annoying indeed for the oily Strout to hear Reed drawl out before the opening of a case: "Well, your Honor, Brother Strout having finished his morning task of shaking hands with the jury, we may, I hope, with his permission, proceed with the business of the court."

On one occasion a very important suit was being tried, in which lawyers Reed and Strout were engaged on opposite sides. It was the case of *Parker vs. the Portland Publishing Company*, and the plaintiff was suing for damages, having met with an accident in the company's building, for which he held the defendant responsible. The case attracted much interest, and while it was pending the sessions of the court were largely attended. Strout represented the plaintiff and obtained a verdict. It was quite a victory, and as he left the courtroom he smiled rather patronizingly upon Reed. In passing out of the bar, Strout, in his soothing way, ran his hand over the head of the court reporter and smoothed down the hair that had been ruffled by his efforts to keep pace with the rapid tongue of Reed. When Strout sat down, his legal rival walked coolly over and rubbed the reporter's hair back into its original position with a contemptuous smile that greatly amused the spectators. As one of the lawyers who witnessed the episode at the time said, "That act exemplifies in the fullest degree Reed's character. He always rubs his antagonist or his antagonist's friends the wrong way."

Mr. Reed never could be made to see the serious-

ness of the situation that ended in the Spanish-American War. His attitude toward the Cubans and the popular cry "Cuba libre" was almost disdainfully in opposition to the war policy of President McKinley and his friends, and it was the sense of disgust aroused in him by the course of events in that day which influenced Mr. Reed to his decision to retire from public life. He was never convinced that the *Maine* was not blown up in the harbor of Havana by the carelessness of its own officers who, he insisted, were playing poker at the time, and he would not consent to hold Spain or the Cubans accountable. One day after the war was over and when he was in his most sarcastic mood in regard to the motives and results of it, a woman in the gallery, a daughter of Charles A. Dana, expressed a desire to meet Mr. Reed. Not knowing the full extent of his bitterness on the subject she proceeded to express plainly to the Speaker her sentiments which were accentuated by the special devotion of her distinguished father to the cause of the Cuban people and the fact that her son had served in the war to make them free. As I was escorting her from the room, after a desultory general chat, the Speaker called me back and said *sotto voce*, "The next time you ask me to receive a lady, please be good enough to post me in advance as to her antecedents and her patriotic sentiments."

Regarding the general question of the relations between the United States and Cuba, Mr. Reed was in a frame of mind somewhat akin to that of Senator Spooner of Wisconsin who also a few years

later gave up his seat in Congress to go to New York to practice law and "make a living." Mr. Spooner was a member of the special Senate committee which went down to Cuba and investigated the post-war situation there. The chairman of the committee was the late Senator Orville H. Platt of Connecticut, author of the so-called Platt Amendment, under which the United States now holds the power of interfering in and dominating the political affairs of Cuba when it sees fit. Mr. Platt was one day explaining to a group of us newspaper correspondents in the Marble Room the scope of his proposed amendment and his views with regard to the future treatment of Cuba, when Spooner passed through the room. Calling him back, Mr. Platt asked him for an indorsement of the statement he had made to the newspaper correspondents, but the Wisconsin Senator seemed reluctant to give it. The Connecticut Senator, always a serious-minded man, was especially serious that day, and pleaded and argued with Mr. Spooner, a man about one half his height. He stood looking down upon the Senator from Wisconsin with moist, almost tearful, eyes, and Spooner finally blurted out in his honest-minded way:

"Look here, Platt, I love and admire the Cuban people just as you do, but you go too far. I'm willing to pass laws to put them on a proper status as regards their independence of Spain; I sympathize in the oppression they have suffered but I'm d—d if I'm not a little tired of having them take advantage of our friendship to such an extent that

they go strutting about with feathers stuck in their hats calling themselves Uncle Sam and singing 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"Oh, Spooner," said the solemn Senator from Connecticut, "you are incorrigible."

Thomas B. Reed, had he lived, would probably have forced himself to the front as a lawyer, because he was a good one. Spooner's practice prospered and when he died he had the cream of the legal business at his bestowal. He succeeded to much that had belonged to Elihu Root who had then gone through the process of retirement from active practice, and much of this business went later to Charles E. Hughes who gave it all up to become Harding's Secretary of State. When Spooner first came to the Senate he often said that he did not want a fortune and that to make one and leave it to his sons would be a bad thing for them. He had everything he wanted in life he said — his income at that time was about ten thousand dollars a year — but later his viewpoint changed and when he went to New York it was, as he announced, for the purpose of making money to support his family. He was doing so at a rapid rate when he died.

Mr. Reed had other peculiarities, if the kinks in his disposition might be so called. He disliked isolation for instance. Seated on the porch of the beautiful home of the late Senator Aldrich on Narragansett Bay, at the time Aldrich's daughter married John D. Rockefeller Jr., Mr. Reed said that while it was all very beautiful, it was not inspiring to him and he preferred to live where his

fellow beings were so close together it was necessary for one to elbow his way through them. So when he went to New York to live he took an apartment on Fifty-Ninth Street and it was his habit to walk down Fifth Avenue in the morning and up Sixth Avenue in the evening so he could gratify his desire to jostle and be jostled by his fellow beings. Silk hats and patent leather shoes were distasteful objects to Mr. Reed but at the time of the Aldrich-Rockefeller wedding he wore both. After the ceremony he took off the hat and the shoes and he said to me, "I bought them two years ago in Austria to wear at an official function where I would not have been allowed to appear without them. God willing, I shall never put them on again."

The first fee that Mr. Reed received for legal work, after resigning from Congress to become a lawyer in New York, came in payment for an opinion given to the Department of Justice at the request of then Attorney-General Mr. Knox. As Mr. Reed told the story, he was in much uncertainty of mind after performing the service as to the proper amount to be charged for it. Finally he came to the conclusion that he ought not to sell himself too cheaply if he were going to compete with the great legal minds of New York who had long experience in collecting fees, and so with some fear and trepidation he wrote Mr. Knox and suggested a fee that he thought was rather stiff and which as soon as he had mailed the letter he was convinced was too high. He received promptly a note from the Attorney-General in which he complimented Mr. Reed on

his more than creditable work and enclosed a check for twice the amount suggested, stating that he was sorry that under the limited appropriation at his disposal he could not compensate him in a manner commensurate with the value of the services rendered. That taught Mr. Reed his second lesson in regard to charging for his services.

The first lesson Mr. Reed learned several years earlier when he awoke one day to the realization of the fact that while he was giving out interviews and writing articles for the newspapers and periodicals free of charge, some of his contemporaries in private life, including his most intimate friends, were getting generous checks for their contributions. He thereupon sent for a newspaper friend, posted himself about the mechanism of the publishing business and thereafter made it a point to gather to himself a little of the usufruct, saying as he did so that he had come to the conclusion that he had been an angel long enough.

The peculiar quality of Mr. Reed's wit and humor is well illustrated by two authentic anecdotes. At the time of the Spanish-American War when Secretary of War Russell A. Alger was accused of feeding embalmed beef to the soldiers in Cuba (although at the very time he was supplying them with champagne and other luxuries paid for out of his own pocket) and a committee of Congress was investigating the subject, Mr. Reed was walking down the main aisle of the House of Representatives one day when he passed the desk of Representative Lacey of Iowa, whose personal resemblance to the Secre-

tary of War was so pronounced as to be the cause of general comment. After Mr. Reed had gone by the Iowan's desk he turned and came back to him and putting his hand on his head he said, "Lacey, you look so much like Alger you ought to be impeached."

An important newspaper once ordered its representatives in Washington to call upon every important Senator and Representative and official of the government and ask him the question what he regarded as the most important problem that he had on his mind at the moment. "Dodging bicycles," promptly replied Speaker Reed when the question was put to him, and gave it no further consideration.

Another story that has been doing duty for many years has Mr. Reed as the central figure in it, although it is one that may have been told of Abraham Lincoln or possibly public men prior to his time — not George Washington, however, for he is known to have had no sense of humor. As it originally appeared in Washington, possibly as a revival of the tale of ancient days, Mr. Reed, Joseph H. Choate, just before he was appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James, and Senator Edward Oliver Wolcott of Colorado were chatting in a smoking room after a dinner party one night when Choate said that he never had played cards, drunk whisky, or chewed tobacco.

"Lord," said Wolcott, "I wish I could say that."

"Why don't you say it," snapped Reed. "Choate does."



THOMAS B. REED

Whether or not Reed was the originator of this much quoted *bon mot* it is characteristic of him.

There was another "Tom" who became prominent in both Houses of Congress and who served in the Senate while Reed was a conspicuous figure in the House of Representatives. This was "Tom" Platt of New York, Thomas Collier Platt, as he was more formally called. He left the House of Representatives after a four years' membership when Reed entered it, but he came to the Senate in 1881, when Reed was serving his apprenticeship in the House.

Platt remained a Senator only two months at that time, when he resigned with his colleague, Roscoe Conkling, because of the disagreement with President Garfield over federal appointments in New York, but he came back to the Senate in 1897, three years before Reed retired from the House. "Tom" Reed and "Tom" Platt were therefore rarely brought into contact in their services in Congress. The New York man was a kind of machine politician that Reed had little use for and with whom he could never trot in harness. Oil and water will not mix, and while "Tom" Platt was a very bright man in his way, and mentally alert, he was slow in articulation. He could write bright things but he could not say them quickly enough to have effect and he could never have stood up against the rush of Tom Reed's quick tongue. So that it is just as well, perhaps, that they were kept apart in their political and legislative activities.

Mr. Platt had a queer sense of humor, too, but he was more of a schemer than Reed and did not

have a habit of doing things in the open. Platt was an honest man in politics, so far as the testimony goes of those with whom he was associated. He was a business man of ability and made money in his business but he played politics for the fun of it. He was the kind of man who always keeps a promise, and while he was reputed to be very shrewd at the game, he was never successfully accused of double dealing. Platt never could understand very clearly why the public made fun of him when he married at seventy years of age and when he was in such physical condition that a breath of wind would blow him away. He thought that it was nobody's business but his own and was astonished at the outbreak of newspaper comment caused by this little domestic incident. For ten years or more before he died he suffered from some disease, the nature of which was not publicly known. He was wasted to the skeleton point and as he could not raise his feet from the floor in walking he was accompanied always by an attendant. He ate little or nothing and went to bed at sunset. He lived habitually in hermetically sealed rooms, believing that it was necessary in order to keep him alive that he should be nurtured like a hothouse plant with no breath of air to blow upon him.

Platt was generally represented to the public as a grim, sour, cynical politician of the undesirable type, but the truth is that he was a gentlemanly, modest, and personally attractive man. He was not in the habit of using violent language, was polite and courteous although occasionally unnecessarily

abrupt, especially with those who bored him, and his singular sense of humor was always brought into play when chatting with his personal friends. For many years he was a target of opposition newspapers but all the reporters with whom he was brought into contact — critics as well as eulogists — regarded him as a personal friend and he treated them all alike.

An illustration of Mr. Platt's humorous side was given one night many years ago when he had as his guests at a dinner at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, where he usually spent his summers, a large number of newspaper men of New York and Washington, many of whom had been assailing him in the political campaign just then closed. Some of the men present had used the old man rather roughly under orders from their managing editors but before the dinner was over Mr. Platt got even. When the time for the speech-making began, the Senator reached under the table and before any of his fellow diners were aware of his intentions, he was aiming two horse pistols at his guests. Then calling them out one by one, with the pistols aimed at their heads, he made them apologize for all the mean things they had ever said about him. Some of the boys weakened and attempted to jump the game, but the Senator would not have it and each one was made to take his medicine.

For many years the Senator lived in the winter months at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, and it was his habit, especially on Sunday nights, to sit in the corridor and talk to the newspaper men and the

politicians and to lay out political plans. From these gatherings sprung the Amen Corner Club. The club passed out of active existence with the demolition of the old hotel to make room for a new business edifice that stands on the site.

Contemporaneous with Reed, Platt, Conger, Ingalls, Sherman, and the many other prominent men of that stamp in one or other of the Houses of Congress, was George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts, who first came to Congress as a member of the House of Representatives in 1869, to remain there until 1887. He was a graduate of Harvard, a delegate to the Republican national conventions for many years, one of the managers of the Belknap impeachment trial in 1876, and of the Electoral Commission in the same year, and a most distinguished lawyer, student, historian, orator, and statesman. He came of a family of statesmen and his brother, his son, and his nephew have served in the lower House of Congress with honor and distinction. To the general public Mr. Hoar was known as a crabbed, absent-minded, crusty gentleman. He was absent-minded, it is true, and it is also true he was crabbed at times, but his personal friends and associates found him always a most agreeable companion in the Senate as in the House. He was a power in debate for many years and was the chairman of the Committee on Judiciary and is the author of what has come to be popularly known as the Sherman Anti-trust Act, because Senator Sherman reported it from the committee of which he, too, was a member. Mr. Hoar was very snappy

in debate, and his colleagues who were not so quick mentally as he, or so widely read, or so full of knowledge, were afraid to cross swords with him. When he spoke he did so in the high-pitched voice that made the auditors think that he was half crying. When talking he jingled a bunch of keys in his hands, and his ready wit was proverbial. When Hoar came to the Senate he found there John P. Jones of Nevada, who served for more than thirty years, and who dropped his miner's pick and shovel to do so. Jones became a gold man and a multimillionaire, and died poor, after having become an advocate of free silver. He made a speech on the money question that continued two or three days. In the course of it he described the various mediums of exchange that had been called money since the dawn of history. He spoke of one people who had used oyster shells as money. Instantly Mr. Hoar arose, and, begging pardon for the interruption, suggested that this was a very good substitute for gold and silver coin and greenbacks, because with oyster shells as money, a man could order half a dozen oysters on the half shell and pay for them with the shells.

Senator Hoar was not an admirer of General Benjamin F. Butler, and when the latter died and Mr. Hoar was asked to be one of the honorary pallbearers, he replied that he would do so with very great pleasure.

Senator Hoar's peculiar manners in dealing with people, generally, were sometimes classed as clear absent-mindedness, sometimes snobbery, and often

just plain ill-nature. It was difficult for the public to diagnose his symptoms. He was the guest one night at a dinner given to the late George W. Smalley, just then ending his long and noted career as correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, by an acquaintance of the Senator, who was an intimate friend of the guest of honor. The next day Senator Hoar and his host met in the Senate elevator, and the Senator did not even nod, but looked into the man's eyes as if he had never seen him before.

Although known as a stalwart Republican, Mr. Hoar had a habit of going off on independent lines without consulting his party associates, and saying and doing things that caused them great embarrassment. At one time while a Senator he set a great many of his colleagues buzzing about his ears, when he wrote and published his memoirs, in the course of which he commented freely and in a way not altogether complimentary on some of the men who were then serving in the Senate. Mr. Allison of Iowa was for many years "the father of the Senate", and his friends were naturally a little piqued when they read this comment on the man who was generally regarded as the finest type of a Senator:

"I have never seen indications that he (Mr. Allison) was interested in anything or has any special accomplishment, except what is necessary in the line of his duty. I do not know that he has any interest in history, or literature, or science, or music. What he does in his time of recreation — if he ever has any time for recreation — I cannot say. He never seems to take any active interest in

any of the questions which determine the party or which relate to its finances. I use the word finances in its larger sense, including means for raising revenue, maintaining a sound currency as well as public expenditures. He is like a naval engineer regulating the head of steam but seldom showing himself on deck. I think he has had a good deal of influence in some previous time in deciding whether the ship should keep safely on or run on a rock and go to pieces."

Undoubtedly Mr. Hoar thought he was paying a compliment to Senator Allison, and perhaps he was, but Allison and his friends did not take it that way. He was a poor man, and lived during nearly all of his congressional life in an ordinary boarding house. A few years before his death, however, he had a modest house of his own, and there he was happy with the companionship of his books and chosen friends, and did not seem to care for any of the frills of modern life. Singularly enough, what he liked above all things was to travel on the cars. On his way to Boston he would frequently stop off in New York and buy books and articles of clothing and things of that kind, many of which he did not need and could not afford to buy, and some of which would later be returned by his wife.

Mr. Hoar had a high opinion of the Senate, and at one time wrote a eulogistic article on the Senate as a body for publication in the *Youth's Companion*, which was afterwards printed by the Senate as a public document for the benefit of the public.

The Senator, whose knowledge of his subject was

complete, therein set forth a statement of the functions which the Senate was designated to perform by the makers of the constitution and pointed out how faithfully its mission had been and was being performed. Twenty years later Senator "Ben" Tillman of South Carolina, a Southern "Rebel" of the most radical type, a man who often startled the country by his surprising and brutal attacks upon legislators, jurists, and administrative officials, the malignant foe of all sham and corruption, made his bow to the public in the rôle of a knight of the pen, defending the Senate from malicious and hysterical attacks of those who would have the world believe that it is a corrupt, inefficient body whose membership is made up of men who were dishonest and incompetent.

Mr. Hoar did not think that Senators were greater or more to be looked up to than any other class of American citizens. He thought they were just as good, just as honest, and just as patriotic, and not more so. Riding with a friend to Boston one day on one of those impromptu little trips, in the course of which he would nose around the bookstores and the haberdashers, he fell to talking about the Senate and its personnel. As the train drew into New Haven, where the station was as usual bustling with busy men going to and from the trains, pursuing their customary avocations, he smiled, and, in a reflective sort of a way said:

"Now look at those men out there. They are the prevailing American type. Study them individually and you will notice how generally alike they are

and all apparently of about the same standard of physical strength and, as far as we can judge by their countenances, of intellectuality. Now, you know, a Senator is regarded as in a way a man apart and above the ordinary run of citizens, but I honestly believe that taking us as a body we would not rank higher than the average of those fellow citizens of ours out there. Those men are looking out for their own private business interests and we for the interests of the public. We keep our ears closer to the ground and are more *au fait*, perhaps, than they, but I think they would average up even with the members of the United States Senate."

CHAPTER VIII

THREE FAMOUS SENATORS FROM RHODE ISLAND

TWO years prior to the ill-fated administration of James A. Garfield, and while he was still a member of the House of Representatives, there appeared in the membership of that body a man who was destined to loom very large in the public eye for the next thirty-five or forty years; to be chosen, indeed, the leader of the United States Senate and to be known popularly and from a political viewpoint as its manager.

This was Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich of Rhode Island. It was an over-enthusiastic Republican politician in Providence, presiding at a meeting of the party organization, who referred to him as "the manager of the United States", but his words struck a responsive chord because through his leadership in the Senate at that precise juncture of public affairs Mr. Aldrich, perhaps, came nearer filling that rôle than even the President of the United States himself. At a Gridiron Club dinner one night the declaration was made by one of the many joke-smiths there assembled that Mr. Aldrich cared not who had the title of manager of the United States so long as he made its laws, and that described the Senator to a nicety. He was a man who cared little for publicity or show and sought only results. Personal popularity was something he did not crave or seek, and

in all of his work as a legislator and in his private career as a business man he dealt always and only with essentials. He placed small value, or none at all, on the usual trappings that go with high office.

As a member of the House of Representatives Mr. Aldrich attracted no attention and he remained there but a short time. He was elected a member of the Forty-Seventh Congress; resigned when elected to the Senate to fill a vacancy caused by the death of General Ambrose E. Burnside, and served continuously in that body from October 5, 1881, until March 3, 1911, a little less than thirty years. It has been said by contemporaries of the Rhode Island Senator that he had more concrete and natural ability than any man who has appeared in Congress in half a century. He was not an orator, but he accomplished important work far beyond that of many whose talents ran more to speech-making than to a mastering of facts and the actual framing of constructive legislation. Although his self-written "biographies" do not mention the fact, Senator Aldrich was a Union soldier; he was a graduate also of a small college and entered into business in a small way in Providence after graduation. In 1869 he began his political career as a member of the city council of Providence. In due course he then became president of the council, general assemblyman and Speaker of the House of Representatives, Representative in Congress, and a United States Senator. In the Senate his leadership consisted largely in the fact that in addition to his natural ability as a legislator and a party manager

he was chairman of the committees on Rules and Finance, the two dominating committees of the body, and just before his resignation in 1911, because of ill health, chairman of the National Monetary Commission and the author of the legislation leading to the creation of the National Reserve Association.

It was in 1910 that Mr. Aldrich made a speech in the Senate on the subject of the creation of a government business method commission wherein he made this statement:

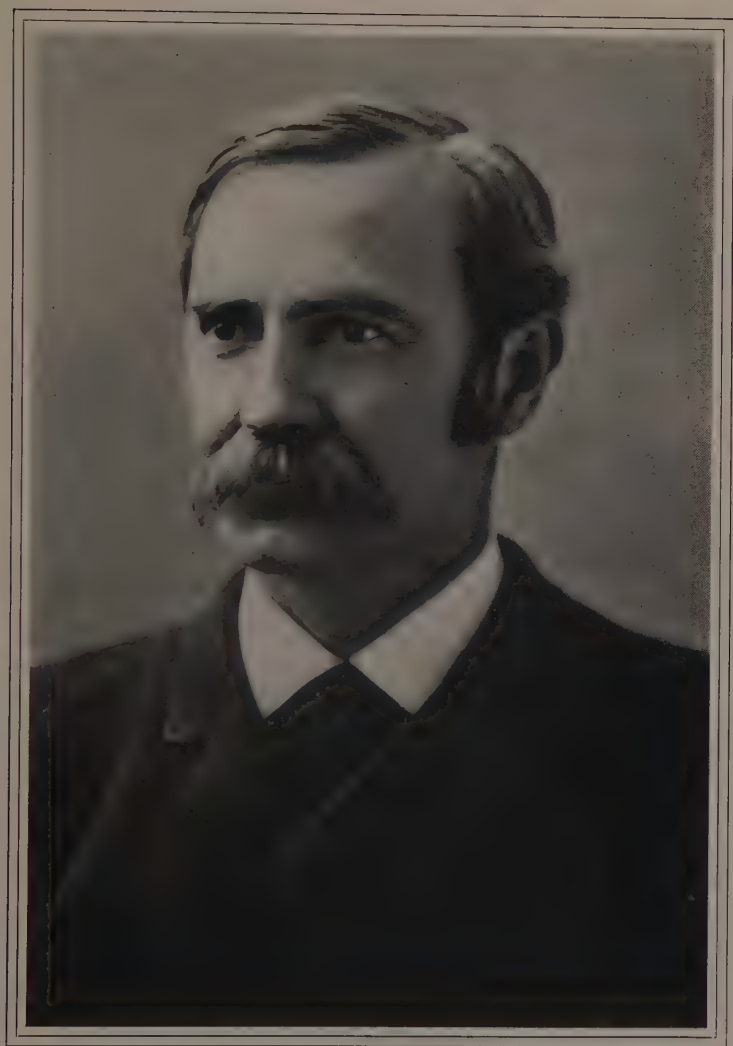
“If I were a business man, and would be permitted to do it, I would undertake to run the government for three hundred million dollars a year less than it is now run for.”

In view of the size of the figures that drop from the tongues of our governmental financiers to-day that statement appears trivial. It seems to be in line with the previous famous statement of Speaker Reed in defending the appropriation at one session of a Republican Congress of a billion dollars for the annual budget. Reed said, “Well, you know this is a billion dollar country.” To-day we speak lightly of a billion, but thirteen years ago, Senator Aldrich was thought to be going a little strong in suggesting that governmental expenditures might be cut down three hundred million dollars a year and no harm done to anybody. If he were living to-day he might be tempted to add a cipher to his figures without creating consternation or alarm. The budget system of the government now in operation, by which it is hoped to save great sums of money by stopping foolish wastes, extravagance

and duplication of expenditures, is merely the consummation of the plan first proposed by Senator Aldrich, Senator Hale, and their associates of ten and fifteen years ago. They attempted to create a dominating committee on expenditures, the membership to be made up of the chairmen of the various committees having to do with the raising and spending of revenue, but this fell through because of jealousy as to which of them was to be the great central figure of the new régime. When the budget did come at last it was Charles G. Dawes, a former comptroller of the currency under Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, and forgotten by the public men of Washington until he came to the front again as an outstanding figure of the great war, who received the bulk of the credit for doing what Aldrich and Hale and the other Senators of their day originated.

Between the time when he left the little academy at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, and began his career as a grocery clerk in Providence, and his resignation from the United States Senate in 1911, Senator Aldrich became a very rich man, and this fact naturally laid him open to suspicion and criticism. It is the consensus of opinion among those who really knew the Rhode Island Senator that he would have achieved wealth whatever his connections in public life may have been. His God-given ability took him to the front in every enterprise in which he engaged, and he used the same methods in the conduct of his wholesale grocery business in Providence that he did in formulating tariff schedules

in the Senate and in furthering financial enterprises outside of it. Early in his term in the Senate Mr. Aldrich organized a company to buy the old union horse-car service in Providence and for three years he made an intense study of the practical side of electricity as applied to the operation of tramways. The result was the Providence electric system which was afterwards sold to the New Haven Railroad for twenty-one million dollars. In the latter years of his service in the Senate Mr. Aldrich made a similar study of the practical problem of producing crude rubber from fiber plants and organized a company for the raising of this product on an extensive scale in Mexico. That company is still in existence. Twenty years ago, when the big fight was on in the Senate over the Rate Bill, designed to force the railroads into compliance with the demands of the unions and of those who brought about the interstate conditions of railroad operation as they now exist, Senator Aldrich was charged with having yielded to the influence of great corporations such as the Standard Oil Company, with which he was popularly supposed to be in close connection, because of the fact that his daughter had a few years before married John D. Rockefeller, Jr. At that time Mr. Aldrich made the statement that up-to-date he had spoken to John D. Rockefeller, then the controlling force in the Standard Oil and allied companies, but twice, once on the occasion of the wedding, and once later in the course of a social call when others were present and when the subject was of the most general character. He added that he



NELSON W. ALDRICH

never knew at any time during the Rate Bill fight or the framing of tariff bills what the Standard Oil wanted or what it did not want, and that so far as it affected his action on the pending legislation he did not care.

When he had tasks to do Senator Aldrich was a prodigious worker. Being most abstemious as regards drink, and having never used tobacco, he could stand long hours of labor, and in the days when he had charge of tariff bills and important legislation of that kind in the Senate he could work, and did often work, half the night without showing ill effects. He was a man of easy-going temperament and regarded speech-making of the ordinary kind as just the blowing off of so much froth. In those hectic days in the Senate in 1909, when Dolliver and La Follette and the other giants of debate attacked him and endeavored to break down his tariff wall, and when they would assail him personally and raise the Senate to a high pitch of excitement, the Senator oftentimes would be quietly taking a nap in the Finance Committee room, having left word not to be disturbed unless a vote should be taken. The anti-Republican newspapers of the country used to attack Aldrich fiercely and one of them, in referring to his great wealth, which when he died turned out to be not so great after all, seven or eight million dollars possibly, was especially persistent in demanding to know "Where did you get it?" The Senator never bothered about this and similar questions but an answer was given for him once that seemed adequate for the moment.

In July, 1904, there was a clambake dinner at the beautiful Squantum Club on Narragansett Bay when I, a Washington newspaper correspondent, about to take up my residence in Providence as the editor of the *Providence Journal*, was the guest of honor and the other guests were my fellow members of the Gridiron Club, a few personal friends from Washington and elsewhere, and prominent representatives of every class of people in the city of Providence and the State of Rhode Island. The political, financial, religious, social, and various other worlds were fairly represented on that, to me, memorable day. The climax to the flow of wit and humor that went about the tables was reached when a Washington correspondent, Samuel G. Blythe, eulogizing the guest of honor, said of Senator Aldrich, who sat next to the governor of the State — a Democrat and anti-Aldrich man and advocate of the single tax:

“And it was from him (the guest of honor who had been many years before the Senator’s secretary) that the Senator learned those principles of economy and thrift which have enabled him on the meager salary of five thousand dollars a year to build the beautiful estate which we have visited this morning.”

That speech hit the bull’s-eye and is still quoted to-day when Rhode Island men fall to talking about the personality of the most prominent man their State has produced.

Tariff bills, like all others raising revenue, must — under the Constitution — originate in the House of Representatives, but it is generally the substitute prepared by the Senate Committee on Finance as

an amendment to the House bill which becomes a law. For twenty-five years or more Senator Aldrich was the chairman of the sub-committee of the Finance Committee that prepared that substitute, whether the chairman happened to be John Sherman or Justin S. Morrill, Republicans, or Daniel W. Voorhees, Democrat, or Mr. Aldrich himself. That is why Aldrich became the target for the shots of those who sought to destroy the protection principles, because he was a protectionist — pure and simple.

Later, while leader in the Senate, Mr. Aldrich was, like "Tom" Platt of New York, an "Easy Boss"; that is, he did not seem to be a boss at all. Whenever anything was to be done he consulted his colleagues and seemed always to be going their way instead of forcing his own, but when the policy of a plan was agreed upon it was carried through. The whip was not cracked loudly but it was cracked, and behind the pleasant smile of the easy boss there was a backbone of steel which never bent — that is, unless the opposition was too strong, and then a compromise would be arranged. The Rhode Island Senator was a handsome man, very engaging in manners, not a demagogue, and he was popular with all who came under the spell of his attractive personality. In dealing with newspaper men he made no distinction between his eulogists and critics.

If alive to-day he would probably be powerless to combat the march of legislative reform, and the pressure for the enactment of laws in behalf of the masses of the people and the various factions

into which they are divided. It was his firm belief that the people did not know what they wanted in a legislative way and that, moreover, they did not know what was good for them. He used to regard as so much trash the stacks of mail that would come to him when he was preparing a tariff or financial bill from those who had ideas on the subject which they thought wise and practical and which to him seemed so utterly worthless that he was not justified in giving the slightest attention to them. Mr. Aldrich did not reply to this class of letters. He would read them and pile them up on his desk until the stack would topple over, and then he would order them all thrown into the fire. His secretaries would first take the precaution, however, to separate from the daily grist letters from his constituents in Rhode Island, asking for this, that, and the other thing really essential to their welfare, or recommending practical legislation or executive action. These letters would be promptly attended to.

As indicating how little the average business citizen of the United States knows or cares about the personality of their representatives in Washington, Senator Aldrich, when at the height of his power as Republican leader in the Senate, used to tell of his meeting in a Pullman car on the train one day between Providence and New York, a well-to-do and influential business man of Providence with whom he used to go to school.

"Do you have to go to New York much these days, Nelson?" said the man. "I see you occasionally on the train."

"Oh, yes," said the Senator, "I go back and forth between Providence and Washington a good deal."

"Does your business take you often to Washington?" said the friend.

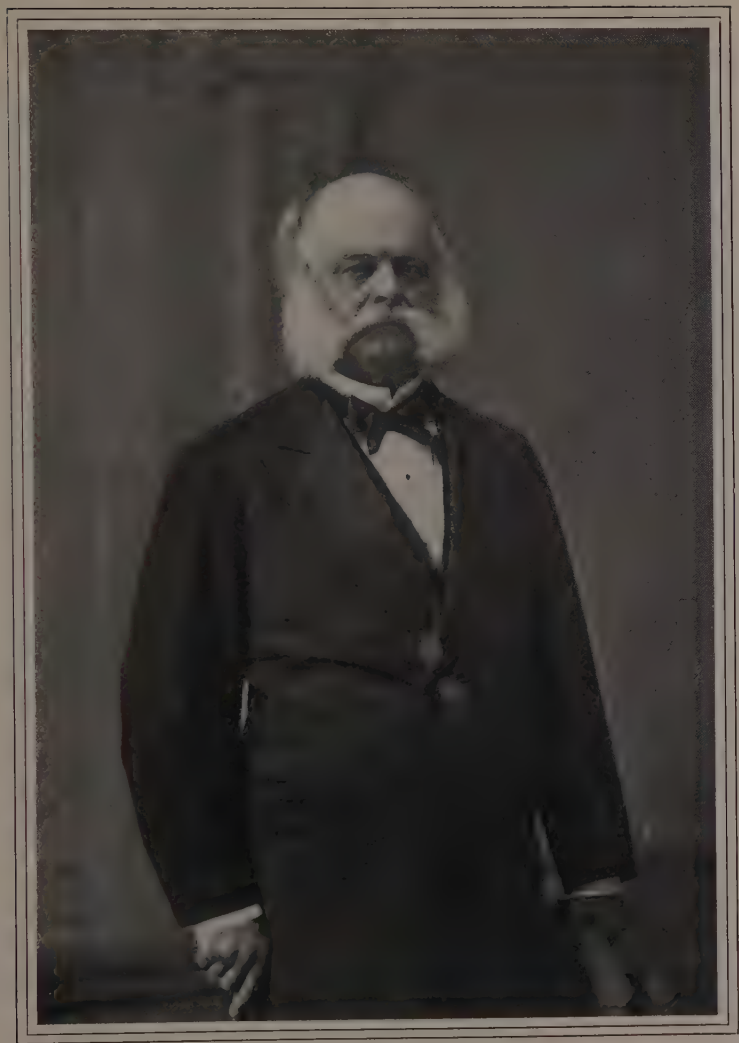
"Yes," said the Senator hesitatingly; "You know I am in the Senate."

"Oh, that's so," said the matter-of-fact New Englander. "I forgot you are still there."

Senator Aldrich came to the United States Senate as the successor of one of the most picturesque men who ever sat in that body. This was General Ambrose E. Burnside, who because of his brilliant although occasionally criticized reputation as a great commander in the Civil War, his exceptional social qualities, and his wide personal acquaintance with distinguished people in Europe and elsewhere, resulting largely from his mission to France as an official military observer of the Franco-Prussian War, was an especially popular figure in American life. General Burnside was noted also for his pulchritude and his good taste in dressing. He was modish in the extreme, and, in a way, a walking fashion plate, whose picture was carried on the advertising cards of the tailors of the world. His style of wearing his whiskers was so popular that this peculiar cut was known as "Burnsides" and continued to be in style down to about the time of his death, in 1881.

General Burnside, while he was in the Senate, was a widower and had a modest little house at Bristol, Rhode Island, on Narragansett Bay, where he entertained some of the most noted men and women of the country. His colleague in the Senate

for the many years of his service there was also a man of the most striking and charming personality, Henry B. Anthony, the editor at that time of the *Providence Journal*, then a stalwart Republican organ, now, like many other party organs of that day, independent in its policies. Senator Anthony was a singularly handsome man of florid complexion, blue eyes, snow-white hair, stalwart figure, musical voice, and most engaging personal manners. He and Mr. Burnside sometimes kept house together at the Capital, and sometimes they had separate establishments, but always both were noted for the exquisite dinners they served and the especially distinguished and select character of the guests. These famous hosts were connoisseurs, real authorities in the matter of good cooking, good wines, good manners, and correct hospitality. Warm personal friends, they were naturally the center of attraction at the social gatherings of an exclusive character in Washington, although neither appeared often in so-called "society." In the days when they were Senators, it was customary for the Congressmen to stroll home in the afternoon along Pennsylvania Avenue, a custom which is now observed entirely in the breach. Social customs have changed radically in Washington, and afternoon promenades would be impossible now for the reason that Congress, when in session in recent years, sits late and the Senators and Representatives barely have time to get home to dinner even in flying automobiles. But in the days of Burnside and Anthony there was time for the amenities of life, and men of their class did not scruple to



GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE

drop in at Hancock's, now no more, on the way uptown, as Clay and Webster and statesmen of a by-gone day were wont to do. The Rhode Island Senators arm-in-arm promenading up the avenue, Burnside in his long-skirted, tightly buttoned coat, his bell-shaped silk hat, his Burnside's, his spats and his nobby cane, and Anthony, his white locks protruding from beneath the soft slouch hat that he habitually wore, his snow-white whiskers, his loose-fitting but well-made clothes, and his genial smile made a striking picture, the like of which is not seen nowadays on the streets of Washington.

Senator Anthony was a hard-working man, and among his other accomplishments was that of a gift for delivering eulogies on departing Senators. He was filled with poetry and imagination and expressed himself in polished English. His general style was so extremely popular that he was in constant demand on the occasion of memorial exercises, and that style is indicated by this closing paragraph of his eulogy of Henry Wilson, delivered in the Senate January 21, 1876:

"It was proper that from yonder Chamber, to which the suffrages of his fellow-citizens had carried him, he was borne to his final place of rest. He entered that town, for the first time, a friendless lad, all his possessions carried in a bundle which swung lightly in his hand. He entered it, for the last time, accompanied by the pageantry of a nation's woe, with muffled drums, and arms reversed, and banners draped in black; from a thousand heights the flag of his country drooped at half-

mast; from fort and arsenal and dock-yard the booming of a single gun, at solemn intervals, announced the progress of the sad procession. Tender and loving hands received him; friends and neighbors, who loved him because he was good, even more than they admired him because he was great, stood tearfully around his open grave. The bleak winds of a New England winter came down from his native hills, and moaned his requiem through the leafless trees. And there, with swelling hearts, but with unfaltering trust in the eternal promises of God, they laid his manly and stalwart form to mingle with the dust of his kindred."

Truly a masterpiece of funereal oratory.

It has come to be an accepted fact by commentators on the political history of the United States that if David Davis of Illinois had not been elected to the United States Senate by the Independents and Democrats of that State in January, 1877, Samuel J. Tilden of New York, and not Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio, would have been President of the United States, and the course of events thereafter would have taken a different direction.

If Davis had not been elected a Senator to succeed General John A. Logan, he would have been a member of the Electoral Commission representing the Supreme Court of the United States, and he, instead of Justice Bradley of New Jersey, would have cast the deciding vote in the tribunal. That vote would have been in favor of Tilden's claims to the election, as Bradley's was in favor of Hayes. Judge Davis was physically the largest man who

ever sat in the United States Senate, and he was, moreover, one of the brainiest and most popular. He was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, who appointed him a justice of the Supreme Court in 1862, after he had served as judge of the eighth judicial circuit court of Illinois for fourteen years. Mr. Davis was a delegate to the Republican national convention at Chicago that nominated Lincoln and they were close personal and political friends to the day of Lincoln's death.

Judge Davis was president *pro tempore* of the Senate from 1881 to 1883, and was so great of girth that it was necessary to construct a special chair for him to sit in, as was done for William H. Taft when he was President, and for the late Boise Penrose when he was Senator. Mr. Penrose had special chairs made to order, some of which, having been cut down, are now in use in the general reception room in the Senate wing of the Capitol. He also had the seating arrangement of the large nine-passenger automobile, in which he was fond of touring, made unusually large, so as to ensure his comfort. The late Senator Knox, Mr. Penrose's colleague for several years, was, on the other hand, the smallest man, physically, in the Senate, and he had special seats arranged in his automobile to accommodate his short legs, and similar arrangements made for his desk and chair in the Senate chamber.

Judge Davis weighed more than three hundred pounds, and he was what might have been called a Lincoln Democrat. He died in 1886, three years after his term in the Senate expired.

CHAPTER IX

THE CLEVELAND EPOCH

GROVER CLEVELAND's inauguration as President of the United States, on March 4, 1885, marked an epoch in the political history of the United States. For the first time since the Civil War the Democrats assumed control of the Federal Government and the rejoicings thereat were very great. The triumph came after a long period of uncertainty and suspense due to the closeness of the contest in New York State between Cleveland and Blaine which was decided against the latter by a majority of less than fifteen hundred votes. The Democratic ululations culminated in an imposing inaugural parade, the largest in numbers up to that time, the conspicuous feature of which was the solid phalanx of Tammanyites who marched for hours past the White House stand, publicly and ostentatiously pledging their allegiance to the new leader of the Democratic party.

But Tammany and the other factions of the Democratic party, which were loyal only when there was something in it for them, had again reckoned without their host. It was a new kind of a man the Democrats had chosen as their President; a man of intellect, of courage, of conviction, and of unbending will who followed the light as he saw it and who kept in mind always the maxim, "Hew to

the line, let the chips fall where they may;" a Democrat who believed it to be his duty to execute the laws as he found them and to consult his conscience in performing every official act; a man who, when bills were passed by Congress and presented to him for his signature, took off his coat, hung it on the back of a chair and sat down to burn the midnight oil in reading the bills and personally setting forth his indorsement or his opposition thereto.

When Grover Cleveland came to Washington his only experience in politics had been as sheriff of Erie County, mayor of Buffalo, and governor of New York. Nationally he was unknown, unfamiliar with national affairs and personally unacquainted with men of national prominence. He was to an extent an unknown quantity. He had never been in Washington but once and had never seen the inside of the Capitol building. Self-contained, sturdy, and solid as he was, Cleveland might have been overwhelmed in the vortex of the political and social world of the national Capital had he not brought with him from Albany as mentor the man who had been his right hand there, Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, who knew human nature and the tricks of politicians even if he did not thoroughly understand the national business. Lamont guided Cleveland over the danger spots and in doing so made a name and a place for himself that might have continued him as a prominent national figure had he not voluntarily retired to private life in order to make money in the handling of great business

affairs — and having won it to pass away in the very prime of life.

The stories of Cleveland's political life when a bachelor in Buffalo and sheriff of Erie County, which had been surreptitiously dragged out in the presidential campaign, followed him to Washington but were promptly stamped out by the cleverness of "Dan" Lamont in handling the newspaper men and by the ruggedness of Cleveland's own character, which in itself condoned if it did not refute the incidents of his past life.

Washington and the country had scarcely had time to recover from the shock of Cleveland's election and to get a line on the general trend of his administration when he caused a new thrill by marrying the young and beautiful Frances Folsom, the daughter of his former law partner. The popular interest thus created was immense, and it was a serious problem how this beautiful and gifted young woman, personally the most popular who ever became the wife of a President, was to be received at the steamship wharf on her return to New York from European travel and escorted to Washington, where she was to be married in the White House, without an actual resultant stampede. Here again the astuteness of Lamont, who would have made a successful Scotland Yard detective, came into play. Quietly and almost secretly he went down New York Bay in a custom-house tug, brought Mrs. Folsom and her daughter ashore and whisked them off to Washington almost before the newspaper men knew what was going on. Then came the White

House wedding, forming a precedent of its own, and the slipping away of the happy married pair to Deer Park on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, again almost eluding the newspaper men, and a week's honeymoon in a modest little cottage there while all the world gossiped about the interesting event.

Then shortly after this episode and about the time that Mr. Cleveland wrote the unique letter to Henry W. Grady of Georgia in which he said that "life is one grand sweet song", the President smashed another precedent by leaving the White House and going into the suburbs to live. He purchased "Red Top", a comfortable, unpretentious gray stone house with a red shingle roof two or three miles north of the White House and drove out there every night. Innovations of this kind used to startle the country in those days, and so it was that on the Sunday morning after the President's purchase was announced, the roads leading to "Red Top" were so crowded with vehicles that traffic was blocked and the police reserves had to be called out to preserve order. There were no asphalt pavements at that time, nothing but fields and dirt roads. On one of the latter, on an old country estate known as "Grasslands", lived William C. Whitney, Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy, and the region soon became a Mecca for the curious. The real-estate operators were quick to see their advantage and opportunity. They bought up the property adjacent to "Red Top" and "Grasslands", subdivided it, had streets cut through, pavements laid and

trees planted and to-day it is difficult to find "Red Top" when a stranger wants it pointed out. When Mr. Cleveland sold the place he received more than he paid for it, but he never attempted to make what is called a real-estate deal and was in no way interested in the financial side of the project. Mr. Whitney did not buy "Grasslands" and it is to-day the home of the Country Club, a somewhat exclusive organization, the members of which include some of the most important people in the political, official, diplomatic, and social life of Washington.

The two terms of Grover Cleveland as President — the one continuing from 1885 to 1889 and the other from 1893 to 1897 — were marked by many momentous events, the most dramatic of which occurred during his second term. In his first four years he went along a bit guardedly, feeling his way, as it were, and the country was rather slow in learning the caliber of the man whom they had elected as President. His first four years were conspicuous for the exhibition of conscientiousness in the performance of his routine duties. Desiring to impress the country with the enormity of the injustice and the extravagance and waste involved in the policy of enacting special pension acts, the beneficiaries in many cases being undeserving veterans of the Civil War, the President wrote in his own handwriting the veto messages which compelled him to study personally the mass of evidence submitted as the basis for congressional action. While he succeeded in convincing the public that he was right, his devotion to this duty injured him

politically because it is — and probably will continue to be — the policy of Congressmen to obtain votes by catering to the soldier element. As for the public, they soon forget the lessons they have learned. But at least the President in this meritorious service had the commendation of his own conscience.

An incident of the earlier days of the first Cleveland administration was the appointment of General John C. Black to be Commissioner of Pensions. "Physical Wreck" Black he was sometimes called, because of the fact that he was receiving, by special act of Congress, the very kind of act that President Cleveland denounced, one hundred dollars a month pension, the highest payable under the law and to which only veterans who had by war service become actual physical wrecks, unable to wait upon themselves and requiring the constant assistance of a personal attendant, were eligible. Yet General Black made a popular and successful Commissioner of Pensions. Although he was able to sign his correspondence and to travel about on the street cars, to attend public meetings and to mingle freely with his fellow men without a bodily attendant, Cleveland stood up for him against hostile public criticism and General Black served out his term. Later he was elected to Congress from Illinois and United States District Attorney in that State and was later appointed United States Civil Service Commissioner by President Roosevelt. He may have been a physical wreck but he was not a mental one and his career subsequent to his appointment as Commis-

sioner of Pensions justified Cleveland's support of him.

One of President Cleveland's foremost supporters in Congress, when he was President, was his personal friend, Representative Charles Tracey of Alabama, a man of attractive personality who had served when a young man of twenty-one in the Papal Zouaves of Rome, who was appointed aid-de-camp to Governor Tilden of New York, made manager of the House of Refuge in that State by Cleveland when governor and reappointed by Governor Hill. It was the devotion to Cleveland and all his works of General Tracey and others like him that gave rise to the term "cuckoo" ascribed to those whose personal loyalty demanded no proof and who in their blind adherence to any policy the President might promulgate would ask no questions. In the House of Representatives one day General Tracey had reason to advocate some proposition emanating from the White House which had aroused a veritable storm of protest on the Republican side of the chamber, sympathized in to some extent by that portion of the Democrats who were not very strong Cleveland men, when the notes of the cuckoo bird suddenly broke out in the House and echoed and reëchoed to the general astonishment and amusement. The perpetrator of the clever "wheeze" was John L. Wilson of Washington State, afterwards a Senator and publisher of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. Wilson's imitation was perfect and General Tracey, who was in fact a man of independent convictions, who wore no man's collar, happened to be the victim.

The strong man of Cleveland's first cabinet from a political standpoint was his Secretary of the Treasury, Daniel Manning, a second Daniel Lamont and perhaps cast in an even broader mold, who had been the President's personal friend and supporter at Albany, but who was as new to Washington and to public men and affairs of national character as Cleveland and Lamont themselves were. Manning was a wise and experienced politician, a man of ability, and a tremendous worker. He soon wore himself out and was succeeded by Charles S. Fairchild, a man of more distinction but of less force. His Secretary of State was Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware.

William C. Endicott of Boston, a typical representative of the blue-blood aristocracy of America, made a dignified but colorless Secretary of War at a time when the country was apparently at peace. William F. Vilas of Wisconsin, afterwards a Senator, was Postmaster-General. He resigned before the end of his term to be transferred to the Interior Department and Don M. Dickinson of Michigan, a peculiar product of the political upheaval in that State which for a few years departed from a political status given to it in the days when it was said that "a yellow dog could carry Michigan", succeeded him and rattled around in the place until the end of the term. Cleveland's first Secretary of the Interior, whom Mr. Vilas succeeded, was Senator Lamar of Mississippi who as an executive officer was a striking misfit notwithstanding his great ability as a Statesman. It was the unique privilege

of Mr. Lamar to hold two great offices after leaving the Senate, where he was entirely at home, neither of which did he ever fill with ease. President Cleveland appointed Lamar an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, although he had never tried a law case and knew about the law only what he had read in books. Lamar was inherently a student, an orator, and something of a philosopher. He was a brigadier general in the Confederacy and was at all times a eulogist of Jeff Davis. He was absent-minded, lacked executive ability and methodical industry; he was something of a dreamer, too, but was always rated as an able and honest man.

One of Mr. Lamar's hobbies, if the trait might be so called, was economy in public expenditure, and his devotion to this trait led him while Secretary of the Interior to order the official carriage maintained for the use of his office sold and the money turned into the Treasury. Then he rode in the street cars or walked to the Cabinet meetings and wherever his official duties and personal engagements called him. It is understood to be a fact, however, that after those self-sacrificing acts had been forgotten and while the Secretary's back was turned one day, some of the subordinate officials of the department repurchased the horses and carriages (all public functionaries in Washington from top to bottom now ride in government automobiles) which they used for their own pleasure while the Secretary continued to walk or to patronize what Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister to Washington at that time, used to call the "tramways." In Cleve-

land's second term, when Hoke Smith of Georgia was Secretary of the Interior, he habitually rode to the departments and about town on a big bay horse known to the public through the editorial columns of the *New York Sun* as "Possum Fat." In later years, after Mr. Smith became a Senator from Georgia only to be defeated for reëlection by the late Thomas E. Watson, he had grown so big physically that no horse could carry him and, besides, "Possum Fat" was dead.

Malignant gossip about Cleveland's personal habits and his treatment of his family and personal friends was more persistent possibly in the earlier days of his first term than that which hounded General Grant when he was President, and which among other dastardly attacks sought to make it appear that some of the members of Grant's Cabinet and his personal staff and friends outside formed a ring that took advantage of the President's lack of attention to details to work their own political gains and line their own pockets.

It was said of Cleveland and said positively and specifically, for instance, that on one occasion he struck his wife, that he drank to excess, that his first-born child was deaf and dumb, and that those of his old associates who held office under him did so — with his knowledge — for personal gain. These stories were repeated in such detail that they were current in general society in Washington and crept sometimes into the newspapers. Senators and Representatives, too, who had no means of learning the truth for themselves actually believed the rumors

and aided in keeping them in circulation. As time went on, the rectitude of the President's private and public life was made so patent to the world at large that the ugly gossip died of its own weight, and when Cleveland retired at last to the shades of Princeton to enjoy the delights of private life, he did so with the good will and admiration of the entire American public. He demonstrated while he was President that he was a man possessed in the highest degree of the homely virtues. He had a rugged intellect and a steel backbone. It was these qualities that forced from William E. Chandler of New Hampshire, Republican partisan of partisans, who knew no greater joy than to give his agile brain and nimble and caustic tongue full scope in satirizing the pretensions of Democratic rivals and in putting his unerring finger on their weak spots, a tribute to Cleveland's lofty Americanism.

This eulogy came at the time of the Venezuela incident when Chandler in the Senate said when Secretary of State Olney's "ultimatum" to England was published, "Thank God we have an American President in the White House."

The Venezuelan incident, the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman Act in 1893, and the quarrel with a faction of his own party in Congress over the enactment of the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Bill in 1894 were the outstanding features of Cleveland's administrations, which brought to the President the commendation of the American people and gave him rank as an unchallenged American statesman. The one incident of his in-

cumbency of the presidency that seemed to meet with the disapproval of the American people was his action in sending Representative Blount of Georgia to Hawaii to haul down the American flag that had been raised there by a former American minister, as a preliminary to the beginning of negotiations to arrange for a permanent form of government for the islands. Walter Q. Gresham of Indiana was Secretary of State when the Quixotic program was arranged. He was the man who first put "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy into actual, visual operation. Gresham was a former Republican. He had served gallantly in the Civil War and was taken from the Federal bench by President Arthur to become Postmaster-General. He was later transferred by Arthur temporarily to the Treasury Department and was made Secretary of State in Cleveland's second term. Gresham was a handsome and personally attractive man whose free and easy Western habits led him into the indiscretion of receiving diplomats at his office in the State Department in his shirt sleeves when the weather was particularly hot. This gave added point to the traditional sneers of some European chancellories at the alleged crudeness and amateurishness of the handling of international questions by the United States. Secretary Gresham's private secretary at that time was Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the present somewhat eccentric although presumably efficient baseball arbitrator, recently the judge of a court in Chicago, who left the bench to give all his time and attention to his duties as a high official

of the baseball organization at a salary reputed to be \$42,500 a year.

Mr. Landis, like Secretary Gresham, was and is a typical American of the storybooks and the stage, the kind that Europeans think all Americans are, red-blooded, honest-minded, alert mentally and physically, but lacking in that sort of discriminating tact and physical camouflage that are popularly supposed to be necessary in the conduct of diplomatic affairs. Landis, like Gresham, always called a spade a spade, and he saw no harm in his chief removing his coat on a hot day if he had on a clean shirt, as he always did have; but a portion of the American public took offense, just as they took offense at Secretary of State Bryan for serving grape juice at his dinner parties to which members of the diplomatic corps were invited. It must be admitted that Secretary Gresham in his Hawaiian policy was no more practical than Judge Landis was when he fined the Standard Oil Company twenty-two millions of dollars. Standard Oil may have owed that sum but it was certain they would never pay it. Likewise it may have been essential to the laying out of the proper ground plan for the building up of a new policy in Hawaii to haul down the American flag. Still it never had been done since the day when the former Secretary of the Treasury John A. Dix issued the celebrated order, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot." And when Gresham hauled down the flag at Honolulu he raised the indignation of a majority of the American people and put "Para-

mount" Blount into such an untenable attitude when he went there to carry out the negotiations with Queen Liliuokalani that he made an awful mess of it. It was not until long afterwards that the arrangement was made by which Hawaii now occupies a place on the map as a peaceful and prosperous territory of the United States.

Judge Landis possessed a grim sort of sardonic humor and it was this which may have led him into imposing the uncollectible fine against the Standard Oil Company, just as it led him to acquit a bank messenger accused of misappropriating funds of the bank on the ground that the guilty parties were really the directors and officers of the bank who would pay a meager salary to an employee charged with great responsibility and with the personal handling of large sums of money. Landis had a streak of merry wit in him, too, and furnished many delightful stories to the newspaper correspondents dealing with the amusing features of social life in Washington and especially with the persistent and Herculean features of the various foreign embassies and legations — there were few or no embassies in Gresham's time — to keep on the right side of the chief by dining and wining him. Dinner invitations came so thick and fast that it was almost as serious a problem with Secretary Gresham as it was and still is with other members of the Cabinet, especially the Secretary of State, to sidestep enough of them to preserve his digestion, snatch off a few hours of sleep and properly to perform his official duties. At the time that Japan and China were at odds the

rivalry between the ministers of those countries for the good will of Secretary Gresham was particularly keen and especially threatening to the Secretary's good health. The Chinese minister would invite him to dinner; the Japanese would hear of it and do the same; then China, thinking Japan might have exceeded her in some feature of hospitality, would send another invitation; Japan would come back with one and so on, until the Secretary, in despair, would have to leave town.

As an offset to criticism aimed at Cleveland for his Hawaiian policy, which possibly was in a measure justified, he received deserved plaudits from the people for his courageous action in suppressing the riots in Chicago in 1894. In no other act of his official life did Mr. Cleveland more strikingly demonstrate his clearness of vision and his determination of character than in sending General Miles to Chicago with the United States troops under his command to see to it that the United States mails should go unmolested, no matter what the cost might be. Colonel Lamont was Secretary of War at that time and it is a fact possibly too long withheld from the public that the President and the Secretary of War were both somewhat embarrassed in their determination to make the rioters see the point clearly and promptly by the fear of some of those acting directly under their orders, and by a large part of the populace as well, that it would be an unwise political move to deal drastically with the rioters and the sympathetic mob who cheered them from the side lines. General Miles was at that time

something of a popular hero himself and it was not entirely without the bounds of reason that if he should so construe his orders from Washington as to deal more leniently with the rioters than a superficial reading of those orders might make imperative, he might become a presidential nominee and thus gratify a lifelong ambition such as he was known by his intimate friends to cherish. But Cleveland and Lamont gave no opportunity for such a misconstruction of the orders issued to General Miles, and Secretary Lamont stated on more than one occasion afterward that if they had not been carried out both in letter and in spirit, those responsible for misreading and misconstruing them would have been promptly court-martialed.

A year later, in 1895, came the Venezuela incident, so called, when in one of the most virile American State papers ever produced President Cleveland and his Secretary of State, Richard Olney of Massachusetts, set forth the policy of the American Government with regard to the sacredness of the Monroe Doctrine and the determination of the administration to uphold it at whatever cost. President Cleveland's statesmanlike and patriotic handling of this question placed him on a pedestal as an American of the type of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, the Adamses, and the other pillars of strength upon which the American Government rested in the early days of constitutional government.

Cleveland and Olney marked the chalk line which England was expected to walk and in courteous but firm diplomatic language told England what

was expected of her. In order that there might be no misunderstanding and no failure to meet the terms laid down, a virtual ultimatum was issued and the English Government was politely asked for an answer in advance as to whether she intended to accept the terms. Sir Julian Pauncefote was the Ambassador from Great Britain at that time and to him Secretary Olney sent a note stating that in the dispute over the location of the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana the United States would not tolerate encroachments one inch beyond the point where England's territorial rights rested and that such an encroachment would be regarded as an extension of England's territorial power in South America and therefore a violation of the Monroe Doctrine that could not be and would not be tolerated by the United States Government.

This note meant, if it meant anything at all, that war with England would follow a failure to meet the terms laid down by the Secretary of State. President Cleveland fully understood this; so did the American people, and with not a dissenting voice they placed themselves behind their government, backing it up in the patriotic policy of the administration and declaring that if war should come as a result of its execution the government would have the sympathy and the support of the entire people.

In his regular message to Congress, December 2, 1895, President Cleveland made the controversy very clear to the American people, to England, and

to the world at large. He set forth a summary of the situation in the following language:

It being apparent that the boundary dispute between Great Britain and the Republic of Venezuela concerning the limits of British Guiana was approaching an acute stage, a definite statement of the interest and policy of the United States as regards the controversy seemed to be required both on its own account and in view of its relations with the friendly powers directly concerned. In July last, therefore, a dispatch was addressed to our ambassador at London for communication to the British Government in which the attitude of the United States was fully and distinctly set forth. The general conclusions therein reached and formulated are in substance that the traditional and established policy of this Government is firmly opposed to a forcible increase by any European power of its territorial possessions on this continent; that this policy is as well founded in principle as it is strongly supported by numerous precedents; that as a consequence the United States is bound to protest against the enlargement of the area of British Guiana in derogation of the rights and against the will of Venezuela; that considering the disparity in strength of Great Britain and Venezuela the territorial dispute between them can be reasonably settled only by friendly and impartial arbitration, and that the resort to such arbitration should include the whole controversy, and is not satisfied if one of the powers concerned is permitted to draw an arbitrary line through the territory in debate and to declare that it will submit to arbitration only the portion lying on one side of it. In view of these conclusions, the dispatch in question called upon the British Government for a definite answer to the question whether it would or would not submit the

territorial controversy between itself and Venezuela in its entirety to impartial arbitration. The answer of the British Government has not yet been received, but is expected shortly, when further communication on the subject will probably be made to the Congress.

Diplomatic notes followed this and England, not quite convinced that the United States was in earnest, persisted in refusing to see the point. A reply having been received to Secretary Olney's demand, in which that government still declined to submit the matter to impartial arbitration, President Cleveland sent another message to Congress dated December 17, 1895, in which he said in plain but polite language that it had become the duty of the United States to take measures to determine the true divisional line between British Guiana and Venezuela and asking for an appropriation to pay for the expenses of a commission to be appointed by him to perform that duty. The President in this message explained that when the commission should have made its report it would be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation the United States should have determined of right belonged to Venezuela.

President Cleveland measured his words in this message and plainly said that in making his recommendations he was fully alive to the responsibilities

incurred and that he keenly realized all the consequences that might follow. "I am," he concluded, "nevertheless, firm in my conviction that while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness."

The language of the note to Paunceforte was that of Richard Olney; the language of the message to Congress was that of Grover Cleveland. Their style is different but their meaning the same. The British foreign office wrote some more notes and angled a little longer for a catch, but when the full force of American public opinion was brought to bear in support of Cleveland and Olney in their defense of the Monroe Doctrine and their determination to preserve it intact, the British Government thereupon yielded.

Even before President Cleveland sent General Miles to Chicago to suppress the Debs riots, and before he sent the message to Great Britain which plainly said that if the question of the Venezuela boundary line were not adjusted so as to insure the integrity of the Monroe Doctrine war would follow, he had displayed in no uncertain manner the character of his ability, his patriotism, his

Americanism, and his devotion to his standard of right by calling an extra session of Congress to meet in the dog days for the purpose of repealing the clause of the Sherman Act requiring the purchase monthly of an aggregate of four and one half million ounces of silver and later by attempting to force through Congress the Wilson Tariff Bill, framed on the line of pronounced and accepted Democratic policy, and by denouncing Gorman, the Senate Democratic leader, Brice of Ohio, Smith of New Jersey, and the handful of Democrats who stood together in the work of wrecking that bill as guilty by their acts of party perfidy and dishonor. The free silver men were defeated and the silver purchase clause repealed, but Gorman and his followers in the Senate succeeded, in spite of the President, in wrecking the tariff policy of the administration. Later the Democratic party, because of this fight, also traveled the road to defeat.

It was early in the spring of 1893 that the marked division of sentiment over the free silver question became so acute as almost to threaten civil war. John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, a man of ability but who had been on all sides of the money question in the course of his long service in Congress, was Secretary of the Treasury, and a leader of that wing of the Democratic party, of which Cleveland was the head, advocating the repeal of the silver purchase law. The country, in the campaign of the previous year, had been inflamed over the controversy. The free silver people seemed to be in the majority and the President's determination, on his own respon-

sibility as far as it was ever shown, to call Congress in session and to keep them in session until the repeal of the law could be brought about caused a sensation. In July the report got about that an extra session of Congress was to be called but it was vehemently denied by those supposed to be speaking for the administration. The Secretary of the Treasury himself authorized a denial that the President contemplated any such step. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the President issued the Call and Congress met on the seventh of August. The convening of the two houses of Congress at such an inopportune time — for in those days all-summer sessions, since common, were unheard of — brought a contest over the speakership which ended in the choice of Charles F. Crisp of Georgia. A speakership campaign in the dog days was a novelty, too, and one that has not since been repeated. In those days a large number of Democratic Congressmen, especially those from the South, lived down at the old Metropolitan Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue, where on winter evenings they sat around and spat tobacco juice into the fireplace. When they came to Washington, in August, 1893, they sat along the curbstone in the street with their chairs in the roadway and tilted back so that they could scan the passers-by as they expectorated into the gutters and talked about the speakership fight. Washington, until recent years, was virtually deserted in the summer time, and the meeting of Congress with the speakership fight on was a piece of luck for the hotels and boarding houses and bar-

rooms, the small shops and markets, and the other places where Congressmen and those whom they bring to Washington with them directly or indirectly spend their money.

Crisp was eventually chosen Speaker, the two Houses were organized and the fight over the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman Act began in earnest; and it was a fight, indeed. "Dan" Voorhees was chairman of the Finance Committee at that time and "Uncle Adlai" Stevenson of Illinois, Vice-President of the United States, was, *ex officio*, presiding officer of the Senate. The contest raged until late in October and the country was aroused as it never had been since the days of the contest over the presidential election between Hayes and Tilden. The free silver men under the leadership of Teller and Wolcott of Colorado, and able men of that kind, were resourceful and untiring and with all the forces of the great free silver wave that was sweeping the country backing them up it looked for a long time as if they must succeed. President Cleveland and his Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Carlisle, stood firm. The question of cloture in the Senate again came into prominence and it appeared as if the rule allowing freedom of debate would not be able to stand the assaults made against it. No other subject except that of the repeal of the free silver clause was allowed to come before the Senate and the debates were exhaustive, illuminating, and of the most exciting character. After weeks and weeks of parliamentary maneuvering and intense speech-making the question at last resolved

itself into one involving the power of the forces favoring repeal to get a motion to accomplish this before the Senate. Many and various plans were devised and designed to end the deadlock and put the question to a vote, but for a long time without avail. The hot and weary weeks went by, each day the situation becoming more intense until finally there was open talk of forcing the Vice-President, by some physical process, to allow the question to come to a vote; the friends of the repeal had no fear, knowing all the time that if this could be done their cause would win.

The president *pro tempore* of the Senate at that time was Isham G. Harris of Tennessee, nicknamed "Mandarin", a name suggested by his long rat-tail mustache. Mr. Harris was a popular man and an able debater, and it was his habit late in the afternoon about adjournment time to drop into the Senate and indulge in a little speech-making just in the way of a good-natured scolding or spanking of his colleagues. These daily lectures gave genuine entertainment and were greatly missed after Harris left the Senate, just as the similar afternoon performances of Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi were missed after the fourth of March, 1923, when he retired. When the fight was at its most critical stage and there was ugly talk about strong-arm methods, the late Julian Ralph of the *New York Sun*, the greatest newspaper reporter who ever lived, and myself, then the Washington correspondent of the *Sun*, sought out Senator Harris and in the course of a formal interview, arranged by an

official of the Senate, asked him directly what would happen if the Vice-President should refuse further to recognize those who sought to continue the debate and arbitrarily put the question of repealing the law to a vote.

"He would never live to do it," was the prompt and emphatic reply of the president *pro tempore* of the Senate. He thereupon went into an elaborate discussion of the point involved, especially with regard to the operation of the rules of the Senate in their application to this particular controversy, and took the trouble to climb a stepladder in his committee room to get down copies of the *Congressional Record* furnishing reports of precedents in similar cases which he dramatically read to his newspaper callers with illuminating comment, the talk continuing for a half an hour or more.

Mr. Ralph wrote a graphic and interesting article in the *Sun* based on the Senator's statement that physical violence would follow an attempt to put the question to a vote before the free silver Senators were ready. This caused something of a stir. A few minutes after the Senate met on the morning of its publication, Senator Harris arose and with solemn mien and his voice quavering with honest emotion repudiated Mr. Ralph's story *in toto*. No such interview had taken place, he said, or been sought; he had a recollection, he admitted, of running across a newspaper man in the corridor whose face he seemed to know and of having made some off-hand reply to a half-understood question, but beyond that there was no basis for the fanciful story.

In view of the strong popular demand for a change in the rules of the Senate permitting a majority to cut off debate when they see fit to bring a question to a vote, or the adoption of "the previous question" as in the House of Representatives, a change may come about in the near future owing to the liberalism that is gaining headway in the Senate. The question of the repeal of the silver purchase clause, however, was brought to a vote in October, 1893, under the rules as they stood, and carried. Thus it was again demonstrated what has been demonstrated many a time before and since: that in spite of the lack of a cloture rule in the Senate no legislation opposed by a majority of the American people can be enacted there and none defeated which that majority favors. President Cleveland won that great fight because conservative, sound argument and logic were behind him, and the stand that he took and the victory that he won added greatly to his prestige.

Vice-President Stevenson had a strong sense of humor which did not show itself at all times, especially when he was presiding over the Senate in that historical contest between the forces of sound money and free silver, and even less in the days of the first Cleveland administration, when he was an official axman who beheaded Republican office-holders with the precision and dispatch of the French guillotine in the days of the Revolution.

It was "Uncle Adlai" who one night at a dinner at the house of Senator Gorman, in resenting the charge that the Vice-President of the United States

was never consulted by the President, told the story of Vice-President Breckenridge, who, when asked whether it were true that President Buchanan never consulted him upon a public question, at first replied:

"Yes, sir, it is only too true." And then, correcting himself, added, "No, that is not just right. He did consult me once. He sent for me one evening to come to the White House. As I was ushered into the library he solemnly drew a document from the inner pocket of his coat and said:

"'Mr. Vice-President, I have here my Thanksgiving Proclamation, the phraseology of which I desire to submit to your critical opinion and judgment.'"

When the laughter caused by this story subsided, Senator Gorman turned to Mr. Stevenson and asked:

"Has Mr. Cleveland yet consulted you to that extent, Mr. Vice-President?"

"Not yet," promptly replied "Uncle Adlai", who is not always so slow, with a twinkle in his eye. "But," he quickly added, "there are still a few weeks of my term remaining."

It was in 1894, a few months after the end of Cleveland's successful campaign in behalf of the repeal of the silver purchase clause, that he came to grips with Mr. Gorman, the Democratic leader of the Senate, and while the President took the same lofty, courageous stand as in the repeal bill fight he was compelled in the end to yield to circumstances; in other 'words, to accept defeat at the hands of Gorman and a coterie of Senators acting

in conjunction with the Republicans under the astute leadership of Senator Aldrich. But in going down to defeat Cleveland held the party banner aloft and fearlessly denounced Gorman and those who were acting with him as being guilty of party perfidy and party dishonor.

William L. Wilson of West Virginia was the author of the tariff bill that President Cleveland sought to have enacted at that time, which was steered on the rocks by Gorman and those acting under his orders, and the law when enacted became known as the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Act. In the present day and generation the people of the United States refuse to get excited over a prosaic subject like the tariff; they have been tuned to more sensational topics and fail to get a thrill on anything less exciting than war, or a question that might lead to war. But before the Spanish-American War days a subject like that of the tariff could and did stir the people into a frenzy of political discussion, and it is hardly putting it too strongly to say that the fight between Cleveland and the tariff reform element of the Democratic party on the one hand and Gorman and his protectionist supporters on the other literally set the country on fire.

Mr. Wilson was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives at that time, a man of good ability, fine taste, many personal attractions and great popularity. He was a private in the Confederate army and served in Congress from 1883 to 1895, resigned to become Cleveland's Postmaster-General after the fight over

the tariff bill in which Gorman out-generalled or at least outmaneuvered them, afterwards became president of the Washington and Lee University, and died at Lexington, in 1900, when only fifty-seven years of age. The tariff bill which he framed and which was passed by the House was a real Democratic tariff measure embodying the principle of free raw material, which was and is the basic Democratic idea of a tariff for revenue, a principle, however, that generally is lost to sight when the final votes come to be recorded. Democrats from all sections of the country, particularly those from the sugar, coal, and wool producing States, are tempted to believe with Hancock that the tariff is a local issue and to vote for or against particular items or schedules according to the effect they are supposed to have upon the particular industries in which the constituents of the Senators and Representatives are interested.

When the Wilson Bill came to the Senate from the House of Representatives it provided for free sugar, raw and refined, free iron ore, free coal, free silver and lead ore, as well as for free woolens and free iron and steel within certain limitations. The debate in the House preceding the taking of the vote there held the attention of the country for several weeks and was of an unusually high order. There were Democrats there, too, who attempted to break down the Democratic structure set up by Mr. Wilson with the earnest backing of the President, but it was not until the bill went to the Senate that the real danger became apparent. The bill was

sent to the Senate Committee on Finance, and when it emerged it contained amendments designed to transfer sugar and the other articles enumerated from the free list to the protection list. After a stormy debate in which it was found impossible to break down the coalition of protection factions a conference committee on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses was appointed and the bill submitted to that system of legislative arbitrament. The announcement went out that the bill, if it were to become a law at all, must be adopted by the conference "without the crossing of a 't' or the dotting of an 'i'."

Thus the issue was made, and in the House of Representatives on July 19, 1894, Mr. Wilson, in moving that the House further insist upon its disagreement to the Senate amendments and asking for a further conference, submitted a detailed description of the situation as it stood at that hour giving an account of the genesis of the bill, its emasculation by the Senate and the determination of the protectionist wing of the Democratic party under Gorman's leadership to make good their determination to have the bill as they wanted it or to have no bill at all. It was then that President Cleveland attempted to save the day. He had, in a personal letter to Mr. Wilson, dated at the Executive Mansion, July 2, 1895, set forth freely in his own clear and vigorous style his ideas of what the Democratic party owed to the country in that emergency and his opinion of those who sought to wreck the Democratic policy in order to cater to the selfish

interests of those he considered as willing to sacrifice the party to gain their ends.

Mr. Wilson in the course of his speech made public that letter in which the President said:

“Every true Democrat and every sincere tariff reformer knows that this bill in its present form and as it will be submitted to the conference, falls far short of the consummation for which we have long labored, for which we have suffered defeat without discouragement; which in its anticipation gave us a rallying cry in our day of triumph, and which in its promise of accomplishment is so interwoven with Democratic pledges and Democratic success that our abandonment of the cause or the principles upon which it rests means party perfidy and party dishonor.”

The publication of this letter had the effect of a bombshell. It startled the country and it heartened the friends of the Wilson Bill to believe that it would have its desired effect. But it did not frighten Gorman and his followers; it angered them and made it clear that to persist in their course meant to split the Democratic party in two. But Gorman was a man who never could be stampeded. He knew the character of the men who were standing with him, and when the storm created by the publication of President Cleveland's letter and Mr. Wilson's speech had subsided a bit he did not weaken but on the other hand reasserted that the bill should pass if it passed at all “without the crossing of a ‘t’ or the dotting of an ‘i’.” The cards were in his hand and he knew it. The conference committee had been

so made up that those the President accused of contemplating a program of perfidy and dishonor were in a majority and they stood pat. Gorman did yield to the pressure sufficiently to make a long speech in reply to the President's letter in which he sought to justify the attitude he and his followers had taken. He explained the measure as it stood, defending the Senate amendments as being not only in line with Democratic principles but as being necessary to the prosperity of the American people. This speech was delivered in the Senate July 23, 1894. Gorman, who had in many respects the aspect of a priest, was a consummate actor and he was naturally angered by the President's bitter attack upon him. He spoke apparently more in sorrow than in anger and one of the opening paragraphs of that speech gives the key to it all, wherein he said:

"Mr. President, the declarations of the chairman of the conference committee on the part of a co-ordinate branch, which I have a right to allude to as a matter which concerns both Houses, accompanied, as it was, by the most extraordinary, the most uncalled for, and the most unwise communication that was ever penned by a President of the United States, place this body in a position where its members must see to it that the dignity and honor of this Chamber shall be maintained. It places me, Mr. President, in a position where I must tell the story of events exactly as they occurred. Never in the course of my life, and I have had connection with party management almost all my

life, have I thought the provocation was sufficient, the abuse and misrepresentation violent enough, or the aspersion of character sufficient to induce me to talk of private matters in public; but the limit of endurance has been reached. It is my honor, it is the honor of many of my fellows which impels me to make the statement which I now make."

Then Mr. Gorman proceeded to tell everything that happened in connection with the amendment of the bill and the appointment of the conference committee and called upon brother Senators on both sides of the chamber and among both factions of the Democrats to sustain his assertions, which they did.

"There is no power, no matter how great, in this country, even the President with his patronage, that would keep me silent longer under the charges, under the imputations so freely made from such distinguished quarters. I hurl back the accusation," he said, referring to the President's letter, "and say that this treatment of their fellows is discreditable. It is destructive to the government that men in high position should attempt to lower this body, a conservative body, consisting, when full, of eighty-eight worthy representatives of States.

"No man can reach here by devious ways and remain long. The Senate is composed of men who represent the best thought of the country, men who have stood and battled for tariff reform when those in higher places dared not show their heads; men who, when another place was overrun and those in it had not the courage to stand and fight a tyrant,

stood here at the risk of health, at the risk of fortune, of all that is dear, and saved the liberties of the country. Then these traducers of the Senate could not be seen. We will not be traduced longer, Mr. President; the facts must come."

There was much more to this bitter speech of Senator Gorman as he told the tale of how that tariff bill was framed and how it was handled in the Senate and House, and each statement made added to the bitterness between the Democratic factions of the Senate and the House. But Gorman held the cards and so he won the game. The Wilson-Gorman Bill became a law "without the crossing of a 't' or the dotting of an 'i'", just as Gorman and his friends said it would, and it is a fact that from that day to this no tariff bill has been enacted on the pure and simple lines of free raw materials and a tariff for revenue only as set forth in the policy of President Cleveland and Representative Wilson. It has been necessary to yield to the views of those who seek protection for the industries that are subject to local consideration, as indicated by General Hancock, and it has often been said by political writers and public speakers that President Cleveland's campaign in behalf of the Wilson Bill and especially his letter to Gorman wrecked the Democratic party at that time, and wrecked it so completely that it has never fully recovered. Whether these commentators were right or wrong depends in a measure at least upon the point of view.

CHAPTER X

MEMBERS OF CLEVELAND'S CABINET AND OTHER NOTABLES

ONE of the big men of President Cleveland's first Cabinet, a lawyer of first-class ability, was Augustus H. Garland of Arkansas, who resigned his seat in the Senate to become Mr. Cleveland's Attorney-General. Garland was a man of such simplicity of nature, so reserved and retiring of habit, and so generally unsophisticated, that he had not long been in the public eye when unscrupulous promoters, and the Capital is always full of them, attempted to make him the scapegoat of an ill-starred enterprise connected with the exploitation of an invention known as the Pan-American Telephone. The subject was investigated by Congress, and Garland was exonerated, as he already had been by the public. In all of the trouble Cleveland stood by him loyally and faithfully. It was in the course of this investigation by a special committee of Senators and Representatives that Charles A. Dana, then editor of the *New York Sun*, was on the witness stand and was asked by a lawyer, who sought to trace the influences at work against Garland, whether it was not a fact that certain stockholders interested in the success of the telephone company had influenced certain articles appearing in the *Sun*.

"The stockholders of the *Sun* have but one duty to perform," said Mr. Dana in his soft and well-modulated voice.

"What is that?" asked the lawyer promptly, in good faith.

"To draw their dividends," blandly replied Mr. Dana, his eyes twinkling behind his double-thick glasses.

Mr. Garland was faithful to his own ideas of right in little as well as in great things. He declared when he became a member of the Cabinet that he would perform all the duties required of him except that he drew the line on wearing a swallow-tail coat. Other public men, notably Senator "Joe" Bailey of Texas, made the same declaration, but Garland alone kept it. He never attended social functions if he could avoid doing so, but, of course, he could not ignore dinners and receptions altogether. So he went to those he thought it incumbent on him to attend, but he never wore and never owned a swallow-tail.

A most interesting and versatile man, an ordinary, every-day, physically and mentally wide-awake human being who held high office in Washington was J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, who was Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's second term. It was in Mr. Cleveland's first term that the head of the Department of Agriculture was created a member of the Cabinet, and the first Secretary was Norman J. Colman of St. Louis, distinguished in the office for that fact alone, although he was connected with farmer organizations and well-posted as to the needs and aspirations of the farmers in the

days before their legislative "blocs" came into practical operation.

Mr. Morton was not a new-comer to Washington, as he had spent many winters here, interested in matters pertaining to his adopted State of Nebraska, whence he moved from Michigan even before that State was a territory; that is, when it belonged to the Indians, from whom his father had purchased the land on which the Secretary's residence, "Arbor Lodge" at Nebraska City, was located. Mr. Morton was a bright, witty, popular man, with rather naïve views of executive prerogatives and governmental procedure. One of his hobbies was governmental extravagance, and soon after he assumed office he started in to curtail some of the expenditures of his department. First he announced that he would dispense with the Secretary's horses and carriages furnished by the government, but he changed his mind about that when he found that the demands upon his time, officially and socially, were such that he and the members of his family could not possibly meet them without means for quick and constant transportation, which they could not supply out of their own pockets. So the horses and old-fashioned carriages were retained, and in order, possibly, to emphasize his conversion, the Secretary had a coat-of-arms consisting of a little green tree and the motto "Plant trees" underneath, modestly emblazoned on the carriage doors. Mr. Morton was the author of Arbor Day, since observed in nearly every State of the Union, and to his effort is largely due the popularity of the movement all over the

country to keep planting trees, not only for their beauty and shade, but for purposes of utility in the future as well.

Secretary Morton actually did put into practice one plan of economy in his department by reducing the salaries of certain heads of divisions therein, and he did it in the direct way for which he was noted. Sending one day, for instance, for Professor Cleveland Abbé, the chief of the Weather Bureau, who was the inventor of the weather forecasting system now in operation under government control, he bluntly asked him what he did in return for his salary; that is, for the detailed proof of his usefulness to the government service. The Professor, being a little confused by this original method of demonstrating his value to the government, was not very explicit, and his salary and that of others was reduced on the spot. The Professor and his associates were not altogether cut off from the payroll however, and later, when a new administration came in, their salaries were restored to the original amounts.

One day Mr. Morton was explaining to a friend the details of his plan for reducing expenditures in the department, including the lopping off of heads and the reduction of salaries, when his friend asked him bluntly why, if he thought the operation of the whole department was an unnecessary expense to the government and of no real value to the public, he did not begin at the top and resign. "Oh," said the Secretary, "I would if I thought the public would take it seriously."

It was a particular delight of Mr. Morton to bait and tease and embarrass those members of Congress who continually sought to have favorite appointees, especially women, promoted. There was one distinguished Senator in particular who had himself been a member of the Cabinet before coming to the Senate, and who was especially interested in an increase in salary for a young woman employed in the department, whose parents, he said, were constituents of his back in the State and whose deserving qualities he was most anxious to have fittingly recognized. Mr. Morton kept this Senator coming and coming to the department, each day more sympathetic and more insistent upon an increase of salary for the daughter of his dear old friends. It so happened that the Secretary had seen this daughter at work placing seeds in envelopes, in which they were sent broadcast through the mails under the franks of Congressmen, and had noted that she habitually wore silk dresses, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, and a few diamonds scattered here and there about her person. He made inquiry as to her style of living, and one day when the Senator came again, with tears in his voice, the Secretary said, "Let's go in and see the young woman and talk with her together."

"Oh, no," said the Senator, "that is not necessary. I would not like to embarrass her by visiting the room where she works."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Secretary. "She's in good health and spirits. But I want you to see for yourself how destitute she really is and how hard

she works and how greatly she deserves the promotion which you are so anxious to get." Then looking the Senator directly in the eye, he said, "Are you afraid to visit her with me?"

"No," said the Senator, "but I am in a hurry to-day and will call some other time." The Secretary never saw him in the department again.

Sterling Morton's son, Paul Morton, was Secretary of the Navy for a time, in the Cabinet of President Roosevelt. He was then vice-president of a western railroad and was one of the first railroad officials to be caught in the net stretched by Roosevelt to trap the railroad executives whom he accused of violating the law, but Roosevelt stuck to Morton, nevertheless, and exonerated him of any wrong-doing. He gave him what is popularly known as an immunity bath.

Henry M. Teller of Colorado came into public life when the Centennial State was admitted to the Union, in 1876. He and Jerome B. Chaffee drew straws for the long and short terms, and the result proved the point of the Biblical adage, "The first shall be last." Teller drew the short term, which had but a few months to run, and Chaffee the long term, but at its close Chaffee was retired to private life, never to be heard of again, except that he came into prominence when his daughter married Ulysses S. Grant, Jr. Teller, at the expiration of the short term, was reëlected and remained continuously a national figure until 1909, when he declined renomination to the Senate and resumed the practice of law in Denver, where he died a few years later.

Mr. Teller was a remarkable man in many ways. He was born in the little town of Cuba in New York, in 1830, and he clung so closely all through his busy life to the colloquialisms and vernacular of his native heath that in the Senate he invariably pronounced Cuba, "Cuby", and spoke of the Cuban people as "Cubians." Yet he was an educated man in the best sense of the word. When a boy he attended the old Rushford Academy and Alfred University, taught school, and moved to Illinois, in 1858, and thence to Colorado in 1861. He resigned from the Senate to become Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Arthur, and came back to the Senate in 1885 as an Independent Silver Republican. After he headed the procession of free silver men, who marched out of the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1896, and became a Democrat, he never had the same influence on public affairs that he enjoyed as a Republican. He was a member of the Monetary Commission in 1908, and although then a Democrat, stood with Senator Aldrich in seeking a sound banking system that eventuated in the Federal Reserve bank plan, which has since become so strong and popular. It has been said of Mr. Teller that he was able to read in the original many of the authoritative works on finance that he assisted Senator Aldrich in collecting in various countries of Europe, after talking with the heads of the great banking institutions there.

Another interesting man of the period was William Eaton Chandler of New Hampshire, who was in public life almost continuously from 1859 until 1908.

He was born in New Hampshire in 1835 and died in Washington just before the close of the World War. In that time he had held many public offices, and although a partisan of partisans, and a man whose satire was keen, whose sarcasm was biting, and whose criticism of political opponents and shams at all times was unrelenting, his associates of all parties had respect for his character and fondness for him personally. Even the fact that Chandler was in general charge of the committee of Republicans who looked after political affairs in the Southern States in the reconstruction days, and notwithstanding that he went down to Louisiana to prepare the case of the election returning board for presentation to the Electoral Commission, which decided that Hayes and not Tilden was elected President of the United States, he maintained the good will and respect of his Democratic associates. In Washington he and Senator Tillman of South Carolina, the most violent anti-Republican of them all, became intimate personal friends. In the Senate Chandler was in the habit of saying things to the Democrats that would make them figuratively tear their hair, but after the occasion of his fling had passed, the Senator would be found hobnobbing with his victims in the kindest possible manner. Chandler's public life covered service in the State Legislature, as Solicitor and Judge Advocate General of the Navy, First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, member of the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention, Secretary of the Navy under Arthur, United States Senator, and president of the Spanish Claims Commission, in

1908. It is claimed for him that he was the father of our modern Navy, the white squadron, the construction of the first of the ships having been authorized while he was Secretary.

Mr. Chandler did not want to leave the Senate and claimed always that he was driven out by the New England railroads, whose grip upon political affairs he had attempted to shake. An interesting episode in his career arose over the question of veracity between himself and President Roosevelt in the course of the fight in the Senate over the Railroad Rate Bill. The point involved in that dispute was this: President Roosevelt was negotiating with the Democratic Senators, whose spokesman in that particular instance was Senator Tillman, ranking Democrat on the Interstate Commerce Committee. The President and the Senator were not on speaking terms at that time and therefore Mr. Chandler, a mutual friend, was employed as intermediary. The President unexpectedly abandoned the negotiations and accepted the propositions of the Republican Senators without notifying Mr. Tillman. The latter, in the Senate, made a statement of the facts as given by Mr. Chandler, acting for the President. Senator Lodge then went to the telephone and returned with the President's assurance that the account of his doings and sayings on the point in dispute as given by Mr. Chandler was a deliberate and unqualified falsehood.

This question of veracity, long excitedly discussed, was never satisfactorily settled, and although Senator Chandler made public a detailed circum-

stantial account of his connection with the matter, in which he was absolutely frank in stating just what had been said and done by all parties concerned, it left the question of veracity just where it arose, and the Senator used privately to admit that although a devoted friend and admirer of President Roosevelt, he could not understand the basis of his statement to Senator Lodge.

Tillman's enmity to Roosevelt never ceased. The Senator may or may not have resented the absolutely justifiable action of President Roosevelt in withdrawing the invitation sent to the Senator, who was then a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, to be a guest at a White House dinner in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia, because subsequent to the issue of the invitation he had been placed in contempt of the Senate for having had a fist fight, in open session, with his colleague Mr. McLaurin. But Tillman attacked Roosevelt very bitterly for his action in forcibly excluding from the White House, by the physical strength of one of his secretaries, a Mrs. Minor, who had made herself obnoxious and obstreperous in the outer office. In the latter years of his life Tillman softened to such an extent that he became friendly with some of the men for whom he had long borne intense hatred, notably Senator Lodge, who at the dying Senator's request became Tillman's eulogist.

Another interesting New Hampshire man who served long in Congress, much of the time as a colleague of Mr. Chandler, and who never received from the public the recognition to which his ability

and high character entitled him, was Henry William Blair, of whom it has often been said by public men who were his associates, that had he been of a more genial nature and more amenable to the softening influence of personal friends and social life generally, he would have been a great man in his day and generation. As it was, Mr. Blair was regarded as something of a "crank", chiefly because of the dogged persistency with which for years he advocated in the Senate the enactment of a law appropriating huge and immeasurable sums of money for the purpose of wiping out illiteracy in the various States and particularly in the South. Under the Blair plan Uncle Sam was to spend unestimated sums in educating the "poor whites" in order to make them self-sustaining, helpful, patriotic citizens.

Session after session, in season and out, for several years, the New Hampshire Senator, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, took literally miles of testimony on the subject, filled the pages of the *Congressional Record* with interminable speeches, mostly delivered, as speeches of the present day are, to vacant chairs and empty galleries, and loaded down the United States mails with documents sent broadcast under the franking privilege to the proposed beneficiaries of his great philanthropic plan until he bored the Senate and the country almost to exhaustion. His bill, was never passed, but it is the opinion of some of the most level-headed men in public life that compared with the class of legislation now being enacted, making the United States the paymaster for laws

dealing with all sorts of half-baked schemes for the betterment of the people of the country, and for various classes, the Blair Educational Bill was a practical and sensible proposition that should have been enacted.

Mr. Blair served in the Union army as lieutenant colonel, was in the State Legislature and in the United States House of Representatives for four years before he came to the Senate in 1879, where he served almost continuously until 1891. He was appointed Minister to China in 1891, but was objected to as *persona non grata* by the Chinese Government because of alleged reflections upon the Chinese people in the course of his speeches in the Senate; The government protested against the sufficiency of the objections, but before the controversy had closed Mr. Blair tendered his resignation as minister. Then he came back to the House of Representatives and served until 1895, and, on the expiration of his term, joined his son in the practice of law in Washington, where he died a few years ago.

It is an interesting fact, brought to light before Mr. Blair's death, and in the course of the preliminary canvass that led to the cajoling of Congress into the enactment of the national prohibition law under pressure from the propagandists of the anti-saloon league, that Mr. Blair was the first man in public life to propose the adoption of a constitutional amendment looking to the suppression of the liquor traffic. It was one of his pet propositions, which he had long favored as supplementary to his

plan of universal education and for the uplifting of the character and the welfare of the American people. Mr. Blair was several years ahead of his time. He introduced the proposed prohibition amendment to the Constitution way back in the days when the subject of suppression of the liquor traffic was in its infancy, and when the States were struggling with the problem through their local governmental machines and before the advisability or practicability of a national prohibition law was ever dreamed of. But at the time of his death the country was aroused by the controversy over the subject of national prohibition, and were he living and in Congress to-day, and possessed of the ability and persistent industry that characterized his services in Congress, who can say that he would not succeed in placing on the statute books his long-advocated plan to eradicate the evils of our democratic government, involving the removal of illiteracy among the people of the United States by means of universal education, at the expense of the United States Treasury?

A type of the ante-bellum Southern statesman to continue in Congress up to the time of the Civil War and for years beyond that, the type which Wolcott said he admired — although they were easy-going, not to say lazy, impractical, and out of touch with the time — because they were so “rotten poor”, was James L. Pugh of Alabama. He served in the House of Representatives from 1859 to 1861, and after the war came back to Congress as a Senator. This was in 1880, and he served through

the administrations of Garfield and Arthur and Cleveland and Harrison. Then, when his term in the Senate ended, he remained in Washington, as so many statesmen do, especially those from the South, and it was his daily habit to join his old friends over a social glass in the afternoons at a well-known resort on Pennsylvania Avenue, which has now passed away under the new order of things, and indulge in reminiscences of the good old days when he and his party friends were in power.

Senator Vest of Missouri, himself a type of the Southern brigadier and statesman, was one of Pugh's intimate friends and companions. Mr. Vest, as has often been related, was a man of infinite jest, and he used to tell a characteristic story of Pugh apropos of the personal animosity of a certain wing of the Democratic party to Grover Cleveland when he was first elected and before Congress and the republic had had time to take the measure of the man. Senator Pugh had been anxiously waiting for a long time the appointment of some federal officials in Alabama whom he had recommended. He grew impatient at last, and, coming to believe that his slate was not to go through, he denounced Cleveland on all occasions in bitter terms, saying that he was no Democrat, that he was an enemy of the party, that he would wreck it if he were allowed to continue on his course. "He is an ingrate," Pugh would say, bringing his fist down on the table and rattling the glasses and spoons. One day Mr. Vest, who had been for some minutes attempting to interrupt the flow of invective, as he stood with a

newspaper in his hand, succeeded only when the tirade had run its course. Then he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Pugh, I see here in the evening paper the announcement of some appointments down in Alabama. Did you have anything to do with recommending them?" Taking the paper from Vest, Pugh slowly adjusted his spectacles, read the list over and with great solemnity said, "Well, gentlemen, as I was saying, Grover Cleveland is a great man and a great President; no criticism can harm him. He is a Democrat of the type of Andrew Jackson, and I stand by him."

Another story of Pugh, by Mr. Vest, illustrative of the magnanimity of some States in retaining their Senators in office, notwithstanding occasional disagreements on public questions, was this:

"My old friend Pugh and I were invited to a dinner given by Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court on the occasion of Associate Justice Brewer taking his seat on the bench of this, the highest court in the land. The guests were members of the Supreme Court and of the Judiciary Committee of which Pugh and myself were members. The dinner was most enjoyable, and as I was leaving the residence of the Chief Justice at a late hour in the same carriage with Pugh, he said, 'Do you know, Vest, we are two of the most remarkable men now living. Here we are,' he said, 'members of the United States Senate, guests of the Chief Justice, and rolling along asphalt pavements after a splendid banquet in the capital of the country which we tried for four years to destroy.'

"I replied that we were a striking proof of the magnanimity with which we had been treated by the people of the United States.

"‘Magnanimity be damned,’ said Pugh. ‘The truth is they can’t run their government without us, and if they could we should have been hanged as high as Haman.’”

It was during the senatorial term of John Rhoderic McPherson — a Senator from New Jersey — which extended from 1877 to 1895, that the Senate, goaded to it by the newspaper press, determined, for the twentieth time possibly in its history, to ascertain the truth of the charges that certain of its members had been in the habit of taking advantage of knowledge gained through their legislative status to speculate in stocks that might naturally be supposed to be subject to fluctuation as a result of proposed, actual, or “strike” legislation. The particular commodity that commended itself to the speculators at that time was sugar, and a special committee was appointed, with Senator Dolph of Oregon as chairman, to find out the facts. The investigation, ending as all “smelling” committees do, and have, and probably always will — in smoke — was attended by two or three most amusing incidents. As a beginning, the chairman summoned a number of Washington newspaper correspondents who had written articles about the alleged speculation of Senators in sugar, each one of whom testified that he received his information from sources which he declined to reveal. They were excused from the stand and the inquiry proceeded. Two or three

months later it was discovered that through an inadvertence of the chairman, the newspaper witnesses were not discharged, and they therefore drew witness fees at the rate of three dollars a day for many weeks, although they were never called to the stand after the first day. Senator "Don" Cameron of Pennsylvania was one of the Senators accused in the newspaper articles, and he and all the other Senators so mentioned were called as witnesses. Mr. Cameron frankly stated that he had speculated in sugar stocks as well as others before he came to the Senate, and while he was in the Senate, and that perhaps he would continue to so speculate after he left the Senate, and that was the end of that.

Senator McPherson was not so frank. He told a story, after denying that he had actually speculated in sugar stocks, that caused so much amusement in the committee and in the newspapers that it made the whole subject of the investigation ridiculous. Mr. McPherson's story was in effect that although not having speculated in sugar he had interested himself in studying the fluctuating market on this and other commodities. One evening in his library he even went so far as to write out a hypothetical telegram addressed to a firm of stock brokers in New York City, with whom he had occasionally had an account, directing them to buy or sell sugar shares (it was not material to the purposes of the investigation which), but with no intention of sending the message. Unfortunately, however, he left the message on his library table when he retired for

the night and a housemaid seeing the message there, before the Senator had arisen in the morning, and not knowing that it was written merely as a supposititious or imaginary transaction, gave it to the butler who sent it to the telegraph office, whence it was transmitted to New York City, delivered to the brokers, and executed.

It was as a result of this, or a similar investigation, that an officer of the Senate, who had formerly been a member of the corps of correspondents, was asked to resign because of a charge, wholly unsupported by evidence, that he had furnished, purposely or inadvertently, information about Senate proceedings to his newspaper friends. This man was afterwards elected to Congress from a Philadelphia district.

CHAPTER XI

HARRISON AND HIS CABINET

DURING Benjamin Harrison's generally peaceful and somewhat colorless administration, from 1889 to 1893, the world was running along on an even keel and except for a few flare-ups such as his rebuke to the provisional government of Chile, the quarrel with his first Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, and his political and legislative dealings with the Populists who really wrecked his administration — that is, prevented it from being such a success as to warrant Harrison's reelection — this President had a comfortable time. His signing of the McKinley Tariff Bill was also, it is thought by many, a handicap to his reelection. The events of his four years in the White House related chiefly to his personal or individual life and did not comprise occurrences of universal importance.

Mr. Harrison had the reputation of being a cold-blooded man without personal attraction or charm who, nevertheless, was an able and public-spirited citizen and public servant, and this verdict was in the main correct. Yet he had qualities that aroused the greatest admiration in the minds of those who were well enough acquainted with him to know his true nature. The revelation of these qualities from time to time caused surprise, and the constant remark, "Well, we did n't think Harri-

son had it in him." That his mind betimes soared into the enchanted realms of romance was a surprise, also, when this quality was revealed by the unexpected announcement a few years after the death of Mrs. Harrison that he was to be married again. It came in the form of an ordinary news item in the *New York Sun*, printed on the front page of that paper and written, as afterwards developed, by the hand of Charles A. Dana, its editor, who thus scooped all his rivals. This was in 1896. Mrs. Dimmock, the bride, was a relative of Mrs. Harrison and had made visits to the White House while the Harrisons were there.

President Harrison was handicapped by the same lack of understanding of the newspaper men as marked the régime of Woodrow Wilson in the White House, and he could never get along with them. They were an unknown quantity to him and he could never be brought to appreciate the fact that they must be regarded and treated as at least a necessary evil that he and others must tolerate and deal with as best they could. Late in the afternoon of the last day of his occupancy of the White House, March 3, 1893, Julian Ralph, who had come to Washington to describe the high spots of inauguration day, went with me, to call on the President, the motive being the gratification of a more or less sentimental desire of Mr. Ralph's to keep up his practice of many years of asking the President personally on his last day how he felt in giving up the cares and joys of the high office. While waiting in an anteroom to be admitted into Harrison's private

office, Mr. Ralph regaled me with tales of how he had been received by former Presidents when making his farewell call, and we both were somewhat eager to see Harrison unbend. When "Lige" Halford, Harrison's private secretary, suddenly opened the door and said, "Walk in, gentlemen," we were still laughing over some anecdote of a former President, but the laughter froze on our lips when we came face to face with Harrison. He was seated at a little desk writing notes of farewell on black-bordered paper to personal friends. Having finished one he said, "Sit down gentlemen," and then in characteristic icy tones, "What can I do for you?" Ralph, who was a cheery, friendly soul not easily abashed, started in to tell the President of his innocent penchant for writing presidential valedictories, but was cut short by Mr. Harrison's abrupt condemnation of the newspaper press generally for what he described as their cruel, unfair, and discourteous references to himself and Mrs. Harrison since they had been living in the White House. He said the persecution had been persistent, and dwelt upon the subject at length, but specifically mentioned only one incident that seemed to justify his wholesale indictment. This was the alleged criticism of the newspaper press, led possibly by the *New York Sun*, of himself and Mrs. Harrison for having accepted from John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, Postmaster-General in Harrison's cabinet, a gift of a summer cottage at Cape May Point. It was true that newspaper comment had been severe, especially on the part of the *Sun*, and undoubtedly

it had rankled in the bosom of the President more bitterly than the public had imagined. When Ralph had partly recovered his wits from the unexpected attack he attempted to apologize for the press. He said that he thought it a mistake to say that they had ever criticized Mrs. Harrison and that perhaps their criticism of the President had been more caustic than the facts had warranted, or perhaps that the facts were not entirely understood. He failed, however, to puncture the President's cuticle and after a few pointless remarks back and forth, we were shown out. It was quite dark by this time, and as we went down the old historic stairway, the one that in those days served on all occasions, public and private, official and social, and were ushered into the cold, Ralph said, "Well, I am cured of my desire to visit Presidents on their last day in the White House."

Mr. Harrison had his tender and emotional side, too. The residence of his Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy, on I Street, caught fire very early one winter morning, while the occupants were still abed, and the house filled so quickly with smoke and flame that all could not escape and Mrs. Tracy was burned or suffocated to death. Harrison was deeply affected and personally called and sought to render assistance, and arranged to have the funeral at the White House. The tragic affair made such a sad impression upon him that it was long a subject of notice and comment by those with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Harrison did not like James G. Blaine, but

he appointed him Secretary of State for the same reason that Woodrow Wilson appointed William Jennings Bryan to the same high office — because he could not otherwise get rid of him. Blaine had had a great following up to the time that he became Premier, just as Bryan had. Blaine had been a candidate for the nomination of President more than once and, in 1884, had been defeated at the polls as the Republican candidate. It was widely predicted that Harrison and Blaine would soon clash, and they did. The man from Maine, who at that time had one foot in the grave, was induced by unwise friends and the misdirected devotion of members of his own family to seek renomination in 1892, and the inevitable break between him and the President came after the convention had assembled at Minneapolis. Blaine again “shied his castor” into the ring by a curt letter of resignation from the Cabinet, and the fight was on. But the friends of Harrison, backed by what Wolcott of Colorado, who put Blaine in nomination, described as an army of officeholders, won, and Grover Cleveland came back to power. Blaine soon afterward passed away. Even while he was Secretary of State he had severe attacks of illness and it was plain then that the hand of death was upon him. That is why the opinion was general that it was cruel to put him before the world again as a candidate for President. The responsibility for this decision rested, however, in the last analysis entirely upon Mrs. Blaine, and she assumed it.

Blaine was seated at his desk in the State Department one day when he was suddenly overcome

by illness. He suffered violent nausea and for some time the doctors were unable to diagnose the attack. It occurred early in the day during office hours and, of course, the morning papers the next day contained columns and columns descriptive of the illness, predictions as to its outcome, comments as to a possible reorganization of the Cabinet, and all the ordinary kind of gossip that follows an event of this nature. The staff of the *New York Sun* were, therefore, naturally astonished to find on the front page of their paper the next morning in the midst of all this, a paragraph dated Washington and headed "Was it apoplexy?" containing the announcement of Blaine's illness with the added sub-headline, "Thompson, central druggist, says it's apoplexy."

The explanation of this incongruous and ludicrous newspaper incident was that soon after Blaine's sudden attack had become known, and while Washington was highly excited over the news, George Alfred Townsend, the newspaper writer known to fame as "Gath", went into Thompson's drug store and while there talked to the proprietor about the symptoms of the attack as they were revealed by the bulletins. Thompson did not even know Blaine was stricken until Townsend told him, but after listening to the facts he said, "This looks like apoplexy." Thereupon Townsend, feeling it incumbent upon him to make use of the information in some effective way, sent a telegram to Mr. Dana in New York. In leaving the office for the afternoon after his day's work was done, Mr. Dana left the

telegram from Townsend on the news editor's desk, all headed and edited for publication. Of course the news editor had no choice in the matter, and so the telegram appeared in the midst of the news showing that the illness was not apoplexy at all.

President Harrison and Senator Thomas W. Palmer of Michigan, who had built a brown stone "mansion" as it was looked upon in those days, on K Street, afterward used as the Department of Justice, and who gave interesting dinners and social parties of all kinds there, were great friends. When Palmer's term as Senator expired in 1889, he was sent by Harrison as minister to Spain, where as a boy he had traveled on foot. Palmer was a highly educated, keen-witted, humorous, candid, delightful man of large wealth gained chiefly in the lumber business. He was devoted to history, poetry, and literature generally and had a personal side that attracted him to Harrison, largely, possibly, because the President was built on an entirely different plan. Mr. Palmer gave a little dinner to Senator Harrison one night. Two of the guests were Senator Beck of Kentucky and "Joe" Blackburn, then a Representative from that State. Soon after the guests were seated Beck made a remark about the characteristics of the canvasback duck which Blackburn immediately combated with an opinion of his own and for two hours these two nimble-tongued Kentuckians monopolized the conversation. As the guests were leaving, Harrison with a twinkle in his eye said, "Palmer, I am not naturally a loquacious man and you must excuse me for the

talking I did this evening, but somebody *had* to make conversation and there was no one else at the table who felt disposed to do it."

It was in this noted house of Palmer's that John M. Allen of Mississippi, one of the most genial and humorous men who ever sat in Congress, made his most famous speech. The guests were filing out to the dining room and Mr. Allen, with a handsome lady on his arm, halted on the threshold, breathed heavily, wiped his eyes, and appeared overcome. His companion was startled and expressed the fear that he might be ill.

"No, madam," said Allen, whose halt kept the guests all waiting, "I am not ill, but the lights, the flowers, the music, the tapestries, the silver, the glass, the linen, the table itself all remind me so of my own dear little home in Tupelo."

There was not much difference in those days, or since, between Greenbackism and Populism, and one of the shining lights of the combination party which threatened for a time to drive the Republican organization out of existence was James B. Weaver of Iowa who had long been a member of Congress and who was the candidate of the People's Party for President in 1892, when Harrison ran for reëlection. Weaver received twenty-two electoral votes, but Populism as such had then about reached its high-water mark and the decline began which rubbed the party off the political slate altogether. These were the days of Peffer of Kansas, the long-whiskered advocate of legislation for the people, who sat in the Senate for six years, and Sockless Jerry

Simpson of the same State, who was a member of the House all the time that Peffer was in the Senate. Then as these statesmen were about passing off the stage there came Marion Butler of Honeycutts, North Carolina who served a term in the Senate from 1895 to 1901. Peffer is dead and so is Simpson, but Butler, who never went back to North Carolina to live, although he still figures prominently in Republican national conventions, is now a prosperous attorney-at-law in Washington and lives in a style and environment quite different from that enjoyed by his populist constituents of twenty-five years ago.

Butler was a solemn statesman and so was Peffer; the former made long-winded speeches in the Senate in behalf of populist legislation, and Peffer tore his beard and pleaded in plaintive voice for the protection of his people. Simpson was, however, something of a humorist and along with his appeal for the impossible he was wont to amuse the House by his antics. He did a clever thing in the House one day when Mr. Dingley, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, a serious-minded man who was incapable of seeing a joke, in speaking on his tariff bill used harsh words for those Americans who sought to evade the rigors of the customs laws by making their purchases abroad. It was Mr. Dingley's daily habit to wear a high silk hat and he placed it always on the shelf beneath his desk in the hall of the House instead of hanging it in the cloak room. In the midst of his criticism of his fellow citizens who suffered from anglo-mania

Simpson, who had been peering foxily about, reached under Mr. Dingley's desk and held his hat up to the gaze of the House, calling attention to the fact that on the lining inside underneath Mr. Dingley's initials were the words "Made in London."

The effect was somewhat akin to that produced when Leopold Morse, a Democratic Congressman from Boston, who was an advocate of low tariff duties, was discomfited one day by William McKinley, then chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. The chairman was demonstrating to the House that clothing could be bought more cheaply in the United States than elsewhere, notwithstanding the import duties, were it not for the rapacity of the retail dealers, who are now known as "profiteers." McKinley had on his desk a large collection of suits of clothing of all kinds, and he read from each the price affixed on the store mark and stated what similar goods could be bought for in foreign countries and what the import duties amounted to. Morse, who was an imposing-looking little man with a big round head and short legs, questioned the accuracy of McKinley's statement and in particular contradicted the domestic selling prices as quoted. Becoming more confident as he proceeded, Mr. Morse finally demanded with some show of bravado to know where the American goods had been bought and where such prices had been obtained. "At the store of Leopold Morse and Company in Boston," smilingly said McKinley, giving the street and number, and the low tariff advocate retired in confusion.

This was not the Congressman Morse who in later years used to take pride in describing himself as a member of the Adams family. This Morse was the manufacturer of a special brand of stove polish which came to have a national and possibly an international reputation. His name was Elisha Adams Morse. He was born in Indiana but went to school in Massachusetts, where he was reared, and became quite prominent in the politics of that State. He served in Congress from 1889 to 1897 and was popularly known throughout the country as "Rising Sun." When Elisha Adams Morse first came to Congress there was a speakership campaign on, the leading candidates being William McKinley, Thomas B. Reed, and Julius Caesar Burrows. To each of them Mr. Morse wrote a letter setting forth what committees he would like to be a member of, modestly including Ways and Means, and bluntly stating that he would vote for that candidate for Speaker who would be willing to gratify his ambitions! It was this Mr. Morse, too, who took off his coat in the House of Representatives one hot day when making a speech and was admonished by Speaker Reed that he ought to put it on again, which he did. This offense to the dignity of the House has never been repeated, although members often grow careless otherwise and, possibly, in more inexcusable directions. It was about the time of Morse that Representative Cobb of Alabama gave birth to the slang expression "Where am I at", which has since become popular. The Judge when making a speech in the House on a compli-

cated election case continually sipped from a glass of dark liquid to ease his throat. He was heckled considerably by colleagues and after departing for some minutes from his argument in order to answer them, he found difficulty in resuming the thread of it. He became confused and looking up pleadingly as he took another sip he said, "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?". In the circumstances this was regarded as very amusing and Mr. Cobb bore the onus of it to the day of his death in 1903.

When Blaine took himself out of Harrison's Cabinet, the President was fortunate in obtaining the services of John W. Foster of Indiana, although the popular estimate of his fitness for the important office of Secretary of State was not high. Indeed, Foster was not known in the sense that men are who have held public office, but it is a fact that this same public came slowly to understand that Foster was then about the only trained diplomat in the United States, at least, the only one who was available for such an office as this. He had lived long in Washington and had seen service under the State Department and under foreign governments; he was a writer and lecturer on international law and a specialist in the handling of diplomatic questions. Mr. Foster had enjoyed a long, varied, and interesting career since leaving the little town in Indiana where he had been a clerk in a dry-goods store, and in the course of his connection with international questions had taken delight in educating and training in the same line his son-in-law, Robert Lansing, who afterwards became

Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson. Foster went to Harvard Law School for a year and afterward to Princeton and Yale and the University of Pennsylvania, and then became a lawyer in Evansville. That was four years before the Civil War, which he entered as a major. He rose to the rank of Colonel, went back to Evansville after the close of the war as editor, postmaster, and politician, and began his diplomatic career as minister to Mexico under President Grant. He served through the term of President Hayes and went to Russia as minister in the Hayes administration. On his return to this country he settled in Washington to practice in international cases, and then his unique career in diplomacy began.

Mr. Foster was attorney for various foreign embassies before commissions and arbitration boards, and in 1883 was appointed minister to Spain by President Arthur and afterwards special plenipotentiary to negotiate reciprocity treaties with Brazil, Spain, Germany, etc., and was engaged in this line of work when appointed Secretary of State to succeed Blaine. When his Cabinet service ended, Mr. Foster was made the agent of the United States in the Bering Sea Arbitration in Paris, and was then invited by the Emperor of China to participate in the peace negotiations with Japan. In 1897 he was made a minister on special mission to Great Britain and Russia, and member of the Anglo-Canadian Commission in 1898, agent of the United States Alaskan Boundary Tribunal in London in 1903, and representative of China to the second

Hague Conference in 1907. The real status of Mr. Foster while in China in the intervals of his connection with the State Department, was that of confidential adviser to Li Hung Chang, from whom it was popularly understood he received large sums of money in payment for valuable assistance rendered in the arrangement of the financial affairs of China and in the negotiation of secret treaties. As an author Mr. Foster was prolific. His work "A Century of American Diplomacy", which appeared in 1900, and his "American Diplomacy in The Orient", published in 1903, are authorities in their field as is his later work "The Practice of Diplomacy", 1906, and his "Diplomatic Memoirs", in 1909. He also wrote a volume on arbitration in the Hague Court in 1904 and a biography of his father, Judge Matthew Watson Foster.

No successor to Mr. Foster as a specialist in diplomacy has appeared, with the possible exception of his son-in-law, Mr. Lansing, who was employed by the government in special cases as expert attorney, before he became Counsellor of the State Department and later Secretary.

There were other first-class men in President Harrison's Cabinet, including Charles Foster, who succeeded Windom as Secretary of the Treasury. He had long been a Congressman, had been Governor of Ohio and was known by the popular sobriquet of "Calico Charlie", having once kept a dry-goods store in Fostoria, a town built up largely as a result of his business ability and industry and where, at the time he was appointed Secretary of

the Treasury, he was a leading banker. Redfield Proctor of Vermont and Stephen B. Elkins were Harrison's Secretaries of War. His Attorney-General, serving throughout the four years, was his former law partner in Indianapolis, W. H. H. Miller.

Among the perplexing problems that Foster was called upon to settle while he was Secretary of State was that of our relations to certain European governments in the control of the Samoan Islands and the matter of the control, particularly, of the harbor of Pago-Pago, involving the conflicting aims and purposes of Germany. When the controversy was at its height and there was wide discussion in the Senate and elsewhere, Secretary Foster felt that his efforts were handicapped by the adverse criticism of some of the leading newspapers of the United States. The *New York Sun* was particularly irritating and Mr. Foster finally asked me if I would not go to Mr. Charles A. Dana and explain to him the harm that was being done to the American side of the case by the criticisms in his paper, which were cabled each day to the foreign officers of the countries involved in the controversy, and ask him to discontinue criticism, at least until a basis of negotiation could be reached. Mr. Foster felt, he explained, that he was warranted in asking this favor of Mr. Dana because he had in the days of the Civil War enjoyed a personal acquaintance with him when Mr. Dana, as Assistant Secretary of War, was sent by President Lincoln as his personal representative to the headquarters of the command-

ing officers of the Union army. Dana was at that time Lincoln's "eyes at the front" and made graphic daily reports of all he heard and saw and what was being done. When Secretary Foster's request was stated to Mr. Dana, the editor at once replied, "Why, certainly. Please give my compliments to the Secretary and my assurance that I will give orders that will bring about a cessation of the editorial comment complained of." Secretary Foster was much gratified at the receipt of this assurance and immediately wrote a note of thanks to Mr. Dana. A few days later the *Sun* contained an editorial so severe in its criticism of the attitude of the State Department in the Samoan case as to make the others that had gone before innocuous in comparison, thus showing that an editor-in-chief does not always succeed in having his orders carried out.

Although Harrison's administration in the main ran along in a rut, it had its occasional picturesque features, and one of these was the incident between the United States and Chile in which President Harrison showed the qualities that were marked characteristics of the make-up of his predecessor and successor, Grover Cleveland. The Chilean controversy in 1892 was settled by President Harrison in much the same manner that Cleveland settled the like row with Venezuela two years later. The action of the President in each case was dominated by high patriotism and lofty courage which received the approval of the American people.

Running through the messages of President Harrison are many evidences of his high order of

ability and his sterling Americanism, and in the Chilean case, particularly, Harrison touched the popular heart.

Winfield S. Schley of the United States Navy, then a captain, and "Fighting Bob" Evans, then a commander, trod the decks of little gun-boats that we called warships when the bitter dispute between Chile and Argentina arose and when the provisional President of Chile assumed the powers of a dictator, a course that led him to defeat and to death by his own hands. The Chileans persisted in believing that the United States Government through its minister, Patrick Egan, was favoring the cause of Balmaceda in his advocacy of measures opposed by the liberals, a quarrel that ended finally in civil war. "Fighting Bob" had compelled a salute to the American flag as the alternative to a broadside against a Chilean warship and the bitter resentment felt by the opponents of Balmaceda ended in an attack upon sailors of the United States when they went ashore from the cruiser *Baltimore*. There was a riot in the streets and several of the American sailors were wounded; one of them died. The provisional government at Santiago, when called upon for an apology, not only refused but insisted that the men who had been assaulted should be handed over to Chile for trial. President Harrison's formal demand for an apology was reinforced, however, by his sending two additional warships to Chile, and the new President, Señor Montt, seeing the point, at once apologized for the discourteous reply of the provisional government to the original

demand of the United States as well as for the attack upon men wearing the uniform of "Uncle Sam." Compensation was also made to the wounded soldiers and to the family of the one who had died as the result of the attack. The message of President Harrison to Congress that brought about this belated but adequate action by Chile is as refreshing to read as the papers of President Cleveland and his Secretary of State, Richard Olney, in the Venezuela case, wherein they talked to England in terms not to be misunderstood.

President Harrison's administration was marked by tragedies affecting him personally other than that of the lamentable fire in the Tracy home. His first Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, of Minnesota, who had been a Senator from that State, was delivering a speech at a Chamber of Commerce dinner in New York one night when he was stricken with illness and died before he was able to return to Washington.

The White House was made joyful throughout the Harrison régime, however, by the patter of childish feet and the sound of childish laughter throughout the time-worn mansion. "Baby McKee", the President's grandson, was the most popular member of the Harrison administration. The President's own wedding, too, added social éclat to the administration that in its opening days, it was predicted, would be commonplace in the extreme, and when Grover Cleveland and his happy family returned, the young wife and the little Clevelands carried on.

CHAPTER XII

THE MCKINLEY ADMINISTRATION

WHEN William McKinley of Ohio became President on the fourth of March, 1897, the United States was at peace with all the world and there was not a cloud on the horizon. The political sky was as clear as when Cleveland was inaugurated in 1885 and 1893, and Harrison in 1889. The dove of domestic peace fluttered over America, and in the European countries there were no more indications of war than there are ordinarily when those countries are at peace. The Cuban people were, it is true, crying loudly to be rescued from the oppression of Spain; the cause of Cuba Libre was beginning to appeal to the friends of freedom everywhere and especially to the advocates of humanitarianism and altruism throughout the world. The cry fell most sharply upon the ears of Americans because of the fact that Cuba was a next-door neighbor of the United States. Under the whip and spur of patriotic organizations the people of this country were turning their attention to a study of the Cuban situation, when suddenly the storm broke, and in a year after he became President Mr. McKinley found himself the commanding and conspicuous figure of an international war.

Compared with the World War of 1914-1918 it was, indeed, a mere skirmish, but considering how

totally unprepared the United States was in 1898 for a war of any kind with any nation or for any purpose, and in view of all that had been forgotten by the United States of the methods of warfare, it was a serious affair. McKinley himself was a peace-loving and peaceful man. While a member of Congress, he used to spend many of his evenings seated in the corridor of the old Ebbitt House, smoking a cigar and chatting amicably with his personal friends, including the newspaper correspondents with whom he was always on friendly terms. In the summer of 1898 he used to spend these evenings in a little room in the White House studying the war board whereon were marked with vari-colored pegs the shifting positions of the military units engaged in the brief but not altogether bloodless war between the United States and Spain. Although a man of peace and one who loved peace, McKinley had been himself a soldier. He enlisted in the Union army as a private of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry in 1861, and when he was mustered out was captain and brevet major. He may not have seen much service and may not have been under fire but he did his duty and did it well. What he learned then of warfare may have been of assistance, when as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, he carried on the war against Spain that ended with the independence of the Cuban people. Moreover, that little war transformed McKinley from a little man into a big one. It has been said that no President of the United States ever expanded more rapidly than McKinley

did under the great responsibilities that were placed upon him by the declaration of war against Spain and by the great burdens that followed in its train.

Mr. McKinley was almost continuously in Congress, from 1877 until elected Governor of Ohio in 1891, and while a member of the House of Representatives he was known as a "one idea man." He became an expert on the subject of the tariff and was a persistent advocate of high protection duties, eventually becoming chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. He framed, reported, and had passed the McKinley Bill which like others proved to be a juggernaut which at the subsequent election rolled over and crushed its creator. There have been many tariff bills enacted since that time with varying effects upon the pocket-books of the people and the fortunes of the political parties but the Republicans are still enacting high protection laws and taking smilingly and philosophically, true to their cause, the defeats that come before the country has had time fully to digest the details of the multitudinous items in the schedules. In 1922 the Republicans were again defeated in many States, largely it is thought by reason of having enacted in President Harding's administration a high protection tariff law, but the leaders of the party continue to believe that with time the law will justify itself, the pendulum will swing back and the Republican party will return to full power with a mandate from the people to continue the policy of protection.

Mr. McKinley, having been inaugurated Governor of Ohio in January, 1892, and reelected in 1893,

did not himself suffer from the early unpopularity of the tariff bill that he had enacted and when he laid down the cares of the governorship to assume those of the presidency he was riding on the high wave of personal popularity. He continued to dwell at this envious altitude and was on the very high crest of the wave when on September 6, 1901, while attending the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo he was assassinated by an anarchist. He was succeeded in the presidency by Theodore Roosevelt, a man in every characteristic of his physical, mental, and spiritual make-up as different from William McKinley as day is different from night. Had it not been for the Spanish-American War and the scandals growing out of it, due very largely to the criminations and recriminations of politicians and envious military men of the real and the paper variety, McKinley's administration would have been like that of Hayes, quiet and dignified and marked altogether by an effort to follow the lines of least resistance and be on terms of amity not only with all factions in America but with those of other countries as well.

The big, forceful, active, picturesque men of McKinley's administration, those who stood conspicuously before the American people and before the world and who did those things that attracted attention and who became the persons most concerned in the controversies of those days, were Marcus Alonzo Hanna of Ohio, known sometimes as "Warwick", who came into political prominence as chairman of the Republican Committee in the campaign of 1896, in which McKinley was elected,

but who held no public office until he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed John Sherman in 1897; Elihu Root of New York, Secretary of War, afterwards Secretary of State and United States Senator; Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General, later Secretary of State under Roosevelt and United States Senator; John Hay, Secretary of State; and William R. Day, Assistant Secretary of State, who succeeded Sherman as Secretary when ill-health caused the latter's resignation.

When Mr. Hanna first stepped into the limelight he was not in the statesman class at all; indeed he was known to the public at large as a successful business man in Cleveland and a political manager and spoilsman in politics. Before Mr. Hanna died he came to be known generally not only as a successful business man and politician but as a statesman of the high type rather than a low type of spoilsman. It is true, undoubtedly, that in the early days of the McKinley administration the President was much embarrassed at the demands made upon him by the politicians of the various States, particularly in the South, to make good the promises of Mr. Hanna when he was asking support for McKinley's nomination, and afterwards for his election, and something akin to scandal was caused by the character of some of the appointments made in accordance with Mr. Hanna's preëlection agreements. This sort of criticism and censure had marked the advent of other administrations, however, and was soon forgotten when the more important

matters came to be disposed of. They were overshadowed by the general recognition of McKinley's high character, by the deserved popularity of his administration, particularly in his efficient and patriotic conduct of the war, and by the further fact that Hanna grew into a big man, just as McKinley did. He had been used to conducting his business affairs by a dominating, one-track method. He was always "the boss" but as soon as he found himself a member of the United States Senate, where a man soon or late strikes his level, he discovered that other people's opinions, views, and knowledge must be consulted. From a dictatorial boss, tainted with commercialism, Mr. Hanna soon became a genial, companionable, much beloved man who had his eyes opened to the fact that the horizon extended far beyond his own restricted and limited vision. He had keen intelligence and much specific knowledge of affairs. He supplemented them now with close study and with the enlightenment that comes from contact with men in high place in public life, so that when his seat was fairly warm in the Senate he was equipped to render valuable service.

It is a fact that Mr. Hanna never made a speech in public until he attended a Gridiron Club dinner. He was urged one night to make a little speech by those who insisted he would find it not a difficult thing to do, as he could tell by looking about at those who had succeeded with ease, after fearing that they would fail. So Mr. Hanna came to be a ready-witted talker, especially at those unique gatherings. One

night, which he always said afterwards was one of the most enjoyable in his life, he was all primed with a really good speech which he never delivered. He had risen to do so, after liberal applause, when a member of the club stationed in the gallery made his speech for him through a megaphone. Hanna was standing all the time, not knowing what was coming, but finally sat down and gave up the attempt to speak as through the megaphone came the words with declamatory effect, "What would the Gridiron Club have been without me?" At this there was applause, and the Senator was taking great pride in the fact that his personality was appreciated to its utmost when across the hall came the concluding words of the sentence, "on the other hand what would I have been without the Gridiron Club?" Then Mr. Hanna subsided for the evening.

The big important public question occupying the attention of the Senate when Mr. Hanna was a member, overshadowing all others except, of course, the questions growing out of the prosecution of the Spanish-American War, was that of legislation authorizing the building of the canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Hanna went into this to the very bottom, bringing to bear upon his study of the question the experiences of a lifetime as a business man and adding to it his close investigation of the concrete proposition which at last had reached the halls of Congress for settlement. Mr. Hanna was originally an advocate of the selection of the Nicaraguan route which seemed to be the more popular proposition of all that were and had been

pending in the Senate and House. In the midst of his investigation of the subject the eminent French engineer who had studied and worked under De Lesseps, F. A. C. Varilla, came to Washington with letters of introduction from eminent statesmen and engineers in Europe and the United States and urged upon Mr. Hanna the advantages of a lock canal at Panama. With a candor characteristic of his whole business and public life Mr. Hanna, after he had completed his study, gave the results of it to the world in a two-day speech in the Senate, in which he clearly demonstrated the advantages of the Panama route over that at Nicaragua as practically agreed upon, and carried the Senate and the House and the country with him. That speech was an inspiring illustration of what a man uneducated in the schools can do in the way of convincing speech-making when possessing the facts to bolster up his arguments based on experience, study, and knowledge.

Senator Hanna's naïveté was well illustrated one day when he took to the White House to introduce to the President William Nelson Cromwell, a noted lawyer still in lucrative active practice, who had for many years been somewhat of a mystery to Washington because of his inevitable habit of turning up when some important question was pending and presenting credentials which showed him to be connected in some way with the various phases of the controversy — but in what way it never appeared to be quite clear, especially not to all the parties at interest. Cromwell broke into the consideration of the

Panama Canal question in the Senate to such an extent that Mr. Morgan of Alabama, known as the long-distance talker of the Senate, and the especial champion of the Nicaraguan route, was called upon to denounce in emphatic language the New York lawyer's activities in the committee rooms of the Capitol and in and about the halls of legislation. Mr. Hanna presented Mr. Cromwell to President McKinley and after a friendly chat Mr. Cromwell went away. When he had gone the President said to the Senator, "Mark, this Cromwell seems to be a bright man; just who is he and what is his place in Cosmos?" "Well," said Mr. Hanna, looking earnestly into McKinley's face, "I don't know anything about Cosmos, but I give you my word that Cromwell is a d—n good fellow."

Until Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States he was distinctly *persona non grata* to Mr. Hanna, and the mention of his name to the Senator was like waving a red flag in the face of a bull. At the Philadelphia convention in 1900 Senator Platt and other political schemers were attempting to shelve Roosevelt by nominating him for the vice-presidency. His personal friends, political intimates like Senator Lodge, Mrs. Roosevelt, and the other members of his own family were all trying to break down the movement and to dissuade Roosevelt from yielding to it. Mr. Hanna was one of those who was endeavoring to defeat the plan of nominating Roosevelt, not because he thought Roosevelt would decline the honor but because he was afraid he would accept it. He had

a slate all fixed up which included the name of John D. Long for Vice-President. Hanna, when forced to yield, did so with good grace. He called the newspaper men into his room at the Walton Hotel about midnight and in his usually friendly and companionable way said to them, "Boys, you can't stop it any more than you could stop the falls of Niagara," and the next day Roosevelt was nominated.

Then the battle of the political giants began, but it shows the kind of stuff of which both Roosevelt and Hanna were made, that within a very short time each had come to appreciate the value and good qualities of the other and that they became warm political and personal friends. Mr. Roosevelt, as Vice-President, was presiding officer of the Senate for a few days at a special session, and even at that time he and Hanna had not come together. But later on, without any scheming by others to persuade them to bury the hatchet, they became so friendly that the Vice-President used to run over to "The Little Cream White House" to take breakfast with Hanna and a few congenial spirits assembled there to do honor to the pancakes, flapjacks, sausages, and waffles for which Mr. Hanna's old negro cook was famous. This house was, and is, one of the historic spots of Washington and received the name that it carried in Hanna's time from the fact that it had been the residence of Garrett A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States from 1897 to 1899. The House was one of the historic mansions of Washington, having been erected way

back in the early part of the last century by Ogle Tayloe, one of the wealthy and important citizens of the District of Columbia, and was for many years the scene of social functions of distinction when the hospitality of the host and hostess was extended in liberal fashion to those prominent in social and official life in that day and generation. Senator "Don" Cameron of Pennsylvania a quarter of a century ago remodeled the old house and restored its strength and beauty; Hobart lived in it for two years when he was the presiding officer of the Senate and the friend, associate, and confidant of President McKinley. It was not until Hobart's time that the Vice-President was regarded as anything but a fifth wheel to the executive coach. The influence of the Hobarts both in public and private affairs was especially potent and made so designedly by President McKinley whose announced policy was to rescue the office of Vice-President from its traditionally low estate. The fact that Mr. Hanna was a personally popular man, with the private means necessary to entertain on the scale then demanded of those in high public office, and that his wife was a charming and attractive hostess resulted in the setting up of a little court of its own in the restored Ogle Tayloe house. When the Hannas came there to live, therefore, the house had a reputation to sustain and the Senator and his wife endeavored to do their part.

Entertaining on a large scale, however, that is, the giving of functions to the public at large, began to fall into disrepute about this time, and the

Hannas, having no real liking for it, gave up "The Little Cream White House" eventually and at the time of the Senator's death, in 1904, he had been living in the old Arlington Hotel for some time, and died there. Sir William Osler, then an untitled member of the staff of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, was one of Mr. Hanna's physicians, and one Sunday afternoon he told me at Mr. Hanna's bedside that the Senator was not seriously ill, merely tired out a bit and that he would be up and about again in a few days. The eminent physician, who once had a dictum of his misinterpreted to mean that in his opinion a man past forty began to descend in the scale of physical and mental strength, was asked at the same time about the condition of another patient, a well-known newspaper correspondent who was suffering from a disease which the physicians found it difficult, virtually impossible, to diagnose. Doctor Osler said that this man could not live more than three months at the outside because of the very nature of the case. In less than a week after this conversation Mr. Hanna was dead of typhoid fever which, as developed later, he had been affected with for weeks, and the doctor's other patient, the man who had but a few months to live, went on with his daily work for several years and finally died of a disease from which he did not suffer at the time that he had consulted the eminent doctor. So much for the infallibility of the expert.

The indications were decidedly clear in the last year of President Roosevelt's second term, or as a part of the people insisted on calling it, his first

term, that is in 1908, that he would throw all his influence into the scale in behalf of William H. Taft and that Mr. Taft would certainly be nominated. There was a decided movement in various States, however, especially in Pennsylvania, in favor of the nomination of Mr. Knox, just as there had been a movement in favor of Hanna's nomination after he had brought such strength and popularity to the McKinley administration and the State of Ohio by his service in the Senate. Hanna and Roosevelt had become reconciled but the efforts put forth in his favor did not bear fruit, nor did those in behalf of Mr. Knox succeed. In spite of the fact that in Washington Mr. Knox was generally known to be a liberal or progressive Republican, the public at large seemed to regard him as an ultra-type conservative. He was often spoken of, indeed, as a corporation lawyer and a representative in the Senate of "the interests." The fact is that Mr. Knox *was* a liberal and a progressive, and of such a pronounced and able type that he came much nearer than the public knew to being nominated as the Republican candidate in 1920, when the prize went to Mr. Harding. The program contemplating the nomination of Mr. Knox that year has never been published, but there are men still in public life in Washington who know its every detail. It was not carried out because those in charge of it were not convinced that the precise moment, the psychological moment, had arrived for announcing the Knox candidacy; the ambitions of others stood in the way until it was too late. Those who were in

charge of the matter, however, were advanced progressives, members of a wing of the Republican party with which Mr. Knox had long been identified and with whom he had great power and influence in Washington.

President Roosevelt once said in a published interview, which was the subject of much comment at the time, that the two ablest men in his cabinet were Root and Knox. What he did not say at that time is nevertheless the fact, that he proffered to Mr. Knox, in writing, an appointment as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court just as did President Taft later. Mr. Root was looked upon as the brains of the administration both while Secretary of War and Secretary of State and he was a large part of the brains of the Republican party when he was a Senator. Roosevelt depended upon him at all times and leaned upon him as a staff in almost every emergency that confronted the government. Since Roosevelt's time the wisdom and experience of Mr. Root have been drawn upon again and again and with success.

What the public seemed to have forgotten in 1920 about Mr. Knox is that he was the original progressive in Roosevelt's first administration. McKinley appointed Knox Attorney-General, having known him intimately in Pittsburgh as a great lawyer. It was Knox who filed the suit against the Northern Securities Company, which was the beginning of the progressive policies, and the argument that the Attorney-General made in the Supreme Court in support of his motion, and which won the case for

the government, has often been declared by members of the court to be one of the ablest ever submitted to that high tribunal. In pronouncing Mr. Knox a conservative or reactionary, the public forgot, too, that his reelection to the Senate after he had been in private life was due to the efforts of the two progressive or anti-Penrose wings of the Republican party of Pennsylvania. Before coming to Washington Mr. Knox had made a great reputation and some wealth as the legal adviser of Andrew Carnegie. That was before the formation of the steel trust. He was also the attorney for Henry C. Frick and is the reputed author of the plan by which the insurance companies of the United States were reorganized after the investigation in 1906 in which Charles E. Hughes made the reputation which placed him at the head of the American bar, influenced his appointment as associate justice of the United States Supreme Court and led finally to his nomination to the presidency. In referring to the public estimate of him as a corporation lawyer Mr. Knox often made the statement to Senators and others that he had been charged with being the attorney of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, when, as a matter of fact, he was never engaged in a law case to which this railroad was a party but once, and then the railroad was on the other side. Mr. Knox's sudden and unexpected death in 1921 was regarded as a serious loss by the group of progressive Republicans in the Senate, the members of which had come to draw heavily upon his advice and assistance.

Just before his death Senator Knox became inter-

ested in a new biography of Roosevelt in which the statement was made that when the coal strike was on in 1902 the President had determined that if it were not called off within a certain number of hours he would take possession of the coal fields under the law of eminent domain and operate them with United States soldiers or other classes of government employees for the benefit of the public. Mr. Knox was interested in this published statement chiefly for the reason that in his opinion President Roosevelt would have done nothing of the kind. Mr. Roosevelt *did* make a statement to the newspaper men at the temporary White House, then located in Jackson Place while the White House proper was being restored, that if the conference of financiers, coal operators and miners, headed by J. Pierpont Morgan, President Baer of the Reading, and John Mitchell did not succeed in calling off the strike, he would do just what the biographer stated. Against this assertion, however, Mr. Knox placed the fact that the President had asked him as attorney-general for an opinion as to his power to do what he contemplated doing and had been informed in writing that he did not possess that power. The President thereupon thanked Mr. Knox for his opinion and said that he would abide by it.

When the McKinley administration had been in power about three years it became apparent to those in Washington who kept in close touch with public affairs that the Secretary of State, Mr. Sherman, was beginning to fail mentally and physically. The war clouds were spreading and great

uneasiness was felt at the unsatisfactory handling of affairs at the State Department. Intimations were made to Secretary Sherman that he ought to retire, but with that lack of humor and perception characteristic of him, the Secretary ignored the hints and continued at the head of the department although he spent a small part of each day there and rarely returned after going home to lunch, where he would sleep the greater part of the afternoon. In this delicate situation the President came more and more to call upon the aid of Assistant Secretary of State, William R. Day, his personal friend from Canton, Ohio, and it was a source of interested amusement to those who knew the inside of things at that time to note how cleverly and successfully the President and Assistant Secretary of State managed to run the department without permitting the Secretary to have an inkling of the fact that they were doing so. It was noticeable in those days to the newspaper reporters and others that as soon as Mr. Sherman went home to lunch, Mr. Day would appear at the White House and that the afternoons at the department were utilized for transacting the most important diplomatic business. Eventually, however, Mr. Sherman's health became so greatly impaired that he was led to resign on April 25, 1898, about the time that the United States declared war against Spain. Then Mr. Day was made Secretary of State, later was appointed justice of the Supreme Court, and eventually resigned from that great office to devote his time and attention to preparing the cases of American

claimants against Germany for losses sustained in the destruction of the *Lusitania* and on account of the war generally. Finding the task too arduous for him, he subsequently made way for others, gave up public duties altogether and soon after passed away.

In addition to the burden of responsibility and the press of official duties that bore down upon him with the coming of the war with Spain, President McKinley labored under the additional terrific handicap of an invalid wife to whom he was at all times, day and night, devoted. When he was a mere Congressman and sat evenings in the Ebbitt House corridor, smoking his after-dinner cigar, he was thinking of that wife he had just left, and when he was President he stuck as closely to her side as he did in the old days. But no hint of what he suffered in his sympathy for that wife and what sacrifices he made in her behalf revealed itself to the public. McKinley was always a charming, friendly man and when night after night in the hot summer of 1898 he and his official associates sat in the little room in the southeast corner of the White House studying the war board he was optimism itself.

The two members of McKinley's Cabinet who were most constant in attendance at these nightly studies of the war game were the Secretary of War, General Russell A. Alger, and the Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson. The Cabinet members rarely emerged until long past midnight, and then they would be escorted home by a group of newspaper reporters who had to make quick work of it to get the Cabinet opinions of what had developed

from a study of the charts as to the program of the war, get back to their offices, write their "stories" and put them on the wire in time to catch the papers before going to press. The work done by the newspaper correspondents in Washington that summer was marvelous in its extent and the incidents of it would form an interesting chapter in the story of the activities of the government in time of war, even of an opera bouffe character. The Secretary of the Navy in McKinley's Cabinet, John D. Long of Massachusetts, bore his share of the great burden, too, but he was a peace-loving, philosophical, easy-going man, not possessing the military spirit in any sense and not easily disturbed out of his mental equilibrium. When the news came that the *Maine* had been blown up in the harbor of Havana, thus making it apparent to every one that war was to follow, Mr. Long's equanimity was preserved, and when a few weeks later came the still more astounding news that England had declared her neutrality and that Admiral Dewey on his flagship had, perforce, sailed out of the harbor of Hong Kong for Manila Bay, he was still undisturbed. Then came the cable flash announcing that a fight had actually taken place with the Spanish ships. It was all well enough for the experts to say that the battle was really a joke as the Spanish ships had not even cleared for action, and that Dewey with his famous order, "You may fire when you're ready, Gridley" was starting only a mimic war. The excitement in Washington was, notwithstanding, so great that crowds besieged the State, War, and Navy building

and then the Secretary of the Navy, president of the Massachusetts Peace Society, was forced to stand on a table while reading the cabled details of Dewey's victory and how the Spanish guns had been smashed into silence all along the line.

Mr. Long was at the head of the Navy Department for a year before the war came and never saw the shadows that were cast before, but Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt saw them, and every time the Secretary's back was turned he would issue some kind of an order in the line of military preparedness and prevail upon Congress to do something toward meeting the inevitable. One day, when the Secretary had left the department to prepare for a trip to Boston on the evening train, Roosevelt hurried up to Congress and had an amendment inserted in an appropriation bill providing for the furnishing of war materials, and the Secretary, learning of this action, gave up his trip and hurried back to his department to checkmate his hot-headed young assistant, but all to no purpose. The setting out of the Spanish fleet from the harbor of Cadiz many months before was the signal to Roosevelt that the war was coming, and he did everything in his power, and that was much, to force the public and Congress properly to interpret its meaning in spite of the complacency with which the Secretary of the Navy, his official superior, continued the even tenor of his way unconvinced by war's alarums.

General Russell A. Alger of Michigan was Secretary of War from the beginning of Mr. McKinley's

first term until August 1, 1899, when he was succeeded by Elihu Root of New York. Alger thus served throughout the Spanish-American War and was the storm center of the war scandals that attached to the McKinley administration. General Alger, who was a gallant officer in the Civil War, serving directly under General "Phil" Sheridan, who many times privately and officially testified to Alger's gallantry and efficiency, was the victim of constant misunderstanding and misdirected abuse, and in the end was thrown to the wolves by Mr. McKinley, his personal friend, under the pressure of political and public opinion. Alger was a big-hearted, kindly man whose initial mistake in coming into public life was in believing, under the blandishments of those who sought to use him for their own ends, that he could, by the power of money and personal popularity, be nominated and elected President of the United States. There was no more genial, optimistic private citizen in Michigan, no one more hospitable, more charitable, more a friend of every man upon the streets than Alger when he was elected governor. He was as generous with his money as with his friendship and so, in 1888, the movement was started to nominate him as the Republican candidate at Chicago; and he cut a formidable figure in the balloting, too. His State stood loyally by him, but the bulk of his outside support came from the Southern States where delegates are generally valued at so much a head.

The worst that can truthfully be said about General Alger as Secretary of War is that he, like the

heads of all the bureaus in the War Department, was unequal by temperament and training, and, perhaps, from lack of the right kind of ability to the task placed upon him by the declaration of war against Spain. Confusion worse confounded fell upon the military branches of the government when war was declared, and the hysterical, ludicrous, inadequate attempts that were made to put an army into Cuba brought about public censure and ridicule. The attacks were mild, however, in comparison with the censure that fell upon the heads of the War Department when the charges were made and sponsored by no less a military figure than General Nelson A. Miles, that "embalmed beef" had been fed to our soldiers and that Alger should be dismissed and degraded in consequence thereof. The fact was, as everybody knew in Washington, that even if it were true that dishonest contractors had foisted tainted meat upon the government which they knew was to be fed to our soldiers fighting in the field, Alger was unaware of it. It was known to be true, moreover, that when the troops were brought home from Cuba after the frightful experience there on the battle line and in the hospitals and in camp, because of the struggle with Spanish bullets, climate, disease, inadequate food, and medical supplies, and were coralled on the sands of Camp Montauk, Secretary Alger personally visited the hospitals there and worked unceasingly for the betterment of conditions, going to the extent, indeed, of spending huge sums out of his own private fortune to supply the soldiers with champagne and

other stimulants and delicacies necessary to their recovery, but unsupplied by Uncle Sam.

President McKinley knew this better than any other man knew it; General Alger and the members of the McKinley and Alger families were intimate personal friends, visiting back and forth and living as members of one big family; yet McKinley was compelled to sacrifice Alger to the demands of public opinion. And this is how he did it. In the summer of 1899, when the storm of criticism was at its height, and the cry for a victim was insistent, General Alger and his wife were in the habit of spending the week-ends at the seashore as the guests of Vice-President Hobart, with whom the Algeres were also on terms of the most intimate friendship. On one of these visits Mr. Hobart took General Alger into the smoking room one night and intimated to him that perhaps in view of the exciting state of public opinion it might be well for Alger to find some excuse for retiring from the Cabinet, but disclaiming, in reply to Alger's direct inquiry, that President McKinley had instigated Hobart's intimation. The newspapers got hold of the story and in the course of the coming week commented freely upon it, expressing opinions that were brutal in their frankness and unkind to General Alger, who was a most sensitive man. But as President McKinley was still standing loyally by him, and feeling that he himself was not to blame for any aspect of the beef scandal, he ignored the hint. A friendly New York newspaper published a Washington dispatch to the effect that Alger would have to go. But even that

did not convince him. On the following Saturday night he was at the Hobart's seaside home again and made it clear to the Vice-President that he did not feel it incumbent upon him to change the situation in any way, particularly because of President McKinley's continued friendly and loyal backing. He stated that he would let the storm pass. Then the Vice-President bluntly said that the President would in fact feel very much relieved if the Secretary would resign. Alger could scarcely believe his ears, but when Hobart repeated his statement which, he reluctantly admitted, was authorized by the President, the Secretary saw the point at last and after talking over the subject with his wife on the following day, which was Sunday, he hurried back to Washington and at nine o'clock Monday morning called upon President McKinley and handed him his resignation. An hour later, with tears in his eyes, Secretary Alger was telling the newspaper men that he was unable to understand the influence that moved the President to ask for it. After that the State of Michigan showed its pride and confidence in Alger by electing him to the United States Senate. He served five years, but was never the same man as when he entered public life. His heart was wounded, if not broken, and he had lost in a measure that faith in human nature which had been his guiding star throughout his private and official life. But never a word of censure of McKinley escaped his lips.

James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, first appointed by President McKinley at the opening of his term, March 5, 1897, and who served con-

tinuously in that office through that administration and those of Roosevelt and Taft, was noted chiefly for the fact that he broke all records for long Cabinet service, continuously or other. He was a canny Scotchman known as "Tama Jim", having served in Congress from Tama County, Iowa, for several years. He was a real "dirt farmer" but a man of conservative ideas and conservative habits, who would be lost sight of in the political shuffle of to-day and amid the clamor of the various groups of legislative bodies eager to enact legislation demanded by the agricultural interests for the benefit of the farmers themselves. Mr. Wilson was not an aggressive man and he, like Alger, had an abiding faith in human nature, so strong, indeed, as to include within its operations the group of newspaper correspondents with whom he was naturally on terms of cordiality and friendship. None of them ever broke faith, he used to say. Of course, they never did, but more than once, in his ingenuous way, the Secretary let the cat out of the bag regarding news matters that it had been intended by the administration to keep out of print. He seemed to have the habit of being present when all the important events were being discussed and of being absent at the moment when all present were admonished to maintain secrecy in regard to them. Thus in his innocence and ignorance the Secretary would drop a word in reply to the clever questions of the reporters only to find later that he had "spilled the beans." One particular slip of this kind came near to starting a quarrel, but it was allowed to be forgotten.

One day at a Cabinet meeting the Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, submitted proof sheets of a plan for a general reorganization of the financial policy of the Treasury Department to be included in his annual report soon to be submitted to Congress. He gave each member of the Cabinet a copy and in confidence as he thought, and probably still thinks, for he is still living, a distinguished Theosophist in California. However, the next morning two newspapers, one in Chicago and one in New York, published the Secretary's document verbatim. Secretary Gage was naturally incensed, and endeavored to learn how the papers got the document. He succeeded only to the extent that he convinced himself that the New York paper got it from the Chicago paper and that the Chicago paper got it from its Washington correspondent, who, the Secretary felt sure, got it from a member of the Cabinet. The Secretary asked the correspondent of the Chicago paper, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, whether he had received the document from any member of the Cabinet, naming each one in turn. The answer was in the negative, but Mr. Gage naturally did not believe that the whole truth and nothing but the truth had been told to him. Afterwards he received back, by request, each copy of the printed report that he had given out, but, of course, there was nothing to show that they had been all the time in the possession of the original holders. The Secretary, therefore, gave up the chase, after forming his own opinion. As he was compelled to admit, it was not altogether impossible

that a member of the Cabinet, not having been listening intently when the injunction of secrecy was imposed, might have inadvertently left his proof slips where a newspaper friend would have access to them and the opportunity of making a copy.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DYNAMIC ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT's personality was so fascinating, so appealing to popular fancy, so overpowering, so alive, and altogether so unique that, in a way, it overshadowed his public acts; that is, the public was more interested in him and the way he did things and in seeing him doing them than they were about what he did. He gave every act such a characteristic, individual touch that he aroused the interest of all classes, of opponents as well as supporters, and through this personal hold he received popular endorsement for his conduct as President that if followed by any other man would have been criticized or condemned. He was President from September 14, 1901, until March 4, 1909, a period that covered the enactment of drastic laws and the enforcement of even more drastic executive orders. The enactment of every one of these laws and the execution of every one of these orders was so directly bound up with the individuality of Roosevelt himself that they came to be looked upon by the public as essentially his legislation, and his policy, although in many cases he was not especially or specifically interested in or identified with them. Generally speaking, of course, Roosevelt did dominate all the work of Congress, and, to a very large degree, the executive departments. He literally forced Senate and

House to enact laws that only a man of his restless initiative, exceptional originality, and strong personality would have had the audacity to propose or the power to force through. It was his daily and hourly habit in the years that he was in the White House to tell Congress and the executive departments what to do as well as to map out the work for the Republican party then in power. In the construction of legislative matters in Congress the question always was — is this a Roosevelt measure or an anti-Roosevelt measure; in the executive departments there was only one side, the Roosevelt side, and in politics it was very much the same. Academic discussion of proposed laws and executive orders did not interest Roosevelt. He was a man of action, and, instead of speech-making and consultation, he wanted specific, concrete, definite results, and generally he got them.

The all-absorbing political question in the minds of the American people in the days of Roosevelt's second four years in the White House was whether, after his election in 1904, he was serving his second or his first term, and whether, should he be renominated in 1908, he would be accepting a third term. He answered himself, and in a way that closed the discussion. He let it be known that he was not only not a candidate but that he had arranged for the nomination of William H. Taft, and that there was no doubt in the world that he would be the nominee. In many ways Roosevelt made the country understand very plainly that he had arrived at this decision and that he did not mean



To David S. Barry Esq
with regards &c

Theodore Roosevelt

Dec 16th 1903

to be diverted from his purpose. In one particular published statement the President repeated this determination in a most convincing manner, and, in doing so, demonstrated his remarkable power and skill as a politician, amounting indeed to political genius. In the latter days of February, 1908, a day or two before Washington's Birthday, the writer, then the Washington correspondent of the *Providence Journal*, found the President one afternoon sitting at his office desk engaged in the monotonous task of signing a huge pile of commissions of minor civil appointees all over the United States, and asked him point-blank whether he believed that Mr. Taft's nomination was already assured. At this time few delegates had been chosen to the nominating convention that would not meet for four months thereafter, and the newspaper press as well as the reading public were strongly divided in opinion as to whether or not Mr. Taft would be nominated.

"He is good as nominated now," said the President emphatically. "Have you got a pad and pencil; just take this down," he said. Then, without at any time raising his eyes from the parchment sheets that he was signing, as a messenger would withdraw each one and blot it and place it on a pile, the President went down the list of States from top to bottom, only occasionally going out of alphabetical order, even, and set forth in a general way the number of votes that Taft or Fairbanks or somebody else would get from that State. Following him with my pencil I could scarcely keep the

list of States in mind nor did I know even approximately how many delegates each State would have in the convention, but I kept the tabulation as best I could and occasionally would name a State that the President had omitted and make suggestions as to the number of delegates from some State which was not altogether clear in the President's mind. At length the President found that he had estimated the vote of each State, and asked, "How many votes have I given each candidate?" When the totals were given to him he said, naming a number, "Well, that's approximately what Taft will have, and you see that he will be overwhelmingly nominated." The correspondent went from the White House directly to the headquarters of the national committee, where he obtained a list of States with their voting delegates in the national convention, and, checking President Roosevelt's list against that, he found that the total number of delegates was very nearly as stated by the President. When the convention met in June, the delegates nominated Taft by a vote surprisingly close to that dictated off hand by Mr. Roosevelt as he sat at his desk signing commissions. The tabulation was published in the *Providence Journal* and elsewhere at the time the President dictated it and those who read it had no further doubt as to whether Mr. Taft would be nominated at Chicago.

An incident of Mr. Roosevelt's first day in the White House as President, not hitherto published, throws a clear light upon his own view of the controverted question whether he served one constitu-

tional term or two as President, and also reveals the originality of his methods and his handling of situations as they arose without consulting tradition or precedents or the views of other people. He had returned only a few hours from the burial of President McKinley at Canton, when he telephoned for the manager of the Associated Press, Mr. Boynton, the manager of the United Press Association, Mr. Keen, and the manager of the *New York Sun* Press Association, myself, to come to the White House, where we found the President seated at the head of the Cabinet table. With very few preliminary words he addressed us substantially as follows:

"This being my first day in the White House as President of the United States, I desired to have a little talk with you gentlemen who are responsible for the collection and dissemination of the news, as to the relations that should, and will, exist between the White House and your organizations. One thing I want you to understand at the start — I feel myself just as much a constitutionally elected President of the United States as McKinley was. I was voted for as Vice-President, it is true, but the Constitution provides that in case of the death or inability of the President the Vice-President shall serve as President, and, therefore, due to the act of a madman, I am President and shall act in every word and deed precisely as if I and not McKinley had been the candidate for whom the electors cast the vote for President. I have no superstitions and no misgivings on that score. That should be understood."

Then with a smile, as if he were turning to a more cheerful topic, the President said:

“Now as to the relations that are to exist between the President and the newspaper men. Mr. Boynton and Mr. Barry, whom I have known for many years and who have always possessed my confidence, shall continue to have it. I shall be accessible to them, shall keep them posted, and trust to their discretion as to publication. Mr. Keen, whom I have just met for the first time, cannot of course possess my confidence to the same degree, but I hope our relations shall be entirely cordial.” The President on being told that Mr. Keen was in every way worthy of his confidence, then assured him that he, too, should have it just as Mr. Boynton and I had. Mr. Roosevelt then announced that if any of the reporters should at any time violate a confidence or publish news that the President thought ought not to be published, he should be punished by having legitimate news withheld from him. He cited the case of the Albany correspondent of a newspaper, then in Washington, who had on one occasion when Mr. Roosevelt was governor incurred his displeasure, and said that he should be singled out as one who should not receive White House news. The President was not offended but rather amused when I combated his attitude and insisted that he could not, as President, afford to lay down a rule in which a particular newspaper man should be disciplined for an infraction of ethics by the withholding of official news from his newspaper. The press, I pointed out, should be treated as an organi-

zation or body, not as an individual, and the personal grievance against a particular member of the profession should be treated as a personal not as an official matter. The President promptly but somewhat cryptically said, "All right, gentlemen, now we understand each other," and from that day until he left the White House not one of the three men to whom he talked that day ever heard him refer to that subject again. Mr. Roosevelt did, however, endeavor to discipline a newspaper reporter, and the newspaper that he represented, by issuing a specific order that neither the reporter nor the paper should be given a piece of news prepared for the press at the White House, and extended his order to cover all the executive departments. The paper in question had offended the President by printing a story to the effect that the Roosevelt children had unwittingly, perhaps, tormented some turkeys confined in the grounds south of the White House for a while before Thanksgiving Day by chasing and frightening them. Of course, the order placing the paper and the correspondent on the contraband list could not be carried out, and was not. The correspondent was denied the privilege of the White House, and the subject formed the topic of a few days' newspaper gossip and then it was forgotten except by those who have always wondered that a man of Roosevelt's thick skin and abiding sense of fairness and of his sporting qualities, should have allowed himself to issue such a futile and ridiculous edict. On another occasion President Roosevelt denied the privileges of the White House

to the Washington correspondent of a London newspaper, in America, who had, he charged, misused a letter of introduction. And then he vainly endeavored to persuade the correspondent of another London newspaper to cable, as news, the President's action.

President Roosevelt knew the value and potent influence of a news paragraph written as he wanted it written and disseminated through the proper influential channels better than any man who ever occupied the White House, before him, or since. He knew, what many other public men know, that editorial articles do not mold public opinion now as they did in the days of Horace Greeley, and he realized the fact that editors are nowadays more apt to follow public opinion than to lead it. But he was greatly impressed with the power exerted upon the minds of the people by the news articles published in the newspapers and he was always keenly alive to what the news columns were carrying. He was himself the most accessible President to newspaper reporters, except, possibly, Mr. Taft, who followed his footsteps in maintaining friendly relations with the newspaper reporters of the Capital. Mr. Roosevelt carried his association with the reporters further than Mr. Taft did, however; he had always a more direct personal knowledge of what was being printed than Mr. Taft had and a more businesslike way of handling the newspaper men, although these two Presidents were about equal in their frank and cordial way of treating the correspondents in Washington without regard to

the policies and predilections of the papers they represented.

Mr. Roosevelt did not hesitate, indeed, to suggest news articles and news paragraphs to the reporters, and even went so far on more than one occasion as to write out with his own hand what he wanted sent over the wires. This he did when the late Senator Elkins, in the course of the Railroad Rate Bill fight in the Senate, showed him one morning a copy of the telegram sent by the attorney of the Standard Oil Company to certain Senators, suggesting to them how to vote on a particular clause of the then pending measure. The newspaper account of that incident created a world-wide sensation, and blocked the attempt of those who sought to amend the bill in behalf of certain interests, and the man who gave the story to the newspapers and who wrote the preliminary news item that was sent to the afternoon papers was the President of the United States himself.

President Roosevelt's relations with Congress brought him into personal contact with the Senators and Representatives in a way that had not been enjoyed or, possibly, desired by any of his predecessors. He had a method of sending for them direct and telling them to their faces what he wanted and what he did not want and what to vote for or what not to vote for, and of criticizing their action in regard to this, that, and the other thing. It has always been regarded as inexplicable why Roosevelt did not revive the precedent set by George Washington and deliver his messages to

Congress in person rather than send them to be read respectively by the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House. He left it to Woodrow Wilson to go back to the practice of Washington, and it must have made Roosevelt suffer the pangs of remorse when he saw the tremendous impression that Wilson made on the public by his audacious smashing of the precedent of a hundred years. The only explanation that Mr. Roosevelt's intimate friends have vouchsafed is that it did not occur to his agile mind, busy although it was with frank and bold and even audacious schemes for attracting and holding public attention, that he might have followed Washington's example and personally deliver his messages to Congress by word of mouth and by meeting the legislators face to face. It was not, of course, a lack of audacity or of courage, because Roosevelt was full of both. President Harding, in following the example set by Washington and honored by Woodrow Wilson, went a step further, and on the day of his inauguration, after delivering his address from the East steps of the Capitol, walked into the Senate Chamber, and behind closed doors personally read to the Senate the names of those whom he had appointed as members of his first Cabinet, commending the qualities of each to the members of the Senate. No President between Washington and Harding had done that, but in view of the popularity of the President's appearance in person before the Houses of Congress, it is more than likely that the precedent thus set will be honored hereafter altogether in the observance.

President Roosevelt was the poorest presiding officer the Senate ever had, and he himself is the authority for this estimate. After he was inaugurated as Vice-President at the opening of McKinley's second term on the fourth of March, 1901, the Senate had a special session, continuing from March 4 to March 9. Roosevelt presided and the attempts he made to understand the rules and intricacies of parliamentary practice were embarrassing to him and to the Senate and the cause also at times of great amusement. His mind would be rambling off continually from the particular business on hand, and, when called back to it, the presiding officer would make frantic efforts to get on the track again, but generally with poor success. One day he was engaged in conversation with a Senator who had mounted the rostrum to speak to him when a parliamentary mix-up occurred, and three or four Senators simultaneously addressed the Chair. His attention eventually being drawn to what was going on, the Vice-President leaned over the desk, displaying his characteristic Rooseveltian smile, looked from one appealing Senator to another, plainly confused and uncertain as to which one to recognize, and then his eye lighting on the benign countenance of his friend, the venerable Senator from Massachusetts, he smiled upon him encouragingly and, pointing the handle of the gavel at him, shouted, "Mr. Hoar." That was an illustration of Mr. Roosevelt's general conduct as a presiding officer, and it was a happy day for him when the brief session adjourned *sine die*.

Mr. Roosevelt followed his own way of telling members of Congress what he wanted done, not by writing messages to them, or by sending for them to come to the White House. He would lead them, one by one, over into a window corner and make a personal job of it. He would take a Senator or a Representative by the buttonhole — by the whiskers, as some of the newspaper men used to put it — and talk to him in such an emphatic, confidential, heart-to-heart sort of a way that there was very little else for him to do except to agree to support the President in what he wanted. He had very little patience with those who refused to do that which to him was clearly a public duty and a public interest. In the early days of his first term, he locked horns with Congress over some matter of public policy, and, although the session ran along into the dog days, neither side would yield. The Senate, led by such men in those days as Eugene Hale and Nelson W. Aldrich, and in the House by Speaker Henderson and his supporters, and men of that stamp, were not easily talked or driven out of their attitude on questions of legislation and party politics; they were quite as set and determined in their way as Roosevelt was in his. Thus it was in this particular summer, when the situation became so intolerable that influential persons were sent to the White House to urge him to make some suggestion of a compromise or half-way agreement by which it would be possible to bring the session to an end and let the suffering legislators escape. The committee waited upon the President in the old Cabinet

room, where he seemed to be enjoying himself receiving callers, dressed from head to foot in white like an Admiral of the Navy in the tropics — and, indeed, the suit he wore was one sent to him by a sailorman. The mental and physical hardships that the Senators and Representatives were suffering by being kept constantly in Washington, with the thermometer in the nineties, were graphically pictured to the President. When the spokesman had finished, the President turned suddenly on his heel and said with ferocity, and with a grin that was actually gleeful, "Let 'em sweat. I hope it will get hotter. Perhaps after a while they will see their duty and be able to do it." And that is all the reply that the committee received.

Mr. Roosevelt was not at all a suspicious man or one inclined to think his fellow man guilty of wrongdoing, and yet he knew perfectly well that there were men in place and power, both in the government and out of it, who were using their opportunities not only for political jobbery and advancement but for lining their pocketbooks as well. With all his naïveté, he was thoroughly sophisticated and generally knew an honest man from a dishonest one after he had talked with him for a minute. Roosevelt's eyeteeth had been cut at Albany, way back in the early eighties, when he unhorsed many a member of the Black Horse Cavalry; and a subsequent experience as a ranchman in the West taught him how to get the drop on the other fellow. So he knew a political crook almost on sight. He was continually exposing them to the public, and often

telling them to their faces that they were crooks. The way that he cleaned out the Post-Office Department was characteristic of him when once convinced that there was crookedness going on. He gave *carte blanche* to Robert J. Wynne, then Assistant Postmaster-General and afterwards at the head of the department, and he sent two of the officials who were using their opportunities to make money for themselves and their friends to the penitentiary and drove others into resigning. Other Presidents had been told what was going on, but allowed themselves to be fooled into believing that they had been misinformed, but Mr. Roosevelt generally determined these matters for himself.

Mr. Roosevelt had great sympathy with repentant wrong-doers, however, and was inclined to make allowances for them whenever it was reasonably possible for him to do so. A case in point was that of the noted Ben Daniels, who had at one time acted as his guide on one of his hunting expeditions in the West. Daniels had been a "bad" man and did not deny it. But he was trying to reform and so President Roosevelt announced that he would appoint him United States Marshal in Arizona. This decision aroused much criticism, and, while the appointment was pending, a United States Senator filed with the President, much to his surprise, a certified copy of Daniels' penitentiary record. As the President said afterwards, it floored him a little, but he could not be driven from his purpose in helping to put Daniels on his feet, so he made the appointment, the Senate confirmed it, Daniels acted

as marshal, and the President afterwards asserted that he never had cause to regret his action.

Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, the testimony of certain persons in the lawsuit tried in Northern Michigan, in which Mr. Roosevelt appeared in person, and the statements based largely on hearsay, it is a fact that Theodore Roosevelt was neither a drinking man nor one given to profanity. He did drink occasionally, it is true, but as a rule at dinner parties, and then sparingly. He did more than once, however, take a drop too much, as on the occasion of a celebrated dinner given by the Lotos Club of New York to the Gridiron Club of Washington. Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, appeared at a very late hour, and when making his speech, in the course of a great deal of hilarity, natural at that hour, he hiccupped slightly, and then explained, thus adding to the general amusement, that he must be excused on the ground of having attended three or four dinners that evening in addition to the one at which he was then attempting to speak.

But that he was a drinking man in the sense that he habitually used intoxicants was untrue, as everybody who really knew him can testify. Some time before the controversy arose which ended in his slander suit at law against those who charged him with a too free use of intoxicants, the President was discussing the widespread gossip on the subject with two callers, the late James Creelman, a noted newspaper correspondent, and myself. The President referred, in emphatic and bitter language, to those

who had circulated the report that he was drinking, and did not hesitate to mention relatives of his own family freely, calling them, men and women alike, by their first names, and saying things about them that were much more specific than polite. He told just what his habits were in the drinking line, and made the statement that he believed himself quite within the bounds of truth in saying that all the whisky he had drunk in his whole life would not fill a gallon demijohn. He drank white wines sometimes, he said, because he liked them and found them good for his digestion. He even went so far as to telephone over to Secretary of War Taft to drop in and explain to those with whom he was talking that the gossip about his drinking had originated with one of the family relatives, whom he had already called by her first name, piqued because a friend of her husband had not been appointed to a desired federal office under the War Department. Mr. Taft confirmed the President's assertion on this point. Mr. Roosevelt used emphatic, even violent, adjectives, but rarely profanity.

It has often been said by critics of Theodore Roosevelt and by those who commented upon his personal, political, and public character, that he was at times strangely and unexplainably inconsistent, and this charge, it must be admitted, is true. Here is a case in point. Speaking before the Civil Service Reform Association in St. Louis, he referred to the late James S. Clarkson of Iowa, at one time chairman of the Republican National Committee, as a type of the spoilsman in politics, and inferentially,

at least, denounced him on that ground. Shortly afterwards, when Mr. Clarkson's grip on politics had loosened and he was not the power that he once had been, President Roosevelt appointed him Naval Officer of the Port of New York. The late Francis E. Leupp, Roosevelt's biographer and long-time intimate personal friend, who served under him as Commissioner of Indian Affairs after his retirement from the field of journalism, which he had honored for many years, and I deliberately arranged one day to ask the President how he reconciled his appointment of Clarkson with his denunciation of him. The President listened intently to the account of his St. Louis speech, and after trying vainly to avoid being driven into a corner, he told how the politicians of the Republican party, big and little, had come to him interceding for Clarkson, and threw up his hands with an apologetic smile, saying, "Well, the truth is, as you know, in politics we have to do a great many things that we ought not to do."

When George B. Cortelyou, who was private secretary to Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, chairman of the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1904, when Roosevelt was elected President, Secretary of Labor, Postmaster-General, and Secretary of the Treasury, and now president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, first came to Washington he was a clerk in the Post-Office Department under Postmaster-General Bissell, President Cleveland's old-time chum in Buffalo. President Cleveland wanted a good stenographer to add to the White House clerical staff,

and Cortelyou was sent up by his immediate employer, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Maxwell. The stenographer was so efficient that he was made assistant secretary to the President and then secretary, and it was afterwards rumored that he would be retained by President Roosevelt, who had succeeded McKinley. Many newspaper correspondents, although friends of Mr. Cortelyou, thought he was hardly the kind of man to be private secretary to a President of Roosevelt's type, one who would exact so much, and a number of them one day asked the President outright if he intended to retain Mr. Cortelyou as private secretary. Instantly he replied, "I will use in this office, as I always do, any tool that comes to my hand." From that time on Cortelyou, with whom he had had no previous relationship, became the most effective tool in Mr. Roosevelt's kit. A great surprise was caused also when the President selected Mr. Cortelyou to run his presidential campaign, but he had learned to know his man, and knew him better than the newspaper men or the public did, as further events proved. It was in much the same way that Mr. Roosevelt made the famous remark, "My spear knows no brother," in talking to the newspaper men about his personal friend and family relative, the late Bellamy Storer, whose unfortunate quarrel with him led to his forced resignation as Minister to Austria. Mr. Storer had put the President in an embarrassing position, and therefore received the pointed spear in spite of the fact of the close personal intimacy between the two families.

The word "dee-lighted", that came to be universally used as indicating Mr. Roosevelt's peculiarly effusive manner of greeting people, was given to the world primarily by Richard V. Oulahan, now the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*. He and I had an appointment with President Roosevelt one day to present Mr. D. O. Haynes, then editor and publisher of the *New York Commercial*. As the callers were ushered in, the President asked to be excused for a minute while he could shake hands with a number of young men from the Indian school, the Carlisle School, Pennsylvania, who made up the football squad about to play a game in Washington. As each young Indian grasped his hand the President would say, with his famous catching smile, "dee-lighted", and pass him along. In writing his account of this incident, Mr. Oulahan divided the word delighted so as to bring the accent on the first syllable, where it belonged; it was so published in *The Sun*, and thus handed down to posterity.

When Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy his office was the center of a program of activity never known there before, or since; he kept everybody on the jump from the minute the office opened in the morning until it closed at night. He was indefatigable in looking after every detail of naval administration and was always especially interested in the personnel. The Assistant Secretary was sitting at his desk one day talking to officers on duty in the department and some newspaper callers when a head clerk came in with a handful of papers

relating to the claim of a former enlisted man to a sum of money that, as it was explained by the clerk, had been time and time again declared by one authority or another to be due, but which had never been paid because there were rules and regulations which, if construed a certain way, as they had been, demonstrated that it was not absolutely necessary for the government to pay the claim. The clerk had stated his case fully and was about to add a word when the Assistant Secretary, glowering at him as if he would bite his head off, snapped out, "You say that it has been decided more than once by competent authority that the money is due this man. Then for heaven's sake go back to your desk and find some rule by which I can pay him. Don't come back here again with some miserable suggestion of how I can manage to keep from paying him. If the money is due the man, I want it paid to him, so pray find me some way to do it." And as the clerk disappeared in confusion, the Assistant Secretary said, "That's the government all over. They never try to do a man justice; they are always trying to deny it to him."

There was one weak spot in Mr. Roosevelt's character, not perhaps the only one, but it stood out prominently in all its ugliness against the background of his impeccable shield of honesty, courage, and high-minded, lofty intelligence. Once he had convinced himself or allowed others to convince him that a man had acted an unworthy or discreditable part, he would at once withdraw his support and friendship from that man, often without giving

him an adequate opportunity to explain and justify his conduct. Mr. Roosevelt pursued this course on more than one occasion, when the victim of his censure was one who had stood by him and been recognized as one of his real friends in whom he placed the highest confidence, and when those who failed to convince the President that he was wrong were mutual friends for whom he had very high regard. The President's stubbornness and obstinacy in these cases was the cause of chagrin to his friends and supporters who simply could not understand this peculiar weakness of the President's mind. Mr. Roosevelt went so far in defining his code of honor among men as to hold, for instance, that a newspaper man had no right to continue in the employ of an editor whose views on a public or political question might have changed to the extent that he opposed in the columns of his paper what he had formerly advocated, and vice versa. The President held that such a change of front should induce the newspaper correspondent to resign. Not to do so, he said, was to place him where it was to be understood that his honor was for sale. He seemed to make no allowances for the fact that the correspondent must of necessity earn a living or the possibility that his views, if he had any, might change with those of the newspaper he served.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION

IN discussing the administration of William Howard Taft, President from March 4, 1909, to March 4, 1913, one is dealing with a man who is very much alive, and the task becomes more or less delicate and difficult. In his famous midnight speech to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, June 22, 1892, that eloquent Irishman, the late William Bourke Cockran, made the rafters of the wigwam tremble with applause with his statement that Grover Cleveland was the most popular man in the United States every day in the year but one and that was election day. Time proved that the remark, eloquent as it was, had no real point. So in the case of Mr. Taft. On election day, 1912, as the Republican candidate for President, he lost every State in the Union except Vermont and Utah. The most ardent Democratic prognosticator or the most wild Roosevelt enthusiast did not think it was possible for the Republicans to carry no more than two States. Five was the minimum number placed by the betters, and yet the day after election, when Mr. Taft accepted his defeat in that brave and cheerful spirit characteristic of his whole life, without a word of complaint, with no indication of bitterness of spirit, pursuing the even tenor of his way, the Taft smile in no measure lessened and the

proverbial Taft good nature in no way affected, the world said "there is a man and a true sport." From that day to this Mr. Taft's personal popularity has increased, and in Washington, now his permanent home, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is the center of interest at all gatherings, whether social, official, political, or what not, just as Speaker Reed of Maine used to be thirty years ago, when he was dubbed "the Czar" because of his autocratic methods of running the House of Representatives. Mr. Taft, moreover, occupies the most distinguished office in the government of the United States except that of President. It is a place which he adorns and which adorns him. The rôle of Chief Justice fits Mr. Taft precisely and it is, moreover, the one office which he long desired. His intimates always knew that Mr. Taft was Governor of the Philippines, Secretary of War, and President of the United States, to say nothing of the innumerable less important offices which he filled with honor, through the force of circumstance alone, and not because of his ambitions. His heart was always set on judicial place, and he is as happy to-day as Chief Justice of the highest court in the land as the Court is happy because he is a member of it.

Mr. Taft never really wanted to be President. The members of his family and the politicians were responsible for his candidacy. He always knew himself to be a poor politician and although he did his best he felt that he would not make a popular, and what is called a successful Chief Executive. The sordid side of politics would make him ill and

he was so inherently honest and clean in motive and act that he revolted at what he had to do in the way of keeping the pre-election promises of those in charge of the campaign. The duty of wading through the mass of information and misinformation in support of those seeking offices also discouraged and disheartened him.

Mr. Taft's honesty of purpose and his desire always to keep himself clear of even the suspicion of scandal and dishonest methods in his official, political, and personal conduct were clearly shown in the progress of his campaign for the presidency in 1908, after he had been nominated, largely through the influence of Mr. Roosevelt. A veritable comedy of political error was enacted the year before, based on the fantastic candidacy of George B. Cortelyou, at that time President Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, for the presidential nomination. Just how it all happened no politicians of that day were able to explain, and those who have come along since merely smile incredulously when told what occurred at that time as though it could not be true. But it was true, and but for Mr. Roosevelt's self-admitted habit of permitting his spear to know no brother might have had a serious effect upon the campaign to nominate and elect Mr. Taft.

As was well understood at the time, President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes of New York did not get along very well together. In political matters especially Mr. Hughes followed an entirely independent course without regard to the wishes

and preferences of the President. Taking advantage, probably, of this situation of affairs in New York State, Mr. Cortelyou and his personal friends got it into their heads that he might secure the presidential nomination, and he went after it in characteristic fashion. Officials of the government and personal friends who had long been associated with him in official and political affairs organized a campaign and sent agents throughout the United States in the interest of Mr. Cortelyou's nomination. Frank H. Hitchcock, a close personal and political friend of Mr. Cortelyou, who had served under him in the Department of Labor, and as Assistant Postmaster-General when Mr. Cortelyou was at the head of the Post-Office Department, had special charge of the Southern States where he had built up quite a powerful, personal organization through his control of post-office appointments. Mr. Cortelyou himself was especially sanguine, and in the early days of his candidacy was confident that he would get the vote of New York State, several States of the South, that he would be strong in other States and make a very gratifying showing in the National Convention. Mr. Roosevelt, when he first heard of Cortelyou's candidacy, treated it quite humorously; he could not regard it seriously. There must have been some sort of misunderstanding between him and his Secretary of the Treasury on this subject, because Mr. Cortelyou's friends were led to believe that his candidacy had the sympathy if not the actual, direct support of the President. However that may be, Mr. Roosevelt became fully alive to

the situation one day and treated it in truly Rooseveltian manner. Asking the Secretary of the Treasury to come over to the White House, he told him frankly and specifically that it was fanciful for him to regard himself as a possible nominee, assured him that Mr. Taft was the President's candidate, that his nomination at the Chicago Convention in the coming summer was already certain, and advised him to retire from the field his political agents in New York, in the Southern States, and elsewhere. In brief but kindly language, President Roosevelt told Mr. Cortelyou that his candidacy was impossible, even foolish, and declared that it must be abandoned.

When the facts of the interview between the President and the Secretary of the Treasury were published in the newspapers Mr. Cortelyou did not deny their accuracy, as some less earnest and honest man would have done. He frankly admitted that he had been spanked by the President, announced that he would not be a candidate for the nomination and gracefully retired from the contest, a sadder and a wiser man. When it became the duty of Mr. Taft, a few months later, to select a campaign manager he was embarrassed because many of his closest friends, his political advisers, and members of his own family, were urging him to entrust his candidacy to the management of Mr. Hitchcock, whose skill and effectiveness as a politician and a man of accomplishments had already been demonstrated. But Mr. Taft held aloof because he feared that on his mission to the Southern

States for the purpose of turning support to the Cortelyou candidacy Mr. Hitchcock may have been compelled to make political promises that it would be difficult or at least distasteful to Mr. Taft as President to carry out. So he let it be known that Mr. Hitchcock would not manage his campaign. There was so much dissatisfaction at this determination, however, that Mr. Taft eventually yielded to the persuasion of his family and friends, changed his mind and Mr. Hitchcock became chairman of the Republican National Committee and added to his laurels as a political manager in the campaign which ended in Mr. Taft's triumphant election. Mr. Taft was not even physically comfortable when he was in the White House. He had little daily physical exercise except when he was able to play golf in certain seasons of the year, and his weight increased to such an extent that his luncheon by physician's order consisted of one apple, sliced thin. His weight increased to three hundred and twenty pounds or more. To-day he weighs possibly sixty pounds less than that, and while he has a great amount of hard work to do, in common with all the justices of the United States Supreme Court, he has more time for exercise. This gives him opportunity to walk every morning from his residence to the Capitol, a distance of about three miles and a half. He arrives at the big building in a perspiration and his first duty there is to take a bath and don his official robes before taking his place on the bench on the opening of the Court at noon.

Mr. Taft, who made many mistakes as President, had Congress on his back a good part of the time. His were mistakes of the head and not of the heart, as he was ever seeking to do the right thing, but often he was doing the most unpopular thing. For instance, in the campaign of 1910, he endorsed Senator Aldrich and the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Law, although it was plain that a large portion of the public did not endorse or support either. In 1912 he heartily endorsed the scheme for reciprocity with Canada, although he clearly would have added to his own strength by opposing it. But no matter what he did or might have done, nothing could have elected him in 1912 after the decision of Roosevelt, the man who originally nominated him, to become a candidate himself and thus divide the Republican vote which was certain to turn the election to the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson.

The most striking incident of Mr. Taft's four-year term as President was the so-called Ballinger-Pinchot case, which was forced into the dimensions of a public scandal. The President's handling of it lessened his prestige, that is, added to his unpopularity as President, and yet a careful and dispassionate study of the question with the aid of all the facts forces the conclusion that, after all, Mr. Taft may have been right. He did not want to dismiss Gifford Pinchot from the office of Chief Forester, but Pinchot forced that action upon him deliberately by having read in the Senate a letter giving his side of the case, thus appealing to the public over the

head of the President, and his immediate superior officer, the Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Taft had been a friend of the Pinchot family and of Gifford Pinchot for many years and he urged the enthusiastic and eager disciple of Roosevelt not to force him to take drastic action, but without avail. As to the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger, who recently died, the facts appear to be on his side, but the public did not so understand them. He was sacrificed to the demands of misdirected public opinion and President Taft had to bear the brunt of it all.

What is known as the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy began at the moment when President Taft determined not to reappoint James R. Garfield, who was President Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior. Garfield himself was responsible for first bringing Ballinger into the national arena. He and Ballinger were fellow students at Williams College, Ballinger being graduated in the class of 1884 and Garfield in the class of 1885. When Garfield became Secretary of the Interior, he felt the necessity of installing as Commissioner of the General Land Office a competent Western lawyer, familiar with the land laws and their administration, who would be able to reorganize on a better basis the General Land Office, which had fallen far behind with its work and which was stagnating. Accordingly, he recommended to President Roosevelt the appointment of his old college friend Ballinger, and Roosevelt agreed. At some personal sacrifice, Ballinger came to Washington and did a thoroughly good

job of reorganization, winning the high approval of Garfield, of Roosevelt, and of all familiar with his work. Having installed the reorganization, Balingier, who was not a wealthy man, felt that the larger task had been accomplished and, to the regret of the administration, he resigned to return to practice at Seattle.

Mr. Roosevelt throughout his service in the White House had given a great deal of attention to Alaska. As a result of his studies in the period between 1906 and 1908, he concluded that the great need in the development of Alaska was the investment of large capital in the territory, arguing that it was not a country for the "small stake" player. Thereupon, largely at Roosevelt's instigation, George W. Perkins, of the banking house of J. P. Morgan and Company, looked into Alaska and organized the Alaska Syndicate, the chief investors in it being the Morgan house and the Guggenheims. The syndicate went into Alaska, acquired very rich copper mines at Kennicott in the Copper River district, and built its railroad, the Copper River and Northwestern, from the seacoast to the mines. Naturally, the syndicate figured largely in the affairs of the territory.

Coal had been discovered in Alaska in several localities. Congress had legislated to permit and encourage the development of these coal resources. Secretary Garfield himself had worked with the congressional committees in devising a coal land law for Alaska into which had been written many if not all of his suggestions.

One of the two larger coal fields in Alaska, as then determined, lay in the Bering River district, distant at the nearest point some twenty-eight miles from the line of the Guggenheim railroad. Among the many entries in the Bering River field by coal claimants were thirty-three claims entered by as many individuals, who had been formed into a sort of an association by one Cunningham, an early locator. These thirty-three claimants included some of the most respectable citizens of the Pacific Northwest.

They had performed all the acts required by the law, had paid the required ten dollars an acre into the Land Office at Juneau and had received their final receipts. All that remained was the issuance of the deeds from the government, commonly called patents. Some of the claimants had spent large sums of money in developing and proving their properties. One McDonald alone had invested about \$175,000 in installing machinery and getting out coal, some of which had been tested on the battleship *Nebraska* and proved to be of high quality.

At this stage, Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior. With a personal knowledge of Alaska and its problems, believing with Colonel Roosevelt that the Territory's future lay in the development of its coal and other resources in order that industry might be established, he early instructed the General Land Office to speed up the steps necessary for the passage of title to legitimate coal claimants in Alaska. One Louis Glavis, a special agent of the

General Land Office, was instructed to "get on" these cases. He was interested in certain timberland cases in Oregon which he preferred to handle and rather objected to going on the Cunningham cases.

The thirty-three Cunningham claimants were far from being in agreement as to what they were going to do. A group of them under the leadership of Fred Mason of Spokane believed that they could make more money by selling out to the Guggenheims than by developing the property. Accordingly, twenty-one of them got together and submitted a tentative offer to the Guggenheims, over the protest of the remaining twelve. The Guggenheims refused to deal unless all thirty-three claimants would come in. The minority, led by Charles Sweeny, a wealthy metal mine operator of Spokane, stood pat and would not come in and the plan fell through.

Glavis, because of the dissension among the Cunningham claimants, obtained evidence showing the attempt of the twenty-one claimants to sell to the Guggenheims. Following another row with his superiors, Glavis laid his proof privately before Pinchot and Garfield. Previously he had submitted the same evidence to the Department, which had held it to be not consequential because the very text of the correspondence showed that the whole thing had been merely a flash in the pan. Nevertheless, the General Land Office had not reached the point of submitting the claims for patent to the Secretary, when the campaign against Taft and Ballinger was launched.

Before going out of office, Garfield had withdrawn from entry, on suspicion of being possible water-power sites, a very large area of public lands in the West. Subsequent surveys and detailed examinations had demonstrated that certain of these areas were remote from any possibility of water-power development and Ballinger had restored certain small acreages to the public domain.

Then came the dismissal of Pinchot, the investigation by Congress of the whole affair, the official verdict in favor of Ballinger, but all to no purpose, because the damage had been done. Under Secretary Fisher's administration of the Department of the Interior, the government cancelled the Cunningham and practically all other coal claims in Alaska and refunded to the purchasers the purchase price without interest.

Since the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, the attitude of the government toward Alaska has been a repressive one. Government reservations have multiplied and opportunities for the pioneer and investor have been reduced. The population declined from sixty-four thousand in 1910 to fifty-four thousand in 1920. The government has invested fifty-six million in its own railroad from Seward to the Tanana Valley — an area far removed from the area dominated by the Guggenheims — but has little traffic to support it.

In presenting to the Senate January 6, 1910, the Pinchot letter, dated January 5, Senator Dolliver did not apologize for the act of the Chief Forester in thus going over the head of the Secretary of Agri-

culture of which Department the Bureau of Forestry was a part, but he did say this:

“I was interested to find out, if possible, what activity, if any, the Bureau of Forestry had had in connection with the accusations against the Department of the Interior. I took the liberty of inquiring of the chief of that bureau, a man, I think, conceded by all to be a public servant with a high standard of fidelity to public duty. I asked him what activity, if any, his department had had in promulgating and keeping alive these accusations. He was kind enough to reply to my inquiry at some length, giving a candid — because he is not capable of any statement that is not truthful and candid — statement of the actions of the employees of the Bureau of Forestry which were subject to the criticisms which have been directed against the bureau. He does not pretend to conceal the fact that subordinates of the bureau did aid in the formulation, investigation, and publication of certain charges directed against the Secretary of the Interior; and he gives a full and, I think, a fair statement of what was done, together with a statement of his views as to the propriety of it.”

That letter was a comprehensive statement of the actions of those concerned in the dispute between the Interior Department and the Chief Forester over the question of the conservation of coal and other lands in Alaska and elsewhere and the propriety of its submission to the Senate. It was challenged, particularly by Senator Eugene Hale, who while expressing his high opinion of the

men representing the different sides in the controversy, especially Secretary of the Interior Ballinger and Chief Forester Pinchot, commended them as men of character, experience, and integrity. Yet its submission, he continued, comprised an infraction of the President's order, which the Senator said he presumed the Chief Forester did not have in mind when he wrote the letter. That order is as follows:

"It is hereby ordered that no bureau, office, or division chief, or subordinate in any department of the government, and no officer of the Army or Navy or Marine Corps stationed in Washington, shall apply to either House of Congress, or to any committee of either House of Congress, or to any Member of Congress, for legislation, or for appropriations, or for congressional action of any kind, except with the consent and knowledge of the head of the department; nor shall any such person respond to any request for information from either House of Congress, or any committee of either House of Congress, or any Member of Congress, except through, or as authorized by, the head of his department."

When John Hay was Secretary of State, and for some time both before and afterwards, he lived in the house at the corner of Sixteenth and H streets, opposite St. John's Church, which was built for him by Richardson the noted Boston architect, who built also the house adjoining on the west for the late Henry Adams the historian, who while living there wrote "The Education of Henry Adams",

and other volumes that added to his reputation as an author, historian, traveler, philosopher, and publicist. Mr. Hay and Mr. Adams were intimate friends and inseparable companions. Their houses were connected by a doorway, and every day in the year when in Washington they took a long walk together. The Hay house is now occupied by Senator Wadsworth of New York, whose wife was Miss Alice Hay, and the Adams house, since the death of its owner, has been occupied by various tenants. These two houses, among the very best specimens of architecture in the Capital, overlook Lafayette Square, the White House, the Treasury, and the State, War, and Navy Department building, but are in the confines of that part of the city rapidly being turned into commercial zones. The historic church opposite the Hay house may possibly save the neighborhood from the commercial vandals, although joining the church on the east on the site of the old Arlington Hotel there has been erected a twelve-story building of vast dimensions occupied by the War Risk Bureau of the government, the office which handles all matters connected with the payment of insurance to soldiers of the World War.

A stone's throw from this building is the former site of the famous restaurant known nationally as John Chamberlin's Club House. A banking office stands on this corner now, but in the days of Hay and Adams and until a more recent period Chamberlin's was the resort of that class of public men, and their companions and satellites, who loved

good things to eat and drink, who enjoyed the companionship of those of their own way of living, and who found pleasure and profit in sitting in the poker game that was conducted virtually on a continuous plan. Although known to the newspapers as a senatorial game others than Senators sat about the green tables in the days of the Camerons, the Brices, the Mahones, and other Senators of the sporty and wealthy class. Big stakes were played for, it is true, but what were regarded as large sums of money in those days might be looked upon as more modest now; it's all a matter of the viewpoint. John Chamberlin himself was an agreeable, companionable man who had a vast host of personal friends throughout the United States and Europe, and among those hosts were men prominent and influential in private and public life. He had been the proprietor of gambling houses in the days when the stakes were high, when the midnight supper tables were set amid scenes of splendor; when horse racing was the sport of kings and before national prohibition had been dreamed of. Chamberlin undoubtedly did things on a grand scale, in the early days, but when he came to Washington forty years or more ago his glory had begun to fade. Hotel dinners were given at his club house and clever stories were printed about the distinguished men who attended them, of the speeches that they made, of the brilliancy of the regular habitues of the place, and the *bons mots* that flew about in the wee sma' hours. One incident will illustrate the great hold that Chamberlin had upon the popular fancy. It

was his habit for many years to serve in the afternoon cold apple toddies which soon became as famous as he was. One night a personal friend circulated among the men gathered at the club house a gilt-edged, printed card bearing this legend: Recipe for John Chamberlin's Cold Apple Toddy. The suggestion was made that the card be printed in the newspapers, and finally the wager of a dinner for the entire party was made that no Metropolitan newspaper would print it. The friend who had produced the card thereupon brought it to me and I attached the card as "copy" to a news sheet, telegraphed it that night to my newspaper and it appeared the next morning on the front page exactly as printed and as transmitted over the wire.

In an old bookshop on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Peace Monument at the foot of Capitol Hill, there have been for several years exhibited in the windows for sale at any old price pictures of "Cal" Brice, "Joe" Blackburn, and General Mahone, autographed by the originals and presented as tokens of friendship and affection to Mr. Chamberlin. He was bankrupt when he died, largely through the failure of the Chamberlin Hotel at Fortress Monroe which he built there on the government reservation and which, in spite of his name, was not a financial success. It was run, even before his death, by others and was recently destroyed by fire. The newspapers for years published articles descanting upon the wonderful victuals cooked in Chamberlin's by his artist

cooks, and the rare wines and liquors served there, of known vintages and of cobwebby age. But as a matter of fact when a dinner was ordered at Chamberlin's the food would be purchased that day at the Washington markets, the wet goods would be obtained at the nearest place where they were dealt in, and the dinners themselves would be cooked by an old negro woman, a resident of Washington all her life who, of course, knew how to cook duck and hominy and waffles, but who had no more skill than the ordinary Southern mammy.

In the two decades or so after Chamberlin's had become the center of Washington's Bohemian night life, the resort of the more ordinary, average, everyday class of public men, especially members of Congress, was the barroom of the old Congressional Hotel which stood on the site of the present marble building which serves as the private offices of the members of the House of Representatives. There the drinking members of Congress and their friends stood day and night with their feet upon the big brass rail and their elbows on the walnut counter. They were constant in their attendance, but in those days men drank more slowly and thoughtfully than now, and so, perhaps, did not actually consume so much more liquor after all. Until ten years or so ago, intoxicants could be purchased in the restaurants of the Senate and House, in the early days openly but in the latter period in the form of "cold tea", served in teacups and in other artful ways designed to deceive those in authority who, however, were conversant with all the tricks

of the trade. In these days of prohibition and the Volstead Law no liquor whatever is sold in the Capitol building and, of course, the old Congressional Hotel is remembered only as a thing of the past.

CHAPTER XV

WILSON AND WAR DAYS

ON the day following his inauguration as President of the United States, March 5, 1913, Woodrow Wilson, in taking up the routine duties of his office, let it be known through an official source that he would perform them behind glass doors. That is, he announced to the people of the United States that the public business, their business, would be carried on in the clear light of day, that he would be accessible at all times to those desiring to see him with regard to the important, legitimate affairs of the nation, and that, in fact, the presidential latchstring would always be out. When Mr. Taft learned of this announcement, he expressed the opinion that if Mr. Wilson had been wise he would have postponed making it for a few weeks, and that if he did so postpone it, it would never be made at all.

Mr. Taft's comment was timely and wise, based on knowledge and experience. Instead of working behind glass doors, President Wilson throughout his eight years performed the duties of the office behind doors that were not only opaque but which were closed, locked, and guarded. He executed a complete turn about face in this regard and upset the time-honored rules of White House procedure in doing so. Up, or down, to Wilson's time, from the days of George Washington, there had been a definite

order of business observed at the White House, throughout the business hours of each day, similar to those in practice in the various departments of the government, presided over by the members of the Cabinet. There was an hour for receiving Congressmen and others by appointment; another hour for seeing general callers whose business was of sufficient moment or whose personal relations with the President were close enough to secure them an audience; another hour for shaking hands with those who come "merely to pay their respects"; and other hours, generally in the late afternoon, for confidential consultation with individual members of the Cabinet aside from the regular Cabinet meeting days.

But all this went by the board soon after Mr. Wilson became President. He abandoned the hand-shaking feature of the day altogether, saw very few general callers, set aside no part of the day for the reception of Congressmen, partly suspended the rule of formal Cabinet meetings two days in the week, and proceeded to run the White House just as a lawyer would run his private office. This exclusive program was observed so closely that it is a well-known fact, as testified to by more than one member of his Cabinet, and especially by the late Franklin K. Lane in his talks and in his letters published after his death, that it was extremely rare for a member of the Cabinet to have an opportunity to see or converse with the President except on the formal occasions of the intermittent Tuesday and Friday meetings of the Cabinet. It was Mr. Wilson's habit, when he had important work to do, to shut himself

in his library or in any upstairs room of the White House proper with his typewriting machine, much the worse for wear, study out for himself the subject matter in hand and knock out on the typewriter, with his own fingers, his comments and conclusions thereon and whatever State papers it became incumbent upon him to issue. Sometimes the President would utilize the services of the White House clerical staff and sometimes he would not. This habit of exclusiveness and reliance upon himself grew to such a point that eventually it led him to ignore the most routine matters of administration, leaving them to others or to be unattended to altogether.

Long before Wilson's first term had ended, he had adopted the policy of going to the golf links every day, rain or shine, shortly after breakfast, returning to the White House just before noon, attending to regular office business in his library until luncheon, taking long motor trips in the country in the late hours of the afternoons, and attending the theater at night, often three or four times a week. The result was, naturally, that Congressmen complained that they could never make appointments or catch the President at his desk without them; Cabinet officers raised their eyebrows when told that "the President is not in"; the general public fumed and fretted and the "merely to pay their respects" crowd went away indignant. Things were carried to such a pass that for months at a time there would be no signs of life in or about the White House after luncheon each day. Private Secretary Tumulty would go out to luncheon and

forget to return and the chairs in the anteroom would stand empty. Theodore Roosevelt once said that his experience had taught him that nothing makes the ordinary American citizen so impatient, not to say angry, as to be compelled to cool his heels in the corridors outside of the offices of those made great by having a little temporary authority conferred upon them. In the Wilson administration there were comparatively few victims of this kind of cruelty, because it soon became known that there was no chance for those either with warm heels or cold ones to see President Wilson and so they remained away from the White House and saved themselves humiliation.

It has often been said for Mr. Wilson, however, and with truth, that he could and did concentrate his mind upon the problem in hand more closely than any other President ever did, or could, and that the amount of work performed by him each day was as great as if he had spent eight hours a day at the official desk in his office, possibly greater. However that may be, the result of his policy of exclusiveness shows how little effect a peculiarity of this kind has upon the great mass of people, for after having been given the cold shoulder for four years they elected him for a second term on the plea that "he kept us out of war", notwithstanding the fact that in the second year of his term the United States was at war with Mexico and that at the time of the election in 1916 military operations were in progress in San Domingo in which natives and Americans were daily being killed. Apparently the people as a rule care

less for a President's idiosyncrasies than they do for his executive policy and his views on political questions.

Notwithstanding his peculiar habit of aloofness President Wilson was very democratic in his personal habits. When he attended the theater he made it a practice to bump up against the general crowd in the foyer and when he traveled abroad in other directions he was as a rule unattended by formal ceremonies and blare of trumpets. It has been said of him by those who have known him from boyhood and followed him in every step of his public and private career that while he loves his fellow man and is careful not to infringe upon his rights and prerogatives, as a matter of fact he soars above them intellectually to such a degree that unwittingly, perhaps, he regards them down in his heart as so many pawns or manikins and that he really has never seemed to appreciate the fact that there can be any bond of fellowship between the man of his intellectual caliber and the ordinary man in the street.

The accuracy of this estimate was illustrated by the remark of a Senator when President Wilson stood on the East front of the Capitol delivering his inaugural address that the thousands and thousands of people beneath him were merely animate objects to whom he was talking as a man would talk into a phonograph so that his words could be repeated and carried throughout the world, and not as if he were talking face to face and heart to heart with his fellow citizens, mortals like himself.

Joseph P. Tumulty, in his book on Wilson, represents him as a man with a big heart, a soft nature,

one who loves his fellow man and who can easily be brought to tears by a tale of personal suffering, and yet it is a fact that Mr. Wilson throughout his two terms as President sought no personal companions outside of office hours, with very few exceptions as in the case of Colonel House and Mr. Tumulty and relatives and members of his own family. It is a singular fact, much commented upon when Mr. Wilson was President, that he did not seek the association of his peers but was to be found at all times in his leisure hours in the company of those intellectually beneath him. He avoided social functions, as such, altogether, and in his evenings at the theater and his other hours of relaxation, his companions were those who happened to be living at the White House or the relatives and friends of Mrs. Wilson. Big men of public affairs rarely accompanied the President on these occasions.

In order to meet the pressing and insistent demand for a more direct contact between the President and the outside world than was afforded by his program of exclusiveness President Wilson was prevailed upon to inaugurate a series of semi-weekly and tri-weekly "conferences" with the representatives of the newspaper press. This concession to the demands of the public served as a not altogether satisfactory substitute for the custom followed throughout the Roosevelt and Taft administrations of allowing the newspaper men to have a personal, private word with the President almost any hour of the day, or the night, for that matter, a custom that was established in McKinley's time through his

personal, wide acquaintance with newspaper men. It might have resulted in direct benefit to President Wilson and to the public but for the fact that the newspaper men, instead of being allowed freely and frankly to confer with the President, were received much as a class of students at Princeton would be, for instance, with President Wilson turned back into "Prexy." Mr. Wilson did not intend, possibly, to resume the rôle of school-teacher, but his attitude towards the newspaper men became what it had been towards the undergraduates, and while there was no open resentment the result was that the conferences were so one-sided that they produced little result.

They were not in fact conferences at all. The newspaper men would, when they screwed up courage enough to do so, ask questions bearing upon various phases of the news of the day, and the President would answer or sidestep them as he chose, sometimes elucidating the subject with a little inside information but as a rule not throwing any new light on the subject. Generally the newspaper men knew more than the President about the matters under discussion. At these conferences, so called, President Wilson was, as a rule, very serious in aspect and demeanor, rarely smiling or cracking a joke and plainly anxious at all times to close the meeting and get back to his den. Often he was quite snappy in reply to some question he thought was too pointed or which for any reason it was not agreeable for him to answer. Thus one day a correspondent was persuaded by a more timid colleague to quiz the President as to his opinion of

the action of the National Civil Service Reform Association, in session in Washington at the time, in passing a resolution criticizing the propriety of the then Director of the Census, Mr. Harris, now United States Senator from Georgia, in announcing himself as a candidate for governor of that State while continuing to serve as director of the census.

"The National Association would better mind its own business," said the President in his most cold-blooded tones, and that ended the "conference" on that particular subject.

One day when Mr. Wilson was in a somewhat philosophic mood he fell into a discussion of the ethical side of newspaper reporting and laid down a proposition which met with no sympathetic response from those present and which seemed not to make any impression upon the newspaper-reading public or upon the public generally. What he said in substance was that according to his way of thinking the newspaper correspondents at Washington and newspaper writers generally in their handling of men and measures, usually, or at least too often, got the cart before the horse, as it were. From his standpoint it was then and possibly still is, or at least should be, the function of the newspaper writers at the Capital to expend their energies not so much in reporting what the public men of the country are doing and how they are doing it, as to write about what in the opinion of the writers the public men should be doing, and thus bring pressure to bear upon them from their constituents to make them do those things. One or two of the boldest reporters

present called attention to the fact that they were employed by their managing editors to tell what is going on in Washington and not to write their views of what should be going on, adding, what is of course a fact, that the managing editors would not pay for or print sermons intended to influence public men or their constituents. But the President persisted in the view that newspaper writers should write more about what ought to be done than about what was being done, and thereupon the subject was dropped.

Woodrow Wilson's first public appearance in Washington was at the Press Club where he spoke one evening in the spring of 1911, just before he became a candidate for the presidential nomination. Surprisingly little was known about him at the Capital at that time and the politicians of both parties were paying very little attention to his candidacy and none of them thought that it was worth taking seriously. The newspaper men, of course, being unprejudiced in their search for and the handling of news, were out in full force and they met and heard a man who convinced them at once that he had very strong and decided views on political and public questions, a very strong will, a very hard head to keep them in and a ready tongue with which to expound them. Mr. Wilson made a deep impression upon a large number of newspaper men present which was reflected in the immediate transfer of his candidacy from that of the "spoken of" class to that of the "possible nominee." There were at that time a few men in Washington widely read, thoughtful politicians, accustomed to look below the surface

of affairs in forming their opinions, who knew all about Woodrow Wilson before he decided on his candidacy, who had followed his career, indeed, before he became president of Princeton University, and who appreciated the strength and character and originality of the man before they were revealed to the public through the ordinary political campaign methods.

One of these was President Theodore Roosevelt who was thoroughly posted as to Woodrow Wilson and who, while he was still President, saw in him a possible political rival whose entry into the field of politics would have to be taken into account by the Republican party. Roosevelt recognized his intellectual quality and admitted him to be a man of such advanced, original, radical views on public questions that he was to be feared as well as admired. As far back as 1908 Mr. Roosevelt would chide those Republicans who pooh-poohed the idea that the personality of Woodrow Wilson, then forcing itself into the political limelight, was something to be taken seriously. He told the politicians that not only was it quite possible that Wilson's face would soon loom up above the edges of the political horizon but that if ever he were elected to high political office he would be so radical in his advocacy and treatment of public questions as to make all the radicals who had gone before appear as conservatives. Roosevelt had read what Wilson the historian and educator had written and had formed a correct judgment of what his political policies would be. It is probable, however, that as well

informed on these subjects as he was, even his sagacious foresight did not admonish him that it would be Woodrow Wilson who would later defeat him, Theodore Roosevelt, for election to the presidency and who would personally obstruct Theodore Roosevelt in what was possibly the greatest personal ambition of his life — the desire to lead a division of American soldiers to France in the great World War for the destruction of Prussian militarism.

But Woodrow Wilson did both. When the Republican party was split in twain by Roosevelt's candidacy in 1912 against that of William H. Taft, Wilson was elected as a minority candidate and five or six years later "placed the cold hand of death" upon Roosevelt's application for appointment as commander of a division of American troops in France. It was the late Representative Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts, son-in-law of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who died holding a commission in the American army while still a Congressman, who gave to the newspaper men assembled at the White House the news that the President had determined that Roosevelt should not receive a commission, and in characteristic fashion Gardner made the announcement in language that traveled over the world as fast as the wires and the wireless could convey them. And with the announcement went the impression that President Wilson, in refusing the commission, was actuated by personal animosity or possibly fear of adding to Roosevelt's popularity. It was also alleged at the time of President Wilson's recall of General Leonard Wood, while he was en

route to New York on his way to France under orders, that it was due to the fear of Wood's rising political popularity.

President Wilson and his friends have persistently denied that there was basis for either charge. President Wilson's biographer, Mr. Tumulty, asserts with positiveness that in the case of General Wood he was not sent to France because General Pershing did not have him on the list of officers asked for, and to send him in these circumstances would be to go over the head of General Pershing which, it is stated, the President did not do in any single case. Pershing, it is understood, did not ask for Wood because he did not regard him as physically fit for the great test of endurance to which the general officers of the American army under him were subjected. Pershing did not belong to the Wood faction in the Army and therefore preferred naturally to have him in the United States rather than in France. As for Roosevelt, President Wilson's explanation always was that the war was to be fought, so far as the United States was concerned, by regular United States Army officers under General Pershing's personal command, and that no political appointments were to be made and no commissions given to those outside of the military organizations. To select Roosevelt, he said, would be to open the door to appointments of this kind and so he was refused. Mr. Roosevelt personally called upon President Wilson to ask for the commission and thought he had attained his object. He and his friends were bitterly disappointed when the commission was

denied him and Wilson and Roosevelt never were on terms of personal friendship afterwards, if indeed such a relationship ever existed between them.

President Wilson's enemies and critics have been disposed to cite his denial of Theodore Roosevelt's application as an illustration of his alleged jealousy of any person who purposely or accidentally got in his way or did anything to incur his displeasure. In addition to his refusal to gratify the ambitions of Mr. Roosevelt and General Wood on the alleged ground that they would receive undue publicity and popularity if sent abroad with the American troops, the conspicuous cases in which Mr. Wilson broke with those near and presumably dear to him are those of Colonel George Harvey, William J. McCombs, Walter Hines Page, Secretary of War Garrison, Colonel E. M. House, and last, and most surprising of all, the loyal and devoted Joseph Patrick Tumulty.

Mr. Wilson's biographers, even Mr. Tumulty himself, have furnished detailed and explicit explanation to the public of the causes that led to the estrangements between him and those who started out with him on the road to political glory. In each case the explanation seems to be all-sufficient but the question remains who is to explain why Tumulty was rebuked as the others were and why to-day, although living within a stone's throw of Mr. Wilson's residence, he never sees [him or communicates with him. Their friendship and even acquaintanceship is at an end. Colonel Harvey, it is explained by Mr. Tumulty in his book on Wilson,

took himself out of the President's list of friends by refusing to accept Mr. Wilson's disclaimer of any serious reflection in asking Colonel Harvey, who had been one of the chief organizers of the movement to make Mr. Wilson governor of New Jersey as a preparation for his nomination to the presidency, not to support him too zealously in *Harper's Weekly* for fear that he would thus do his cause more harm than good. McCombs followed Harvey into the enemy's ranks, it is asserted by Tumulty, because he was a nervous, jealous man, not strong physically, who conjured up the theory that McAdoo and others were stealing away the President's friendship from him, finally becoming so uncertain in his mind that he accepted and declined a dozen times high offices offered to him by the President and especially the post of Ambassador to France, allowing himself to be worried into a state of physical and mental collapse which eventually ended in his death. Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, and the Assistant Secretary, Henry Breckenridge, broke with the President because, according to them, he opposed their plan for a continental army to be made up of reserves in addition to the regular forces after he had endorsed it, as against the scheme, which he finally approved, advocated by Chairman Hay of the House military affairs committee, providing for using the National Guard as the nucleus of the enlarged organization. Those who are still loyal to Mr. Wilson say that as a matter of fact he never did approve the Garrison-Breckenridge plan but, nevertheless, the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary thought he

did, and when they found he had deserted them they resigned.

Robert Lansing, his Secretary of State, according to Mr. Wilson's biographers, Mr. Tumulty in particular, was summarily dismissed soon after the President returned from France on his futile and fateful errand in behalf of the League of Nations covenant because, they say, Mr. Wilson discovered while there that the Secretary of State was treacherously and secretly antagonizing him and his policy of a world league, the policy that had become the all-absorbing ambition of Mr. Wilson's life, and was using every means at his command and every device that could be suggested by the opponents of the League to support the plans of Senators and others who sought to defeat the President's purposes, and who finally succeeded in doing so. President Wilson's suspicions of Mr. Lansing were aroused, it is said, before Mr. Wilson went to France, and that accounts for the fact that although the Secretary of State was a member of the Peace Commission appointed by the President, he received no opportunity to talk with his chief in all the days they were in Paris together.

No one speaking for President Wilson or claiming to speak by authority has yet sought to explain in print the cause for the break of the particularly intimate friendship between President Wilson and Colonel House, but one has only to read the "Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page" to know what happened in his case. Page's friendship with Woodrow Wilson covered a longer period of years by far

than the intimacy between President Wilson and Colonel House, and Mr. Page makes it very clear in his own story that he was allowed to fade out of the President's life because of his criticism while Ambassador to England of the President's unwillingness or incapacity to appreciate the terrible mistake that was being made in keeping the United States out of the war for so long, especially after the sinking of the *Lusitania*; and because his advocacy of a policy of closer and more intimate friendship between the United States and England encouraged the President's belief that Mr. Page had become through the official and social courtesies showered upon him in London a confirmed anglomaniac. Mr. Page, therefore, passed out of Woodrow Wilson's life just as Colonel House, apparently, has passed out.

The immediate, direct cause of the estrangement between Mr. Wilson and Colonel House has not been published, but it is known to be due to Mr. Wilson's belief that both before and after the Peace Conference the members of Colonel House's personal and official household were allowed, with his knowledge and consent, to cause the publication of newspaper and magazine articles that sought to give entire credit for the éclat of the Wilson mission to France to Colonel House. The belief of the President and the members of his household that this was true was cemented by the action of a member of President Wilson's family in calling on Colonel House and confronting him personally with one of these publications, the origin of which he could not and did not deny.

The last in the list of those to feel the weight of Mr. Wilson's displeasure and to be permitted to drop out of his small circle of friends was Mr. Tumulty. He, naturally, does not understand why he, always loyal, always devoted, always self-sacrificing from the day he entered Mr. Wilson's service as stenographer, when Mr. Wilson was Governor of New Jersey, until long after he had retired to be broken in spirit and in health, should be branded. Mr. Tumulty has made no complaint, no protest, and it is more in a spirit of sorrow than anger that he accepts the situation. In the spring of 1921 there was a rally of Democrats in New York City and Mr. Tumulty, at the suggestion of President Wilson, accepted the invitation sent to him. Before leaving for New York he called on "the chief" to ask him whether he had any message to convey to the loyal Democrats about to assemble. Mr. Wilson said he had none but in a general way authorized Tumulty to tell them that he sent his greetings and hoped for the success of the cause in which they were interested. It so happened that James M. Cox was at the dinner and that the occasion was turned into a sort of general endorsement of his political ambitions. The next day when the newspapers printed Tumulty's words of greeting, construed as a Cox endorsement by those who wished to make it appear so, the President repudiated the message and very sharply said that Mr. Tumulty had no authority to deliver it and no right to do so. From that day to this Mr. Tumulty and Mr. Wilson have been as strangers. There was no special significance

in the message Mr. Tumulty gave to the Democrats as coming from Mr. Wilson and no exaggeration of it. Tumulty had been empowered by Mr. Wilson to convey it and he believes that Mr. Wilson's physical and mental condition and the fact that he is served and advised nowadays altogether by members of Mrs. Wilson's family, who are not supposed to appreciate the importance and significance of personal and political suggestions, explain why he rebuked, and without reason, the most loyal friend he ever had.

The first year of President Wilson's first term sailed along smoothly except for the popular feeling aroused among a portion of the American people against the conduct of the Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, and the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels. There was tremendous interest in Mr. Wilson's personality and the country as a whole seemed satisfied with his Cabinet appointments, with the exception of those mentioned. A large part of the people, possibly a majority, at least, of those who had voted for Mr. Wilson, were dissatisfied when he selected Mr. Bryan, and this feeling was intensified by the selection of Mr. Bryan's political associate, Mr. Daniels, as the head of the Naval establishment. The Bryan wing of the Democratic party was pleased with both appointments. They felt that it was almost as good as having Mr. Bryan in the White House to have him chosen as the premier of the administration with Mr. Daniels in such an important post as that of Secretary of the Navy. The administration

started off under the Bryan banner. Bryan's own idea of his status was shown on inauguration day, when he sat on the front row of seats on the inaugural stand and blandly took to himself many of the plaudits and congratulations that were intended for the more modest man who sat farther back from the footlights. But Mr. Bryan did not continue long in office. His actions in the State Department soon became so erratic as to make it manifest to the world that he had no conception of the duties of the Secretary of State and none of the kind of ability necessary to their proper performance. The public only laughed when Mr. Bryan served grape juice at dinner to the diplomats, but when he began a regular schedule of lecturing for pay at rural fairs and similar gatherings, absolutely ignoring the important as well as the routine work of his office, the President as well as the public came to see that he was a misfit in the office of Secretary of State and after a few fitful months he was permitted to resign.

The public knows only what was published about Mr. Bryan's lack of attention to official duties. They know, for instance, as told by Mr. Page, that strictly confidential messages from the American Ambassador in London were given to the press in Washington when they were not absolutely ignored or lost altogether; that he appointed men to important posts in the department who were so unfit to perform the duties that they never attempted to do so; that he changed his own private secretary so often that it was impossible even to keep track of the daily mail, and that when members of the diplomatic

corps would call on him he would sometimes talk to them as he rushed through the corridors and up and down in the elevators, to catch a train to keep a lecture engagement. But there were many things that the public did not know. They did not know, for instance, that when casting about to find places under the department for deserving Democrats the Secretary discharged one Minister who had been in office for seventeen years, whose record was exceptionally good in the department, and who was a Democrat of Democrats, appointed by a Democrat President, Mr. Cleveland, and coming from a family all members of which have been Democrats from their birth. This wrong was righted by President Wilson two years later through the personal intervention of Private Secretary Tumulty, and the Minister who was discharged, because, as Secretary Bryan explained to his friends, "I thought he was a Republican," is still in office. The public did not know, either, that on one occasion Mr. Bryan sent a gunboat to a foreign country to get from the American Legation documents which the secretary of the legation had assured him were not there; later brought the Minister to Washington to make a report to take the place of the missing documents and then lost or mislaid the report which he never afterwards could remember to have received, although it was prepared in his own office under his own eye.

The singular thing about the case of Josephus Daniels is that he demonstrated at once that he knew little or nothing about the Navy, little more,

possibly, than old "Dick" Thompson of Indiana knew, when President Hayes appointed him to that office. But Mr. Daniels lived to learn a great deal about the Navy and to handle it fairly well through the World War which came about to save him just at the time that the public was vociferously demanding his resignation.

Mr. Daniels' chief trouble as Secretary of the Navy was, in the opinion of such men as Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, who served under him, and who was relieved because he insisted on telling and writing the truth, that he had no conception of the Navy as a scientific machine. He looked upon it merely as an organization dependent upon and existing for its personnel alone. This accounts, it was explained, for the attitude that the Secretary took when at the very beginning of his administration he let it be known how he intended to run the service for the benefit of the enlisted men. Then he proceeded to issue orders to show that he meant what he said. He appointed enlisted men to the Naval Academy and he undertook to correct the morals of the young men by issuing an order to the effect that the enlisted men should no longer be allowed to receive medical treatment as a preventive for social diseases; he established schools on board ship which the boys were compelled to attend willy-nilly, and then he capped the climax by having an order prepared requiring one officer to sit at the mess table at each meal. This order was never promulgated. It was broken down before being signed by the argument that it would be impossible to carry it out for the

reason that officers from Southern States would refuse to eat their meals with colored men.

Mr. Daniels had no great executive ability and he did not love work for the sake of work but he had much of it to perform before the big war ended. When the Democratic party went out of power, in 1921, Mr. Daniels announced one night at a Grid-iron dinner that he was going back to Raleigh with a pad and pencil, all that he had saved in his eight years in Washington, and stay there writing pieces for his paper. Apparently, however, he has forgotten this promise because the news dispatches show him continually to be traveling and lecturing here, there, and everywhere. Mr. Daniels, who was—and is—above all else a politician, and a clever one, was in 1912 Director of Publicity of the Democratic National Committee. The Democratic and the Republican parties were jointly fighting Roosevelt that year and it had been arranged between the Democratic and the Republican publicity bureaus to publish simultaneously one Monday morning an attack on Roosevelt by General Miles. When the morning came the Miles article appeared only in the Republican papers and the explanation was that Mr. Daniels had put his copy that was to go to the Democratic papers into the tail pocket of his frock coat after removing it from the inside of the high hat that he usually wore in those days, and gone off to North Carolina or somewhere else with it, and those at headquarters said it was the only piece of work that he had been asked to do in that campaign. But nobody worked harder than Josephus Daniels after

the United States entered the World War and the facts are that the Navy gave a good account of itself and that he was the civilian head of it. The refusal of President Wilson to ask for Daniels' resignation in the days when the storm of popular criticism was raging over his head is a tribute more to Wilson's obstinacy than to his statesmanship, because whether or not Mr. Daniels deserved all the abuse that was heaped upon him, there is no doubt that his unpopularity as the Secretary of the Navy did much to demoralize the Navy itself and arouse an adverse public criticism which might have been avoided.

It was much the same with Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, who succeeded Mr. Garrison. "Pansy" Baker was essentially a man of peace. He had a horror of war and no knowledge whatever of the mechanism of the great war machine and no conception of the uses to which it was put in time of peace or to which it could be put in time of war. Mr. Baker may have been mentally a stronger man than Russell A. Alger, who was driven out of McKinley's Cabinet as a result of the Spanish-American War. He was younger and more alert but Alger at least had served as a soldier and in a general way knew more about the make-up and operations of an army than Mr. Baker ever dreamed of. But Mr. Wilson had selected Baker for the task; he relied upon him and believed in him and refused to listen to any of the complaints of his lack of patriotism, lack of ability, lack of originality, lack of initiative, and lack of all the essential require-

ments of a successful Secretary of War. So Mr. Baker remained until the end and now commentators are beginning to discover that he acquitted himself as creditably as others might have done in the circumstances.

Postmaster-General Burleson, too, was assailed on every hand as being essentially a politician. He was charged with having turned that department into a political machine to the detriment of the mail service. The indictment was supplemented by evidence, but it had no effect upon the President. He ignored it, his time and attention being occupied by more important questions. And no wonder! The war clouds were gathering and events were transpiring that were destined to turn the world into near chaos. So to study them and their bearing upon the world in general and the United States in particular, the President shut himself up in his study, took up his little old typewriter and turned from the annoyances of domestic affairs to the serious and tragic problems of world-wide moment, problems that absorbed him thereafter until he retired to private life to the virtual exclusion of the ordinary affairs of executive administration.

Woodrow Wilson lingers on the scene, broken mentally and physically but silent and uncomplaining. There are those who think that he will be able to overcome disease and live to become the rejuvenated leader of the Democratic party. The loyalty of the Wilsonites to him is astonishing, and apparently there is ground for the belief that so far at least as those who favor the entrance of the

United States into the League of Nations are concerned they will rally round the standard of Wilson and make him again a vital force in the movement for a policy that the United States has so far refused to adopt.

APPENDIX

PROCTOR KNOTT'S DULUTH SPEECH

ON January 27, 1871, the House of Representatives had under consideration a joint resolution extending the time for the construction of a railroad from the St. Croix River or Lake to the west end of Lake Superior and to Bayfield. It was in reference to this proposed piece of legislation that Mr. Knott delivered the speech which made him, and Duluth, Minnesota, "The Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas", famous. As a piece of good-humored, scholarly satire this oration is not exceeded in congressional annals. Because of it Mr. Knott was never able to disassociate himself from the character of a humorist; one, however, which he always said he had no desire whatever to fill. As for Duluth, the boosters of that growing metropolis are still circulating the address as an illustration of how far afield prophesy may go and as calling attention to the fact that in the course of a century or less their lampooned city has grown to be precisely what Mr. Knott and his hearers were confident it would not be. That part of the speech referring to Duluth, typical of the whole, is here given just as printed in the congressional *Globe*, brackets and all.

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally

overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." (Great laughter.) Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'T was the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. (Renewed laughter.) But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. (Laughter.) And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. (Roars of laughter.) I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the Library and examined all the maps I could find. (Laughter.) I discovered in one of them a delicate, hairlike line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. (Laughter.) I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it (renewed laughter); that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. (Roars of laughter.) In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed some-

where, but that wherever it was it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. (Great laughter.) I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. (Laughter.) I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand, if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. (Great and continued laughter.) Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. (Renewed laughter.) Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is Duluth?" (Roars of laughter.)

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels, who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon enraptured vision of the wandering *peri* through the opening gates of paradise. (Renewed laughter.) There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word "Duluth."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it they will find Duluth not only in the center of the map, but represented in the center of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. (Laughter.) How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. (Renewed laughter.) But the fact is, sir, Duluth is preëminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be that it is so exactly

in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it. (Roars of laughter.)

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior, but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." (Renewed laughter.) I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain, which I am told are ever flitting in the form of towns and cities along those lines of railroad, built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary settler as the mirage of the desert lures the famishing traveler on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon, or whether it is a real, bona fide, substantial city, all "staked off", with the lots marked with their owners' names, like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. (Laughter.) But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabout, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool (laughter); though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand. (Renewed laughter.)

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke-

stack off a locomotive. (Great laughter.) But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly half-way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights (laughter), a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. (Laughter.) In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody —

“Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie?”

(Laughter.)

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at it, sir (pointing to the map). Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal-measures, wide, extended plains of richest pasturage, all, all embraced in this vast territory, which must, in the very nature

of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth. (Laughter.)

Look at it, sir (pointing to the map); do not you see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there whether it would or not? (Great laughter.) And here, sir (still pointing to the map), I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth, I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the small-pox breaks out among the women and children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war (laughter); especially for any valiant lieutenant general whose

“Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting has grown rusty,
And eats into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.”

(Great laughter.)

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind, a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fiber quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the

conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall ope their beauteous eyes the genius of civilization may chaunt the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have ever overrun the French in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegian Indians. (Great laughter.)

And here, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands."

(Here the hammer fell.)

(Many cries: "Go on!" "Go on!")

THE SPEAKER. Is there objection to the gentleman from Kentucky continuing his remarks? The Chair hears none. The gentleman will proceed.

MR. KNOTT. I was remarking, sir, upon these vast "wheat fields" represented on this map in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and the Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity. But to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it in with buffalo bulls. (Great laughter.) Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans,

considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

Here, you will observe (pointing to the map) are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth, and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on those immense wheat fields you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. (Great laughter.) I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! (Great laughter.) On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping, and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stockyards of Duluth! (Shouts of laughter.)

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. (Laughter.) I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic Representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the

land between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who is in favor of "women's rights" should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. (Roars of laughter.) Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! (Laughter.) There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted (great laughter); and in the second place these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! (Shouts of laughter.) Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix! (Great laughter.)

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